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THE NEW YORKER

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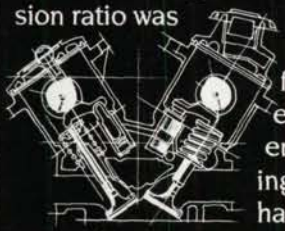

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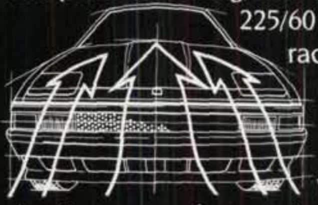

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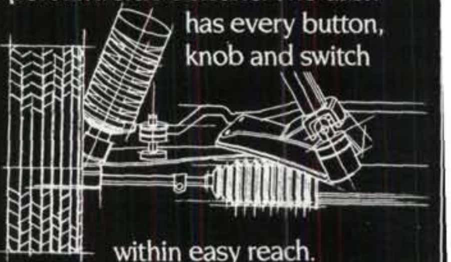

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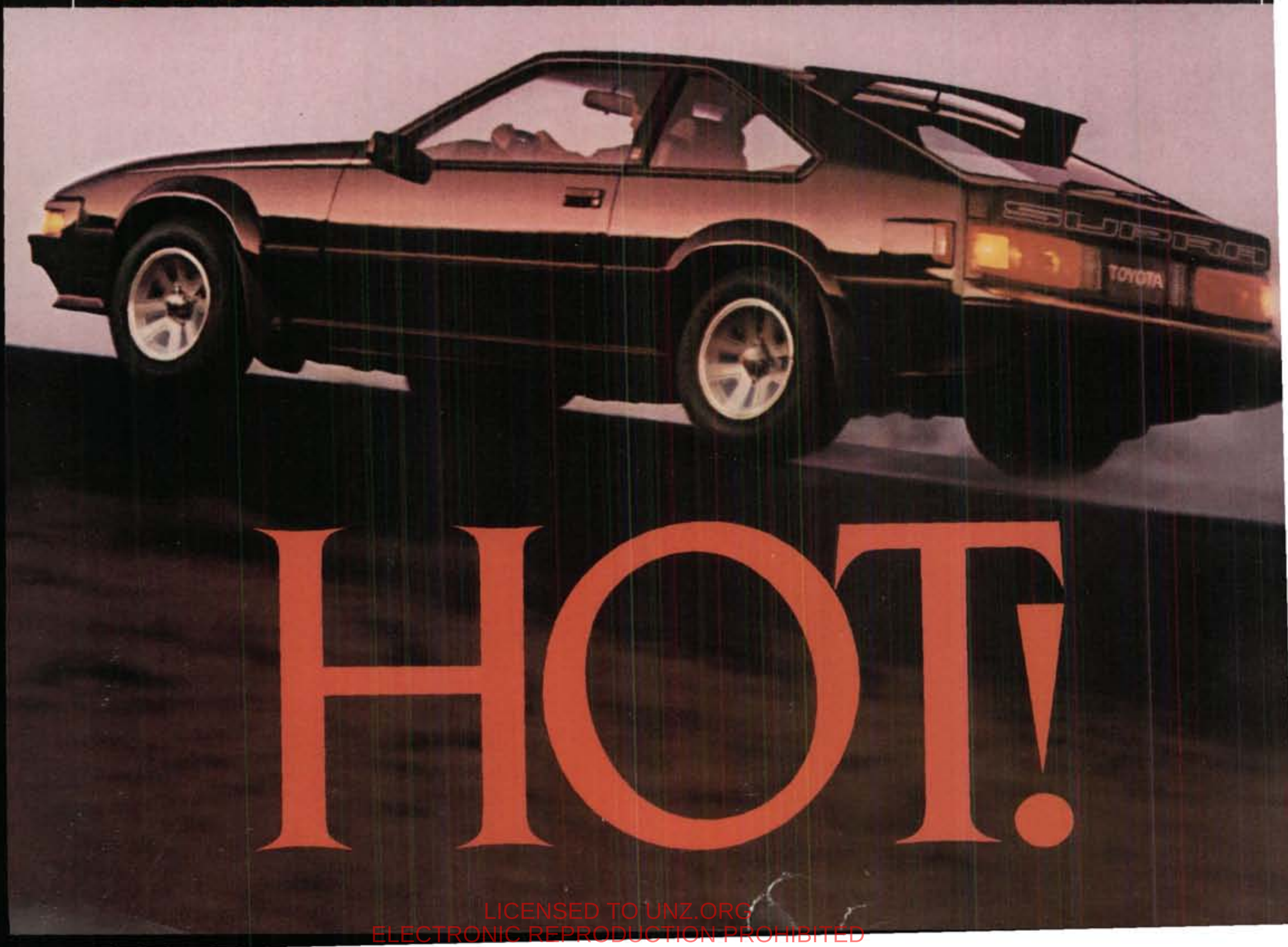

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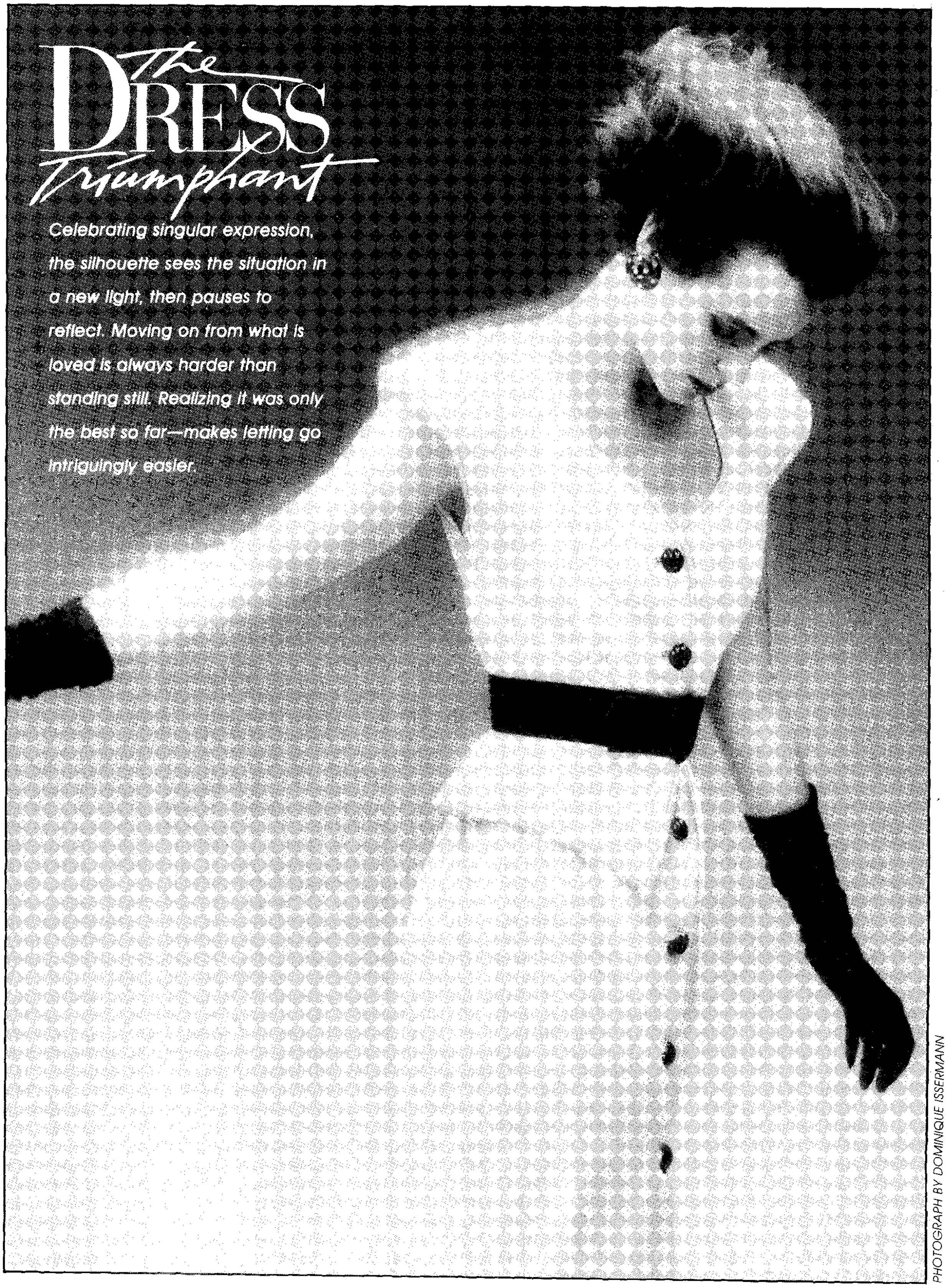
* Car and Driver Magazine, January 1983

LESLIE FAY



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. PIECES OF 8, a bill of eight short plays by Jules Feiffer, Harold Pinter, Ring Lardner, Edward Albee, Tom Stoppard, Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco, and Robert Anderson. Directed by Alan Schneider. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Friday, March 7-9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, March 10-11, at 3 and 8.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue, conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Wednesday through Friday at 6; Saturday at 6 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

And a Nightingale Sang...—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Awake and Sing!—A revival of the Clifford Odets 1935 drama, with Nancy Marchand, Harry Hamlin, Michael Lombard, Paul Sparer, and Thomas G. Waites. Theodore Mann is the director. Previews Wednesday, March 7. Opens officially on Thursday, March 8. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Broken Eggs—Eduardo Machado's entertaining comedy, about a well-heeled, homesick Cuban family in exile in Los Angeles, takes place during a wedding at a local country club. The performance, under James Hammerstein's direction, is brisk and stylish. (3/5/84) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cinders—This play, by the exiled Polish dramatist Janusz Glowacki, is set in a girls' reform school whose Orwellian atmosphere is enhanced by the arrival of a film director and his crew to make a documentary movie based on "Cinderella." With Lucinda Jenney, Robin Gammell, and George Guidall, among others. (3/5/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Timothy Mason's sentimental, amorphous LEVITATION, an unsuccessful dramatist returns to his family's house in Minneapolis and is joined there by any number of friends and relations. With Ben Siegler, Michael Higgins, Trish Hawkins, Lenka Peterson, and Helen Stenborg. David Potts designed the impressive setting. (2/20/84) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of UP IN CENTRAL PARK (music by Sigmund Romberg and book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields) will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, March 8, and will run through Sunday, April 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which *contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)*

Fen—In spite of fine performances by Pamela Reed, Ellen Parker, and David Strathairn among other American actors, Caryl Churchill's play about a farming community in East Anglia has lost some of its original mystery and force. Even so, there are many good scenes. Les Waters was the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hey, Ma...Kaye Ballard—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially

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about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Ann MacMillan has the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 11: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 14: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mensch Meier—A drama by West German playwright Franz Xaver Kroetz, translated by Roger Downey. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

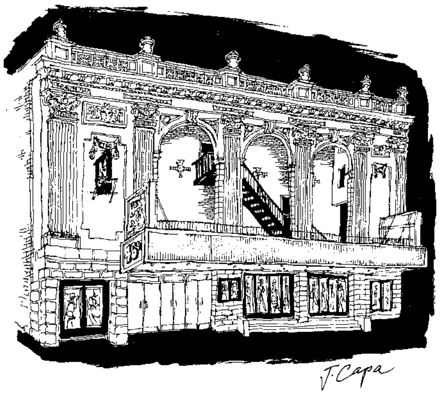
Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rockaby—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)



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Street Theatre—A comedy by Doric Wilson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dancing scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. *(11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln* Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:30, and Wednesdays at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit and witty African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. With Matthew Broderick as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,928 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer) which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, is wonderfully undiminished after almost fifty years. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

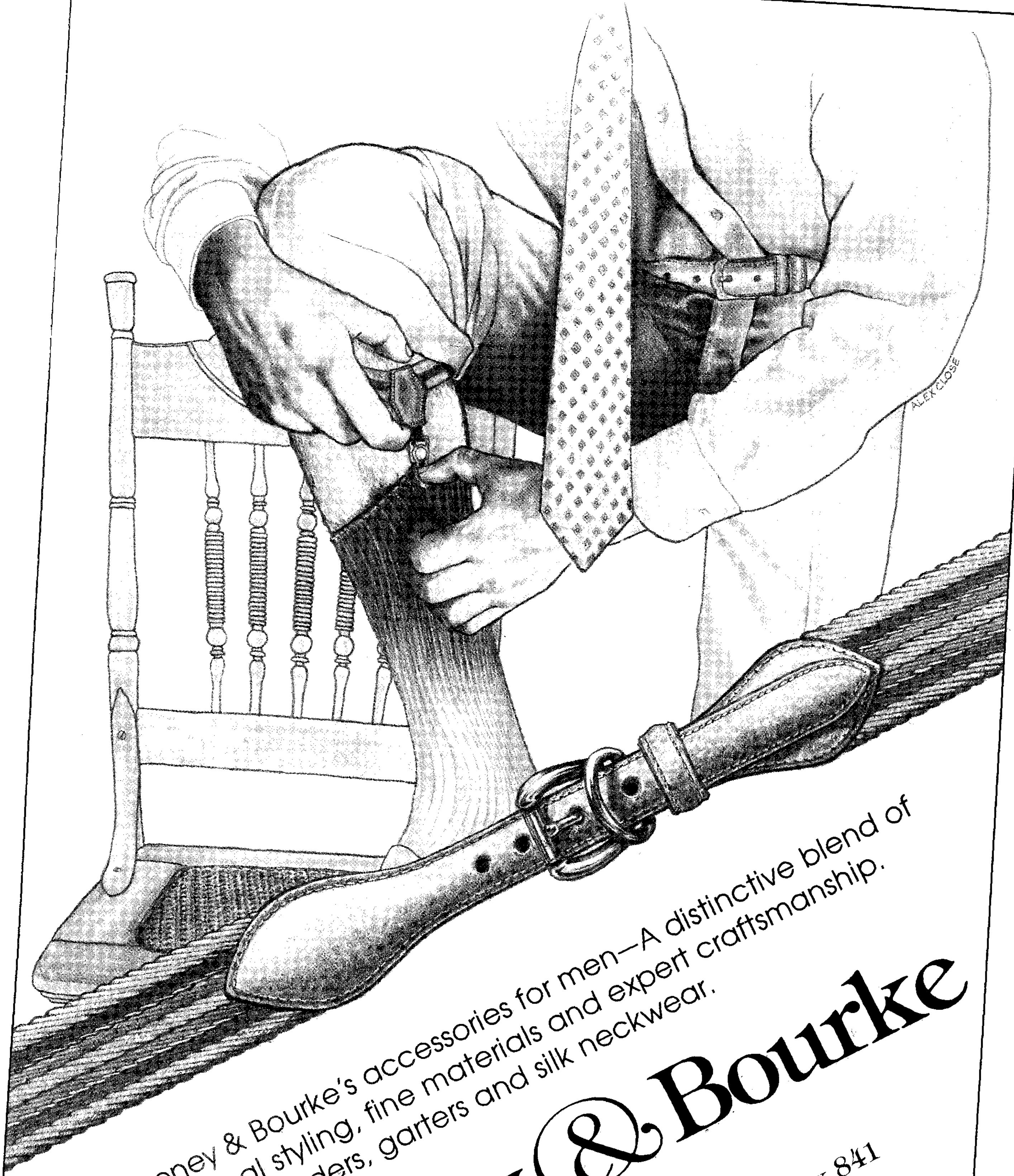
MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—A three-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 7: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," "Cave of the Heart," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Deaths and Entrances," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Embattled Garden," "Andromache's Lament," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Cave of the Heart," "Primitive Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 11: "Embattled Garden," "Deaths and Entrances," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 11: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 13: "Cave of the Heart," "Primitive



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream" (with Rudolf Nureyev), and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 14: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 15: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Deaths and Entrances," "Phaedra's Dream," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Phaedra's Dream," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Cave of the Heart," "Phaedra's Dream," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," "Phaedra's Dream," and "Acts of Light." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, March 18.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 7: "Locale," "Quartet," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Torse," "Duets," "Inlets 2" (New York première), and "Gallopade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Torse," "Quartet," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Trails," "Quartet," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Trails," "Pictures," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 11: "Coast Zone," "Duets," "Inlets 2," and "Gallopade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 13: "Torse," "Quartet," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 14: "Torse," "Pictures," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 15: "Coast Zone," "Inlets 2," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Coast Zone," "Quartet," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Trails," "Quartet," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Inlets 2," "Pictures," and "Channels/Inserts." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, March 18.)

Pilar Rioja—A five-week engagement. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 8.)

Charles Moulton Dance Company—A three-week engagement of "Variety Show," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, March 18.)

Fred Benjamin Dance Company—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, March 7, and Friday, March 9, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 2.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, at 8, and Sunday, March 18, at 3. For tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays between 9:30 and 5:30.)

Rachel Harms Dance Company—New and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, and Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, at 8. For tickets, call 691-5591.)

Kei Takei's Moving Earth—Programs of contemporary dance. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Saturday, March 7-10, at 7:30, and an eight-hour program on Sunday, March 11, starting at 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**RONNY WHYTE** is now at the piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty, singing from his repertoire of Porter, Gershwin, Coward, and Joel (Billy, that is). Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, pianist **JIM MC NEELY** will be at the helm of a trio, and Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, hard-bop tenor-sax soloist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

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Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

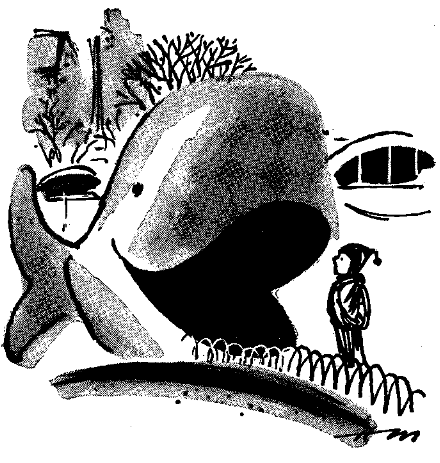
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think he's gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—performs here through Sunday, March 11. Drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** and his **SUPERBAND** will occupy the stand on Monday, March 12, and singer **JEAN CARN** will arrive on Tuesday, March 13. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, **FLORA PURIM** and **AIRTO;** Wednesday, March 14, **DE DANANN;** Thursday, March 15, Dr. Demento and Weird Al Yankovic; and Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, the **ROCHES.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** work together through Saturday, March 10; on Sunday, March 11, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** will drop in; and on Monday, March 12, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** will begin a six-night visit. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **DON THOMPSON** in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, March 10. On Tuesday, March 13, **SYLVIA SYMS** will begin singing here with pianist **TONY MONTE,** bassist **STEVE LA SPINA,** and drummer **AKIRA TANA** backing her up. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.



CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, March 7, the Young Hegelians, the Gladiators, and Scarecrow; Thursday, March 8, Leap of Faith, G. C. Greene, and the Three Hands; Friday, March 9, the Kodomo Band, the Baxters, the New Toys, and Life Boat; Saturday, March 10, Sylvain Sylvain, Floor Kiss, and Academy; Sunday, March 11, the Rocking Rednecks; and Tuesday, March 13, Black Iris, Hope, the Objects, and the Children's Playground. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH,** a satisfyingly strong-voiced interpreter of blues, jazz, gospel, and Bessie Smith material, can be caught nightly, except Mondays, at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, March 7, Ground Plan; Saturday, March 10, the Hot Mud Family; Saturday, March 17, Wicky Sears and Eagle Chicks. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A *dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The* house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, March 11, pianist Lance Hayward will guide a quartet. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Jumping blues-and-jazz organist **JIMMY SMITH** is here until Sunday, March 11; on Tuesday, March 13, singer **FREDA PAYNE** will arrive with pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, March 8, Peter Spencer, Dink Family, and Ultraprov, at nine; Friday, March 9, folk-rock singers **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER,** at eight and eleven; Saturday, March 10, Elizabeth Barraclough, at eight and eleven; Thursday, March 15, Eclectricity, Dink Family, and Ultraprov, at nine; Friday, March 16, **TOUCHSTONE,** with **TRIONA NI DHOMHNAILL,** at eight and eleven-thirty; and Saturday, March 17, the **IRISH TRADITION,** at eight and eleven-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Thursday, March 8; Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Sunday and Monday, March 11-12, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY;** Tuesday through Saturday, March 13-17, singer Patricia Barber and bassist Michael Arnopol. Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten; Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesday through Sunday, March 7-11, singer Alicia Sherman and the Matt McErlean trio. Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat,
Shaped like the crescent moon.

— *William Wordsworth*

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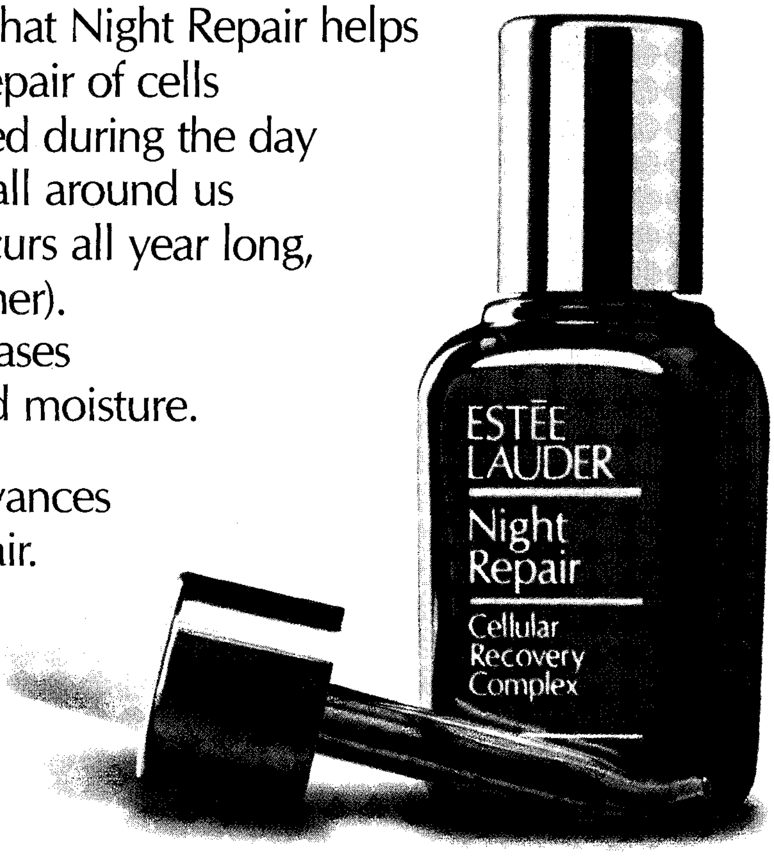

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*Patent pending on cellular extract.

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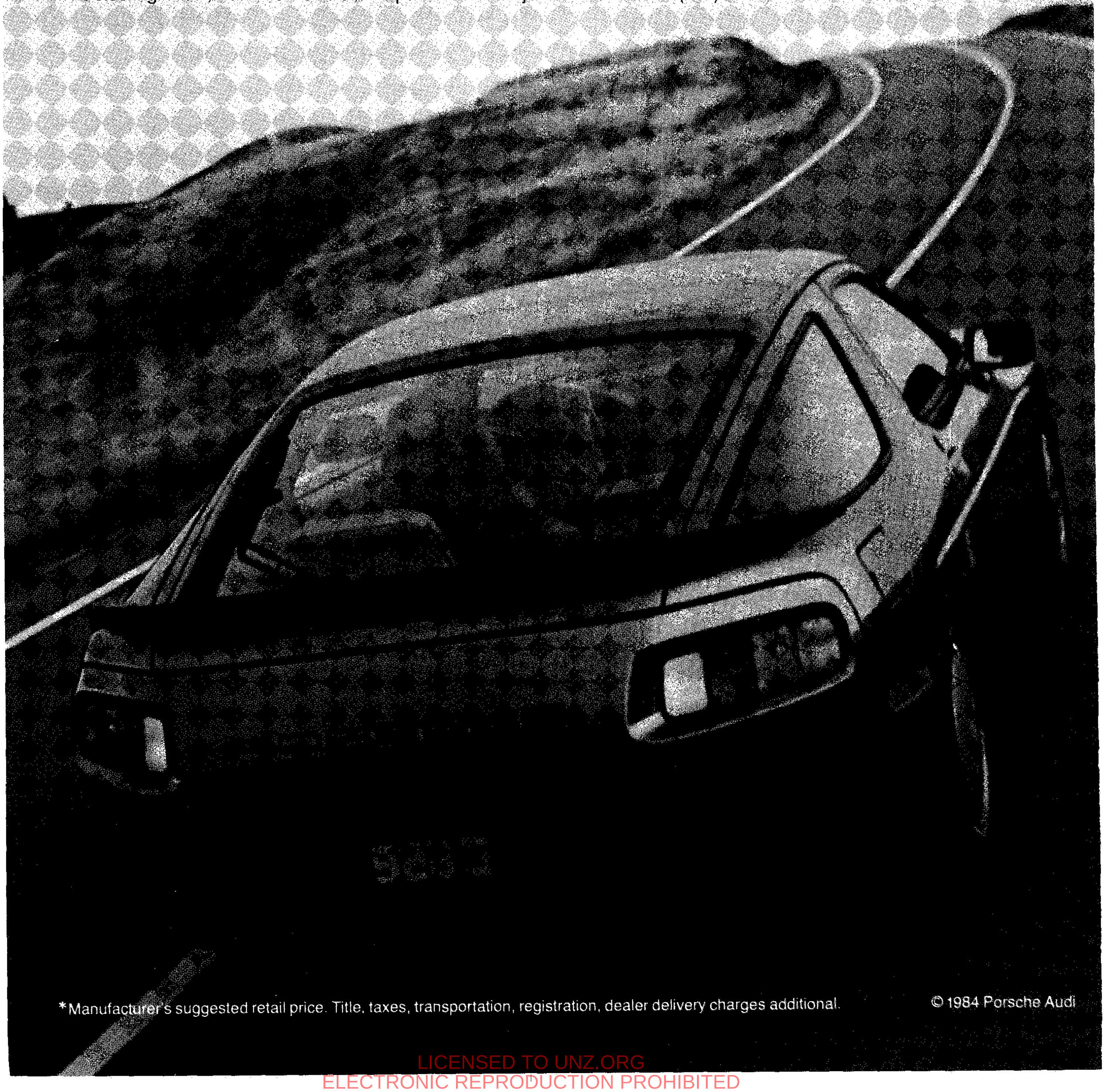

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Title, taxes, transportation, registration, dealer delivery charges additional.

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about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. Two really fine stride players are on the roster—**DICK WELLSTOOD** through Saturday, March 10, and **JUDY CARMICHAEL** starting Tuesday, March 13. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald is here, and Mondays are the property of **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Tuesdays through Saturdays, super bassist **RON CARTER** performs with pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The lineup: Wednesday, March 7, Gary Lewis & the Playboys and the Bob Duncan band; Thursday, March 8, **JERRY JEFF WALKER** and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog; Sunday, March 11, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** and Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, Six Gun and Blackwater. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** heads up his band through Sunday, March 11. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** an especially convincing and moving performer, sings a tribute to Cole Porter through Saturday, March 10. Singer **DOLLY DAWN** will move in along with her quintet on Tuesday, March 13. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, a before-hours jam session takes place. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup consists of benefit performances: Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, singer **CHAKA KHAN;** Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Sunday, March 11, saxophonist **STEVE GROSSMAN'S** quartet; and Monday, March 12, a blues band called Jump Street. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, March 7, the Steve Postel Band, Tanaka, and Mia; Thursday, March 8, FL's Bang Bop, the Hot Rocks, and the Silent Men; Friday, March 9, This, Faz, and Yahoo Yahotts; Saturday, March 10, Pour Boys, Pluto Pluck, I Witness, and Psychic Pets; Sunday, March 11, Tony Sarno; Monday, March 12, Max and Extreme Unction, plus a movie; Wednesday, March 14, Who's Your Daddy, the Cameras, and Art; Thursday, March 15, the Spencers, Kim Parent, the Tone Controls, and the Whirling Dervishes; Friday, March 16, the Tickets, Sherryl Marshall, and Peg in the Cat; and Saturday, March 17, Lazoo, the Igloos, and the Fat Shadows. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave., at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, March 9, Liquid, Liquid; Saturday, March 10, the Nails; and Friday, March 16, La Dolce Vita. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

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RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—The **SI ZENTNER ORCHESTRA** works until Sunday, March 11; the Russ Morgan Orchestra, led by Jack Morgan, will take over beginning Tuesday, March 13. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

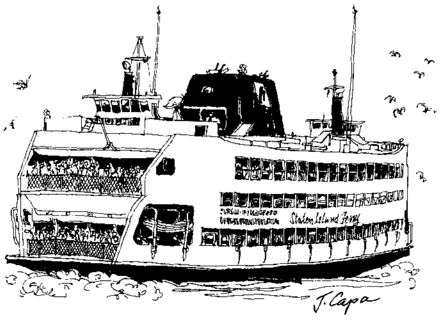
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, WLIR Mystery Weekend; Monday, March 12, the Action Faction; Tuesday, March 13, **CHARANGE 76;** Thursday, March 15, **GRAND MASTER FLASH;** and Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, Mink Deville. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, March 7, guitarists **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and **JOHN SCOFIELD** and their quartet; Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11, **RAY BARRETTO;** Tuesday, March 13, **RORY STUART,** a stunning young guitarist, and his quartet; Wednesday, March 14, French hornist **JOHN CLARK** and his quintet, which will feature **JAY HOGGARD** on vibes; and Thursday through Sunday, March 15-18, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND.** Mondays are **GIL EVANS BIG BAND** nights. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, a Carnaval Costume Ball complete with a fifteen-piece samba band; Tuesday, March 13, percussionist **DOM UM ROMAO** and Christy Doran; Wednesday, March 14, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees; Thursday, March 15, African Connection; and Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** leads a quintet through Saturday, March 10; Sunday and Monday, March 11-12, will be given over to saxophonist **CHARLES TYLER'S** sextet; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 13-17, trumpeter **JOHNNY COLES** and saxophonist-flutist **FRANK WESS** will co-pilot a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Thursday and Friday, March 8-9, Loup Gurou, a Cajun outfit; Monday, March 12, pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY;** Tuesday, March 13, the Anthony Kane Blues Band; Thursday, March 15, Firesign, an R. & B. band; and Friday, March 16, Irish music night. Sundays are given over to the Delancey Street Hawaiians, Wednesdays to rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY,** and Saturdays to Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**). Music after ten.



VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Monday, March 12, **MACHITO** and **DANIEL PONCÉ** will lead their bands, and guest jazz soloist **DAVE VALENTIN** will perform stunning flute breaks. On Friday, March 9, at eleven, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** and trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will be on hand. And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** works Tuesdays through Sundays. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds wonderful wailing on a tenor saxophone whether he's playing mystical spiritual-enlightenment music or just good old regular hard bop, leads a quartet through Sunday, March 11; on Tuesday, March 13, French wunderkind pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** will arrive with his trio. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is in charge. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Mondays through Wednesdays, Samir Safwat; Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11, Barry Olsen; and Thursday through Sunday, March 15-18, Kuni Mikami. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: **GEORGE KELLY'S** Jazz Sultans through Saturday, March 10; pianist **DICK KATZ** Sunday, March 11; pianist Ram Ramirez Monday and Tuesday, March 12-13; and Django's Music, a hot-jazz band, Wednesday through Saturday, March 14-17. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A piano-bass nook in a town-house restaurant. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** provide piano-bass duets through Saturday, March 10; on Tuesday, March 13, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will come in with bassist **RUFUS REID.** Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Bertoncini and Moore have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and tinges of rock—together for several years. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and super-delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. Jim Roberts is at the piano on Mondays. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC STARS—Enrico Macias is the second performer in the series. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, March 18.)

KISS—With Accept. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, at 8.)

CECIL MCBEE—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The third in a series of five programs entitled "The Golden Decade of Song: The Tuneful Thirties," this one featuring Marty Wilson (narrator), Dolly Dawn, Georgia Gibbs, Roger Paige, Hildegarde, and Arthur Tracy. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 11, at 2:30, and Monday, March 12, at 8.)

JOSEPHINE LIVOTI—With Bross Townsend, Harvie Swartz, and Greg Bandy. (Jazz Center of

New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026. Thursday, March 15, at 8 and 10.)

Tania Maria—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 16, at 8.

Salsarengue Festival—With Oscar D'Leon, Hector Lavoe, Fernandito Villalona, Millie, Jocelyn y Los Vecinos, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Jazztime '84—With Doug Sertl, Jon Faddis, Marvin Stamm, Chaka Khan, Sammy Cahn, Hinton Battle, the New York Break Dancers, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Thursday, March 8: Jason & the Scorchers, Here Today, and the Planets. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10: Lou Miami and the Kosmetix, Tribe Numbers, and David Sage. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16: Winston Grennan's Ska Rocks. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17: Major Thinkers. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings in which bold, centered motifs are bordered in softer contrasting patterns. Through Saturday, March 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Harry Bertoia (1915-78)—A broad selection of this sculptor's abstract works, all of them in bronze. Through March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Abstract works on paper and paintings from the thirties through the fifties. Through April 14. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

John Chamberlain—Representative steel sculptures, some sections of which are painted in bright colors. Through March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Photo-Realist works on paper; sometimes the same subject is rendered in different mediums—in graphite, for instance, and then again in watercolor. Through March 23. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Daniel Dallmann—Recent landscape and figure paintings. Through March 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Enrico Donati—New paintings incorporating ground quartz. Through March 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Paintings and drawings of urban landscapes, here and in Maine. Through Saturday, March 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Sam Francis—Early abstract paintings and works on paper. Through April 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent paintings and collages. Through March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Leon Kroll (1884-1974)—Twenty-five representational paintings: still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and urban scenes. Through March 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper dating from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Richard Lindner (1901-78)—Figurative paintings completed in the sixties. Through March 31. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

George Longfish—Big acrylic paintings made up largely of pictographic forms, except for realistic sketches of his two young sons in one of them, by this American Indian of Tuscarora-Seneca lineage. Through March 24. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Sue Miller / Richard Sheehan—Paintings of barns and farm fences verging on the abstract. / Landscape paintings. Through March 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Howard Newman—Bronze sculptures in which a potted plant, say, or a human torso segues into a piece of machinery; there are also related paintings. Through Thursday, March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

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Francisco Oller (1833-1917)—Fifty-odd paintings by a leading Puerto Rican artist who studied in France and has several works in the Louvre. Through March 18. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Kenneth Price—Recent fired-clay (and painted) abstract sculptures. Through April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sandi Slone—Abstract paintings executed on canvases of all shapes and sizes, including two that are twelve feet long. Through March 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

John Stockdale / Julian B. Hyman—Paintings rendered in transparent fields of color. / Photographs. Through March 31. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Melanie Wygonik—Sheets of paper covered with buttons, lace, and ribbons and stitched together in book form. (Browsing is encouraged and white gloves are provided.) Also, other works involving brightly colored pieces of fabric sewn onto linen, collage style. Through March 31. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Sculpture—Works in terra-cotta by Helen Beling, Carole Lewis, and Nina Winkel. Through March 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Valerio Adami—Paintings and drawings of distorted figures, done in clear, storybook colors by an Italian artist. Through Saturday, March 17. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean-Paul Agosti—Watercolors of wooded landscapes. Through Saturday, March 17. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Giovanni Anselmo—Three new works, designed for the space where they are shown and incorporating both granite sculpture and drawing. Through Friday, March 9. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Baziotes (1911-63)—Paintings from the fifties by an Abstract Expressionist. Through March 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

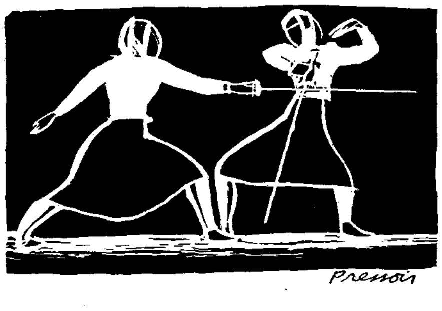
Jack Beal and Joan Brown—Paintings from the early sixties, a time when both artists were working in a thickly impastoed style. Through March 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Ella Bergmann (1896-1971)—Drawings and collages by a Constructivist connected with the Bauhaus and the Dadaists. Through Saturday, March 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Allen Blagden—Realist paintings: nudes, still-lifes, giraffes, Cape buffalo, Masai portraits, the New England countryside, and so on. Through Saturday, March 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—Recent oils: scenes of Paris, Venice, and Provincetown. Through March 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Peter Dean—Recent Expressionist paintings centered on three themes—Revolutionary heroes, American Indians, and lovers. Through Saturday, March 10. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)



Jim Dine—An art-store Venus de Milo inspired this spate of bronze sculptures and mixed-medium drawings; other bronze works include a series of gigantic heads perched on poles. Through Saturday, March 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow / Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Large abstract fabric wall hangings. / Watercolors and drawings. Through March 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—Three large, double-panel watercolors featuring woodlands and streams are among the artist's new works. Through March 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Semi-abstract landscapes of the Appalachian Mountains. Through March 31. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Paintings, constructions in wood, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through March 31. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Recent welded-steel and welded-bronze sculptures. Through April 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—A two-gallery show. Abstractions that seem richer in color than they have been in the past by an artist with a large art-underground following, at the Washburn, 41 E. 57th St., and drawings from which the paintings evolved at the Washburn at 113 Greene St. Through March 31.

Daniel Lang—Glimpses of secluded spots in Scotland, Italy, Germany, and England, captured by this realist painter who keeps on the move. Through Saturday, March 17. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Pat Lasch—Sculptures in a variety of mediums and works on paper from the past year, all done while the artist completed a fellowship at the American Academy in Rome. Through March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Drawings and paintings ranging from political cartoons to quixotic watercolors, many of which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through April 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Paintings, chiefly of Monhegan Island, Maine: in the daylight, under a night sky, and even during a lunar eclipse. Through March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Archie Rand—Recent mural-size and smaller acrylics on canvas. Through March 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Judy Rifka—Bathers, builders, Greek ruins, Beirut carnage are among the subjects taken on by this wide-ranging artist, whose mediums now include a thick mixture of oil and wax which seeps through a background of carpetmaker's mesh. Through March 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Three large, stark-white paintings, one of which juts out at a right angle to the wall. Through Friday, March 16. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Setsuko—Delicate gouaches (still-lifes and one sleeping cat) by a Japanese-born artist, whose first show in New York coincides with the retrospective at the Metropolitan of works by her husband, Balthus. Through March 24. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tansey—New oils demonstrating again this artist's tongue-in-cheek, narrative style. Through March 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jeff Way—Masks that the artist has used in various performances; the cast of characters includes demons, sorcerers, and heads that reflect the influence of Picasso. Through March 31. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—New oils: figures, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through March 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert S. Zakanitch—Large decorative paintings, in most of which full-blown flowers stand out against a seemingly unrelated background. Through March 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—Works by Europeans and a few

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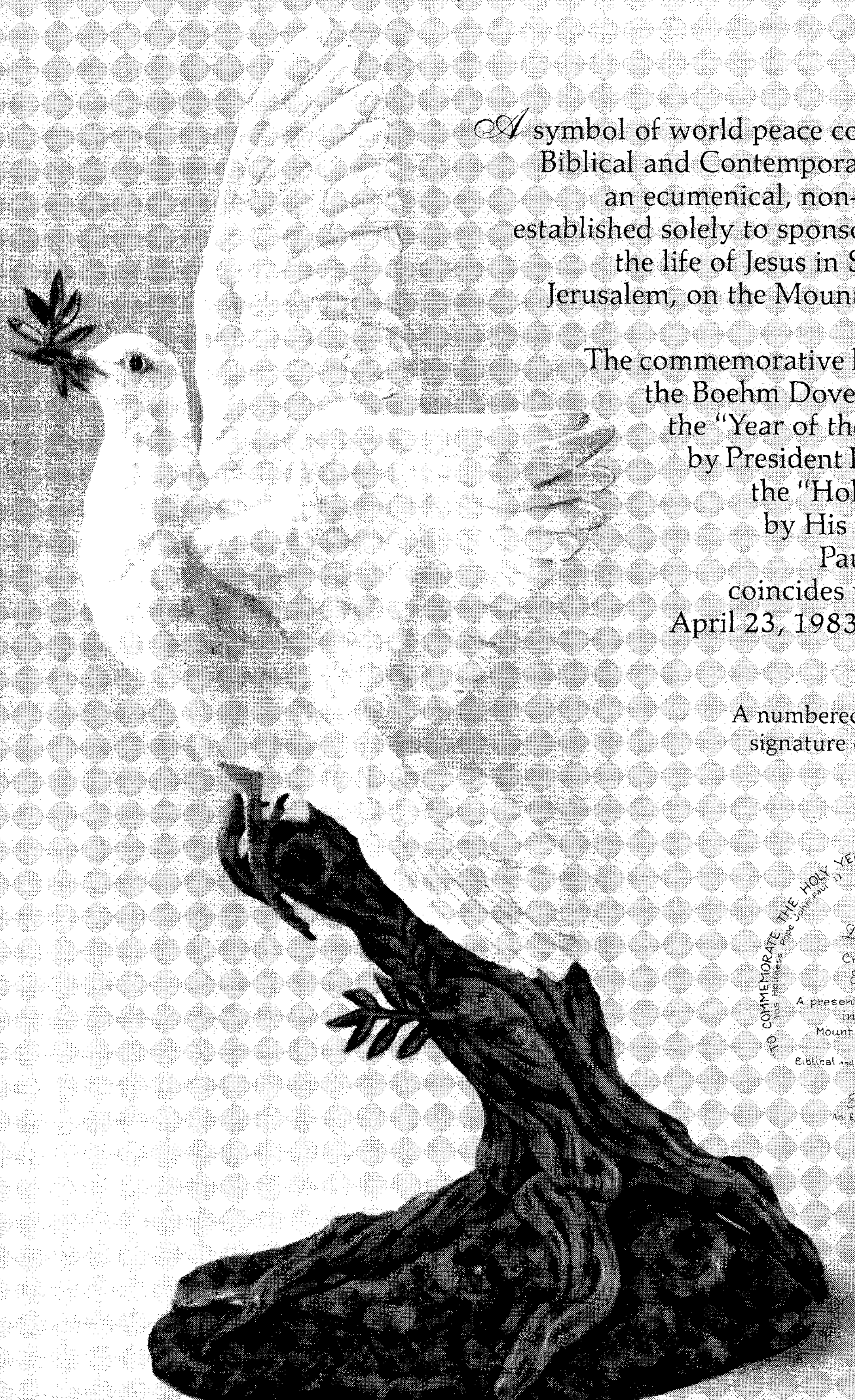

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Americans, including a Morandi still-life, Bauhaus-period watercolors by Klee and Kandinsky, and a bronze maquette by Noguchi. Through Saturday, March 10. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dina Gustin Baker—New paintings. Through March 24. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Roger Brown—Paintings by a School of Chicago artist, including political ones denouncing the Cubans, Sandinistas—anti-Americans in general. Through Wednesday, March 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Porfirio Di Donna / R. L. Kaplan—A ten-year survey of abstract paintings. / Eight new large-scale oils depicting dogs and other four-footed friends (a park bench, horses) in an urban setting. Through March 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Daria Dorosh—Collaborative projects pairing paintings by this artist with furniture and objects by four architects. Through Saturday, March 10. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings of figures in the tropics. Through Wednesday, March 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Terry Fox—Posterlike art works in which examples of soporific diplomatic guff copied from the media are contrasted with the shorthand abstractions of political graffiti—antinuke symbols, for instance. Through Saturday, March 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Lori Goodman / Tom Rankin—Paintings of large, primitive-looking figures, sometimes in pairs, sometimes amorous, and sometimes embattled. / Sculptural pieces carved of wood and accented with leather, ivory, ebony, and the like. Through Saturday, March 17. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Gordon Hart—Gold leaf, silver leaf, and lacquer applied to canvas, plus other, largely new works by an abstractionist. Through Wednesday, March 14. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

Willy Heeks and Steve Lindsay—Two abstract painters, the former artist concentrating on solid forms and the latter on loosely applied ribbons of paint. Through Saturday, March 17. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Opens at noon.)

Dennis Kardon—Blue cutout drawings of cowboys, applied to white paper, and paintings of high-tech health-spa interiors. Through March 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Mario Merz—An igloo made of big slabs of beeswax surmounted by a stuffed antelope head, plus other constructions involving wax, and several large paintings by this Italian artist. Through March 24. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

John Miller—Thirty-five small, earnestly realist paintings and countless drawings on just about every subject imaginable—courtroom scenes, undersea life, Ku Kluxers, concerts, landscapes, shoe stores. Through March 24. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Frank Roth—Abstract paintings. Through March 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Edward Ruscha—New paintings; in addition, one by Nancy Reese of a square-rigger under full sail over which Mr. Ruscha has printed the words "Brave Men Run in My Family." Through March 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Kenny Scharf—Two shows of narrative paintings by a Graffitist. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. Through March 24. . . . ¶ Fun, 254 E. 10th St. Through March 18. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Richard Serra—Two solid-black drawings, forty feet long and nearly nine feet high, done with a paint stick on Belgian linen, plus smaller drawings. Through Saturday, March 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Fanciful constructions, some like kites and some like festive banners, made of cloth saturated with bright paint and stretched on light frames. Through Saturday, March 17. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Gilles Jean Giuntini—Sculptured boat shapes in wood—sometimes covered with sheet lead, sometimes given a charred finish—set on tables also made by the artist. Through March 24. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Michael Hurson—A retrospective of drawings, fifty-nine in all. Through March 25. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Philip Reisman—Paintings of New York from the past fifty years, by a social realist. Through March 29. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

James Surls—The Delahunty gallery is showing large, fanciful sculptures in wood (some of them incorporating tree trunks) by this artist, in two locations: 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St., and 112 Greene St. Both shows through April 14.

Cartoon '84—Original work by more than fifty artists, among them Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Charles Saxon, and Joseph Mirachi. Through Friday, March 16. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Sculpture—Nancy Grossman, Italo Scanga, and David Beck are among the fourteen sculptors represented in this show. Through Saturday, March 10. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott and Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Fifty prints by each, documenting urban life. Through April 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Bailey—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Blythe Bohnen / Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Self-portraits done using three- and four-second exposures. / Selections from his series of animal locomotion studies. Through April 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Victor Burgin—Photographs, with text, that pick up the narrative of Hitchcock's "Vertigo" at the point of Kim Novak's exit and go on to explore the story of Ophelia. Through March 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Roy DeCarava—Photographs of jazz musicians. Through Friday, March 16. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Francis Frith (1822-98)—Sixty prints of the Middle East, taken on three trips made in the eighteen-fifties. Also, stereographs and books. Through April 20. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68)—Portraits of Josephine Baker, Igor Stravinsky, Johnny Weissmuller, and others. Through April 7. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Mark Klett—Contemporary prints of the Southwest which follow the tradition of such nineteenth-century photographers as Watkins, O'Sullivan, and Jackson. Some are in color. Through Saturday, March 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Nechvatal—Photographs. Through March 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Arnold Newman—Abstractions from 1939 to the present by a photographer known primarily for his portraits. Through March 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Black-and-white and color prints of nature in locations ranging from New England to Ireland to Greece. Through March 24. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Eiichi Sakurai / George A. Tice—Soft-focus landscapes by a Japanese photographer who is new to this country but who has been working in his own since the twenties. / Photographs of Lincoln icons, including two in Newark—a courthouse statue and a neon sign that reads "Lincoln Motel/Abe's Disco." Through April 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Photographs of still-lifes and nudes. Through Friday, March 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

William Wegman—Photographs (primarily Polaroids), plus twenty drawings. Through March 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Prints by ten artists, among them Sherrie Levine, Bernard Faucon, and Eve Sonneman. Through March 24. (Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus which was recently on exhibit at the Beaubourg. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the Indiana-born Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Starts Friday, March 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings (watercolors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. By Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings, not the least example of which is the six-canvas series "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by Georgia O'Keeffe. Among the other artists represented are Audubon, Maria Oakey Dewing, John La Farge, Charles Demuth, and Lee Krasner. Through May 20. . . . **Composers' Showcase:** On Wednesday, March 7, at 7: John Cage will be the solo reciter in the New York première of his composition "Muoyce," which is based on the prose of James Joyce. . . . ¶ On Thursday, March 8, at 8:30: A program of solo dance, including a new work, performed by Lucinda Childs. Tickets are being issued on a first-come, first-served

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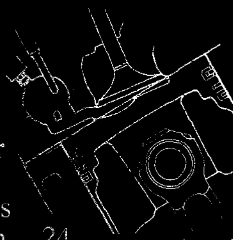
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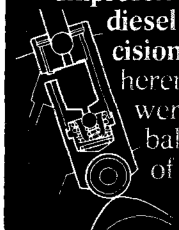
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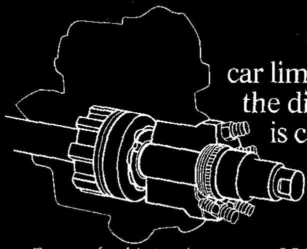
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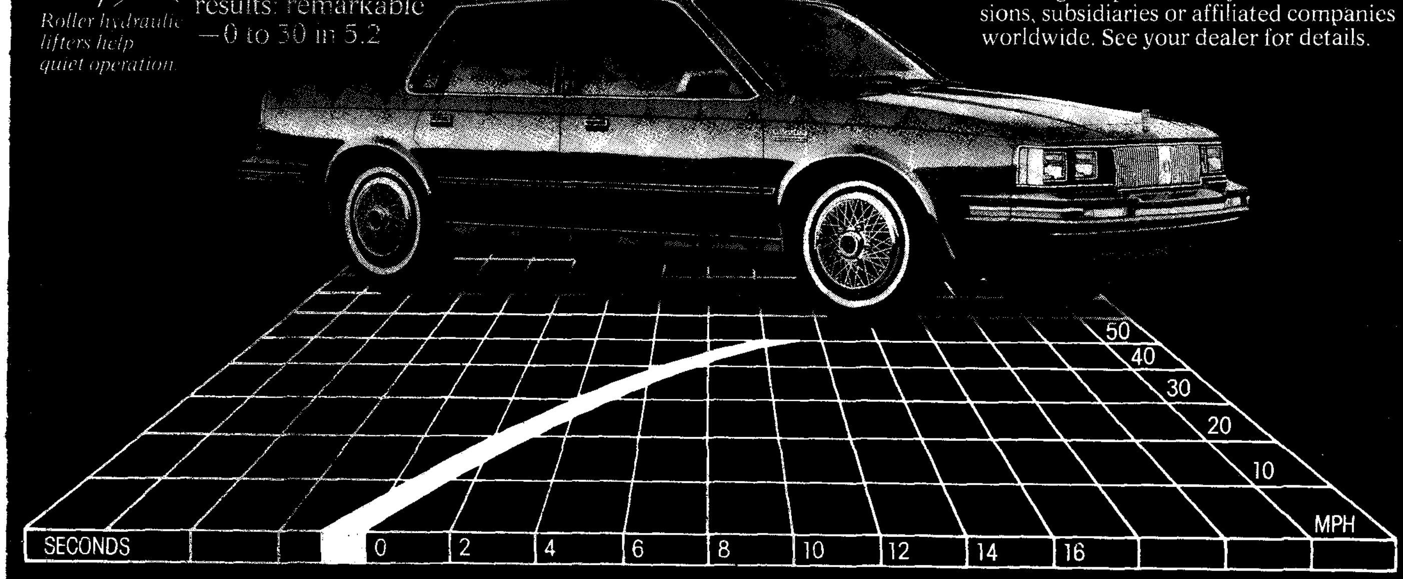

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basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Malcolm Morley retrospective contains fifty paintings. Through April 15. P.S. The route to the Morley show, which is on the fifth floor, has its own rewards: newly refurbished galleries for the museum's collection of American paintings, where Yvonne Jacquette's "East River View with Brooklyn Bridge" (1983) is prominently displayed. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by thirty-two painters and sculptors who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Robert Arneson, Elizabeth Murray, Neil Welliver, others. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of photographs of Tibet by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Western travellers to the region who were explorers, scientists, or missionaries rather than professional artists. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are examples from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke, generally small carved figures, which were formerly used by Japanese men to anchor small pouches to their obis and are now collected as decorative objects. Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A hundred items (rare books, manuscripts, prints, and objects) that played a significant part in the hundred-year history of exhibitions at this institution, which opened in May of 1884 with a show of modern etchings. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—This year's annual juried show offers more than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics, by both member artists (Gregorio Prestopino, Richard McDermott Miller) and nonmember artists (Carolyn Harris, Cornelis Ruthenberg). Starts Thursday, March 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—"Art & Ideology" has more than eighty works by ten artists who address social and political issues in their paintings, photographs, installations, videotapes, and performances. Allan Sekula, Nancy Spero, Jerry Kearns, and Hannah Wilke are included. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Note—Several exhibitions have been mounted for the bicentennial of the establishment of trade and cultural relations between the United States and China. At the **american museum of natural history,** Central Park W. at 79th St.: Luxury trade items, such as silk and other textiles, jade, lacquerware, furniture. This show was organized by the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.) . . . **museum of the city of new york,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Chinese Export porcelain made specifically for New York customers, among them Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Objects of art, including porcelain, silver, and lacquerware. Numerous punch bowls from the late eighteenth century. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—*Ten contemporary artists showing* assemblages and constructions that are related stylistically to Constructivism and Dadaism. Through Saturday, March 10.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Thirteen paintings by Sally Hazelet Drummond dating from 1971 to the present. . . . ¶ Another show here has photographs by Larry Johnson and paintings by Annette Lemieux and Jolie Stahl. Both through March 24.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A three-channel video installation by Tony Oursler. Through March 31.

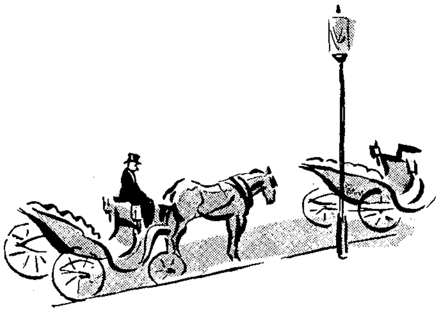
P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties); another show consists of sculptures made from found objects by about two dozen artists, including Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 *W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers* are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: A new production of Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 1:30: "Don Giovanni," with Hildegard Behrens, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 12, at 8: "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," with Catherine Malfitano, Francisco Araiza, Philip Creech, and Artur Korn; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," *with Renata Scotto, Placido* Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8: "Arabella," with Kay Griffel, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail," with Catherine Malfitano, Francisco Araiza, Philip Creech, and Artur Korn; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Arabella," with Kay Griffel, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine.



Amato Opera Company—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Semyon Bychkov conducting—Thursday, March 8, at 8; Friday, March 9, at 2; and Tuesday, March 13, at 7:30: A Beethoven-Liszt-Rachmaninoff program, with Alexander Toradze, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8; Friday, March 16, at 2; and Saturday, March 17, and Tuesday, March 20, at 8: A Rachmaninoff-Dvořák program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Karl Münchinger conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Monday, March 12: Vaclav Neumann conducting an all-Dvořák program, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 13: Vaclav Neumann conducting Smetana's "Má Vlast." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14: Jiri Belohlavek conducting a varied program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Evenings at 8.)

Houston Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Sergiu Comissiona conducting—Thursday, March 15, at 8: With André-Michel Schub, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: With Maurice André, trumpet.

Columbia University Orchestra—Guy E. Garnett conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with the Canadian Brass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a tribute to Duke Ellington, with the East 13th Street Band, the Mercer Ellington Band, the Radio Choir of the Institutional Church of Brooklyn, and vocal and instrumental soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 16, at 8. For information about tickets call 636-4120.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Janos Starker, cello; Alessandra Marc, soprano; and John Cheek, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 17, at 8, and Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum

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directing a performance of Bach's St. John Passion, with Evelyn Consigliere, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Patrick Romano and Steven Pearlston, tenors; Bruce Fifer, baritone; Wilbur Pauley, bass; Raymond Erickson, harpsichord; and a baroque ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—A Haydn-Brahms-Franck program, with André-Michel Schub, piano, and Kim Kashkashian, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, at 8.) . . . ¶ An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Hiroko Yajima—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, March 8-9, at 8.) . . . ¶ A varied program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.) . . . ¶ A second varied program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 18, at 2.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 9, at 6. Tickets at the door on the day of the recital.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Continuum—The second in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to the music of Arvo Pärt. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program called "A Festival of Baroque Music," with Lionel Party, harpsichord; Louise Schulman and Jorrie Garrigue, baroque violins; and Myron Lutzke, baroque cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing a five-member vocal group. (Alternative Musuem, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

Olegna Fuschi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano, and James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Iris Hiskey—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, March 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the recital.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with the Amadé Trio. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Kiri Te Kanawa and James Levine—Soprano and piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, March 11, at 5.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, with assisting artists. A recital postponed from Jan. 15. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Michael Limoli, clarinet; Gary Hoffman, cello; the Hoffman Family Ensemble; and Elizabeth Poore, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, with Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Monday, March 12, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

***Gabrieli Quartet**—Chamber music.* (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

Music Project—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

Carol Wincenc—Flute, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Nurit Tilles and Edmund Niemann—A program of contemporary music for two pianos. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—A program that will include the premières of works by Ira Taxin and Leopold Godowski. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Malcolm Goldstein, composer-violinist. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Martina Arroyo—Soprano, in a benefit concert, with the Hunter Symphony conducted by Clayton Westermann. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 570-5736. Wednesday, March 14, at 7.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with David Shifrin, clarinet; John van Buskirk, piano; and David Gordon, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8.)

Charles Treger and André Watts—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 15, at 8.)

Anita Sheer and Laurie Randolph—Flamenco guitarist/vocalist and classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 15, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of five programs, this one performed by Robert Shannon, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

***Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman**—Violin and* piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

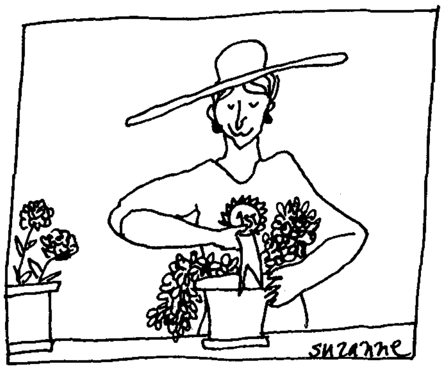
Stephanie Brown—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

George Foca-Rodi—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

New Winds—A program that will include the première of Kirk Nurock's "Sendings," for five winds, four guinea pigs, and a Siberian husky. (Metropolitan-Duane United Methodist Church, Seventh Ave. at 13th St. Saturday, March 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Charles Ives—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; Gilbert Kalish, piano; Dennis Russell Davies, pianist-conductor; the New Amsterdam Singers; and the American Composers Orchestra. The audience will be invited to participate in certain selections. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 17, from 11 to 11. Beginning at 10:30 A.M., a marching band will parade up Broadway from 79th Street to Symphony Space.)



Benefit Program—Participants will include Frank Patterson, tenor; the Heritage String Orchestra; the Summit Chorale; and Geraldine O'Grady, violin; plus Galway Kinnell reading from his own poetry and from the works of Yeats and Patrick Kavanaugh. Proceeds will go to the Fund for Peace and Justice in Ireland. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Utah, Saturday, March 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, March 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Seattle, Sunday, March 11, at noon. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, March 14, at 7:35.

Gymnastics—McDonald's American Cup Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 17, at noon, and Sunday, March 18, at 2.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 14, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Saturday, March 10, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, March 17, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Tuesday, March 13, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, March 10; the Toboggan Handicap, Sunday, March 11; and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 17. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, March 13. The John B. Campbell, Saturday, March 10.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Jon Anderson and Margaret Gibson reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 8, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Peter Davison and Pattiann Rogers reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ Amiri Baraka and Jessica Hagedorn reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ James Purdy reading from his own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, March 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday, March 9, from 10:30 to 7; Saturday, March 10, from 10:30 to 6; and Sunday, March 11, from 10:30 to 5.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, March 11, from 1 to 5.) Tuesday, March 13, at 2, and Wednesday, March 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European prints and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Friday, March 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles. Exhibition starts Friday, March 9. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, March 14, at 10 and 2: English and Continental silver, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 10 and 2: American and European prints. Exhibition starts Friday, March 9.

Switzerland [illegible]
for a good [illegible]

Did we prefer breakfast in the dining room, on the terrace, or in our room? Coffee or tea? Two for coffee, please. Thank you. Later, in the lobby of the first-class hotel, paid the bill, one night for two persons: $ 70, service and taxes included. About noon, strolled along the lakeshore, previously noticed on the short rail trip from the airport. Sampled the Late Picking with a wine-grower at the quay-side bistro.

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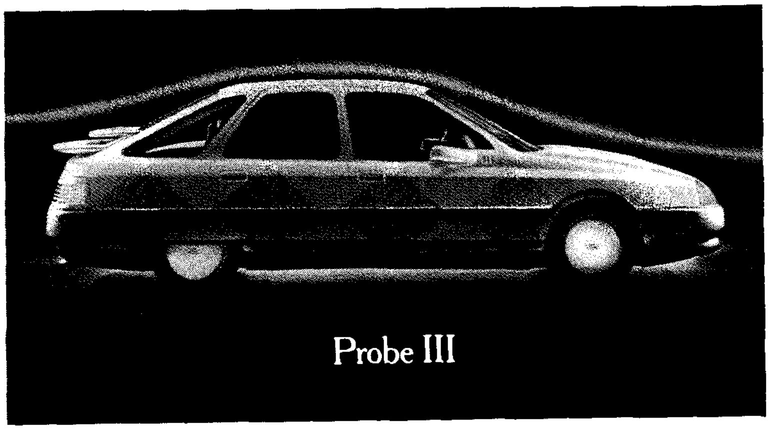

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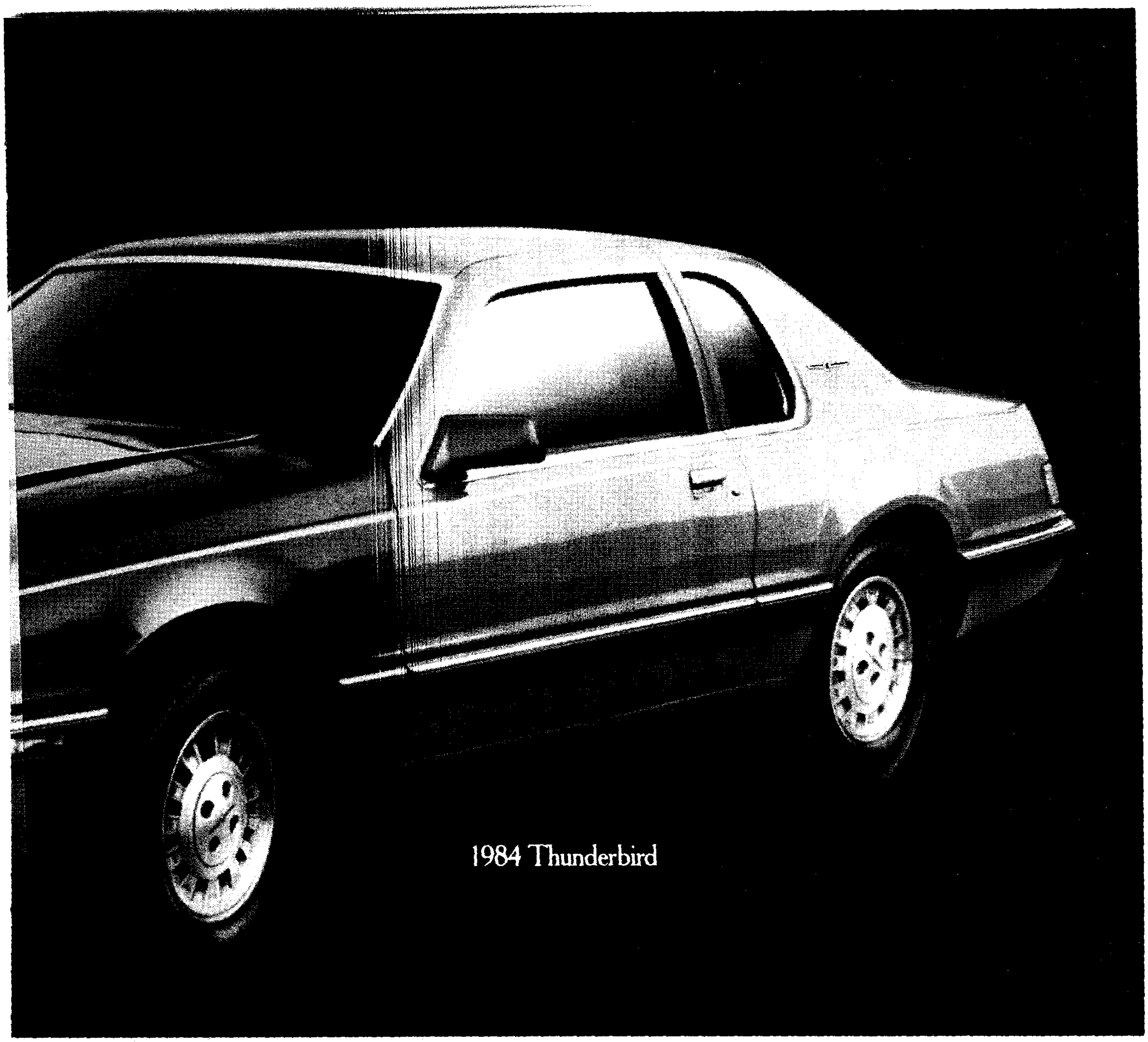

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EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A Jean Negulesco festival:
March 7: "Lydia Bailey" (1952), with Anne Francis, Dale Robertson, and William Marshall; and "Nobody Lives Forever" (1946), with John Garfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Walter Brennan.
March 8: "The Mudlark" (1950), with Irene Dunne, Alec Guinness, and Andrew Ray; and "Titanic" (1953), with Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Thelma Ritter, and Richard Basehart.
March 9: "Three Came Home" (1950), with Claudette Colbert, Patric Knowles, and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Conspirators" (1944), with Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre.
March 10-11: "Deep Valley" (1947), with Ida Lupino and Dane Clark; and "Lure of the Wilderness" (1952), with Jean Peters, Jeffrey Hunter, and Walter Brennan (showings at 4). "Humoresque" (1946), with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, and Oscar Levant; and "Johnny Belinda" (1948), with Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Agnes Moorehead, and Charles Bickford (showings at 8).
From March 13: "Germany Pale Mother" (directed by Helma Sanders-Brahms; in German), with Eva Mattes.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"El Norte" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 8: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "Under Fire" (†).
March 9-15: "Yentl" (†); and "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.
From March 16: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 8: "Tender Mercies" (†).
From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 8: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Blame It on Rio" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 15: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
From March 16: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Blame It on Rio" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 15: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 16: "A Generation Apart" (Jack Fisher), a documentary; and "The Well" (David Greenwald; in Yiddish).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "The Big Chill" (†). From March 9: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE
NO PARKING
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 15: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway. From March 16: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: Theatre closed. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 8: "Silkwood" (†).
From March 9: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"El Norte" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 8: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 15: "Scarface" (†).
From March 16: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: Through March 15: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway. From March 16: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The World of Tomorrow" (directed by Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), a documentary on the 1939 New York World's Fair.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Gun Crazy" ("Deadly Is the Female;" 1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins and John Dall; and "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal. March 9-10: "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy; and "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles. March 11-12: "Napoléon" (†). March 13: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar. March 14-15: "The Lost Weekend" (†); and "The Big Clock" (1948; John Farrow), with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Elsa Lanchester. March 16-17: "Flame Top" (1980; Pirjo Honkasalo and Pekka Lehto; in Finnish); and "The Pirates" (1983; Morten Kolstad; in Norwegian).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Android" (Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Dresser" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Jazzman" (Karen Shakhnarazov; in Russian).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Educating Rita" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tender Mercies" (†). No performances on Wednesday, March 7.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (†).
Theatre 2: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).
Theatre 3: "Demons in the Garden" (Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), with Angela Molina.

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955;

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.
Theatre 4: "The Right Stuff" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From March 9: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye. From March 9: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Tender Mercies" (†). From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Lassiter" (directed by Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour. From March 9: "Mike's Murder" (James Bridges), with Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin. From March 9: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway.
Theatre 4: "Boarding House."
Theatre 5: "Sudden Impact" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 8: "Star 80" (†). From March 9: "Lassiter."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 13: "Yentl" (†).
From March 14: "The Ten Commandments" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

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Theatre 3: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through March 8: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
From March 9: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through March 8: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From March 9: Theatre temporarily closed.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through March 15: "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson. From March 16: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner.
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Legend of the Bayou." From March 9: "Kill Point."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "Scarface" (†). From March 9: "Splash" (Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" (Menahem Golan), with Elliott Gould and Margaux Hemingway. March 9-15: "Scarface" (†). From March 16: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby.
Theatre 2: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 8: "Last Tango in Paris (1972; directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; i French and English), with Marlon Brand and Maria Schneider; and "Luna" (1979 Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Claybur and Matthew Barry.
March 9-10: "Come Back to the 5 & Dim Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Rober Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, an Karen Black; and "Health" (1980; Rober Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
March 11-13: "Cabaret" (†); and "All Tha Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Ro Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, an Leland Palmer.
March 14-15: "Repulsion" (1965; Roma Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ia Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and Joh *Fraser; and "The Tenant"* (1976; Roma Polanski), with Polanski.
March 16-17: "Meetings with Remarkabl Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terenc Stamp and Warren Mitchell; and "Bloo Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish) with Antonio Gades.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in th late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)
March 7: "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; i French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "L Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; i French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcell Mastroianni, and Laura Betti.
March 8-10: "A Place in the Sun" (1951 George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; an "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richar Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
March 11-12: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graha Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Rome and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), wit Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, Joh McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood and Milo O'Shea.
March 13-14: "The Ritz" (1976; Richar Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller; and "Staircase" (†).
March 15-17: "Dr. No" (†); and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young) with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)
Through March 8: "The Brood" (1979; Davi Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed an Samantha Eggar; "Videodrome" (1983 David Cronenberg), with James Woods and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg) with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, an Patrick McGoohan.
March 9-10: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen) with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982 Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, Jos Ferrer, and Julie Hagerty.
March 11: "Shane" (1953; George Stevens) with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brando deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance and "One-Eyed Jacks" (†).
March 12-13: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey; an "Eddie and the Cruisers" (1983; Marti Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
March 14-15: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bil Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; a Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
March 16-17: "King of Comedy" (†); and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), wit Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through March 8: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
March 9: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.
March 10: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod

Barbara Fine

ANNOUNCING THE "MOST JADED NEW YORKER IN THE WORLD" CONTEST.

Some of your oldest and best friends may very well be Jaded New Yorkers—perfectly fine, charming, morally upright people who have somehow lost their excitement for the city, people who no longer take the trouble, no matter how small it may be, to participate in the magic.

It's a serious condition and you can help correct it. You may win a complete dinner for four at Windows on the World simply by sending examples of your friends' outrageous behavior to the "Most Jaded New Yorker in the World" contest.

Some examples already submitted:

Had tickets for "Cats" but watched HBO at home instead.
Didn't come out for the Brooklyn Bridge Birthday.
Read a book in the bottom of the 9th at Yankee Stadium with the bases loaded.
Saw the Rockefeller Center Christmas Tree only because his cab was caught up in 5th Avenue traffic.
Turned down dinner at Lutece to send out for Rocky Lee pizza.

Your friends have undoubtedly done worse. If they've done the *worst* you'll get the chance to watch your Most Jaded New Yorker fall in love with the city all over again right before your eyes. The winner will be invited as our guest for dinner for four, including the winning nominee—if you can get him or her to budge to new turf—at Windows on the World. Windows on the World isn't a cure for Jaded New Yorkers, but it's a big step in the right direction.

Fill out the coupon, listing the most horrendously jaded examples you've observed. If your list is too long, additional pages of listings will be accepted.

Just think of the good you'll be doing. After all, what could be a bigger favor to a Jaded New Yorker than to help him turn into a Native New Yorker again?

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One World Trade Center, New York, N.Y. 10048

Dear Mr. Lewis:

You haven't seen a *really* Jaded New Yorker until you've seen my friend________________. Why, just the other day he/she____.

I've also seen him/her ____ on occasion. And it's not at all unusual for him/her to ____ without giving it a second thought. And to top it all off, I even once saw him/her____.

I thought you should know these things. I'm sure that no one person can stamp out the condition of Jadedness singlehandedly, but I want to do my part. I'm ready to bring my friend to Windows on the World any time. It's the least I can do.

Entries must be received by April 1, 1984. Final judging will be completed by May 1 and winner will be announced in future advertising. Entries may be written on separate sheets but must be accompanied by this coupon, signed by entrant. If the full name of the Jaded subject is necessary to the idea of the entry this person must also sign this release. This contest is void in states where prohibited.

I understand the conditions and I authorize use of this entry in any way you deem suitable. Anything for the cause.

(Signed)________________________
Name (please print)________________________
Address________________________
City____________ State______ Zip__________

Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

March 11: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

March 12: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles).

March 13: "Effi Briest" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck; and "En Rachachant" (1982; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in French).

March 14: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†); and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

March 15: "The Grey Fox" (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth; and "Barbarosa" (1982; Fred Schepisi), with Willie Nelson and Gary Busey.

March 16: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Zazie" (†).

March 17: "Passion" (1983; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla; and "Contempt" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 7: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland), with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "A Damsel in Distress" (1937; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen.

March 8-10: "Bhowani Junction" (1956; George Cukor), with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

March 11-12: "The Sound of Music" (†).

March 13-14: "Suez" (1938; Allan Dwan), with Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, and Annabella; and "The Rains Came" (1939; Clarence Brown), with Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, and George Brent.

March 15-17: "A Little Romance" (†) and "Summertime" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 7: "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film); and "Passing Fancy" (1933; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

March 8: "Roadie" (1980; Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; and "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock.

March 9: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

March 10: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.

March 11: "Fellini's Casanova" (†).

March 12: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "The Golem" (†).

March 13: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "This Island Earth" (1955; Joseph M. Newman), with Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, and Rex Reason.

March 14: "Kagemusha" (†); and two short films by Donald Ritchie.

March 15: "The Trial" (†); and "The Castle" (1969; Rudolf Noelte), with Maximilian Schell.

March 16: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

March 17: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 7: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

March 8: "Wife Versus Secretary" (1936; Clarence Brown), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and James Stewart; and "Too Hot to Handle" (1938; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Walter Pidgeon.

March 9-10: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

March 11: "And Then There Were None" (†); and "Dead of Night" (1945), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

March 12: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

March 13: "Mildred Pierce" (†); and "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, Ernest Borgnine, and John Carradine.

March 14: "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw; and "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman.

March 15: "Strike Up the Band" (1940; Busby Berkeley), with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland; and "Babes on Broadway" (†).

March 16: "Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "Man Hunt" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, and George Sanders.

March 17: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting March 13: "Progress (Memory)" (1983-84), a video installation by Margia Kramer. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Miss Kramer will be present on Thursday, March 15, at 2. Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And Then There Were None (1945)—The Agatha Christie murder mystery and play "Ten Little Indians" (known in England as "Ten Little Niggers") gathers together a group of characters and then ticks them off to the nursery rhyme. Ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows; on arrival they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. The efforts at sprightly, stylish comedy don't gain much momentum. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (There were English versions made in 1965 and 1974. The Christie material was also parodied in the boisterous, unfunny 1976 "Murder By Death," written by Neil Simon.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11.)

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I.)

Babes on Broadway (1941)—The third of the three Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney M-G-M musicals produced by Arthur Freed and directed by Busby Berkeley. The plot is something forgettable about Judy and Mickey and other youngsters putting on a musical as a benefit for a settlement house for poor children, and there's also a patriotic number about British refugee kids. But Garland and Rooney dancing together are a happy sight. He, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald are three young hoofers billed as "The Three Balls of Fire," and he gets to do some terrific rowdy dancing, especially in the jive number "Hoe Down." He also has a wild impersonation of Carmen Miranda, the "Bombshell from Brazil," as well as somewhat more subdued takeoffs on George M. Cohan, Walter Hampden's Cyrano de Bergerac, and Harry Lauder. Garland's impressions (of Sarah Bernhardt, Fay Templeton, and Blanche Ring) are less vivid but pleasant enough; her solo songs were directed by Vincente Minnelli, then new to films. With James Gleason, Virginia Weidler, Fay Bainter, and Donald Meek. The script is by Fred Finklehoffe and Elaine Ryan; the songs, from a variety of sources, include Harold Rome's "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones" and Ralph Freed and Burton Lane's "How About You?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 15.)

Basileus Quartet—This movie about a string quartet turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. The life in him is too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach, and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay

Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Baronet; through March 8.)

Blame It on Rio—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Murray Hill, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical. Taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy; yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; Minnelli has such gaiety and dynamism that she becomes a star before our eyes. From Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, via the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret," which has been adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Shot in West Germany; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Cinema Village; March 11-13.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Metro Cinema; March 17.)

Dr. No (1963)—The first of the James Bond films, with Ian Fleming's famous hero pitted against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Sean Connery is Bond, Joseph Wiseman is the fiend, and Ursula Andress is Honey. Directed by Terence Young. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 15-17.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Festival.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women in the nineteen-fifties who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The two women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) are lighted and posed so that they are two heroic profiles, with taut neck tendons and beautiful chins. Kurys lets us see their self-preoccupation and their unresponsiveness to their children, but this is all pushed to the side; it isn't given any weight. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps, as part of the common herd. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. And the construction is lackadaisical and flabby. Apparently we're supposed to think that whether or not the women are lovers is irrelevant to the changes in consciousness they bring out in each other. Yet the picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—

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somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

Fellini's Casanova (1976)—Fellini has done something that no one else in screen history has ever done: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be achieved successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crisis on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as a deliberately unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Thalia; March 11.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing—a piece of neo-Andy Hardyism, with plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." (Footloose is what they're not.) The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another. This will probably be the only rock musical ever made in which every single character is white Protestant. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter, Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed, and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. There's an exhilarating title sequence, a good brief scene with a little boy asleep in church, and an entertaining passage in which Bacon teaches Penn to dance. And despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Metro Cinema; March 14.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall, brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi who commands his creation to overcome the Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Thalia; March 12.)

Kagemusha (1980; "The Shadow Warrior")—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and threes. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. Written by Kurosawa and Masato Ide. In Japanese. (Thalia; March 14.)

The King of Comedy (1983)—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. It's "The Day of the Locust" in the age of television, but with a druggy vacuousness that suggests the Warhol productions of the sixties. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott as the bartender Rita, and Shelley Hack as a secretary. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 16-17.)

A Little Romance (1979)—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet, to whom they are poetically knee-high. Arthur Hill plays a wise-looking mogul, with not many wise lines to say; Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. One might almost be watching him in Restoration comedy; he saves his part with the peculiar daintiness that he brings to mischievously trivial roles. Directed by George Roy Hill. (Regency; March 15-17.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—Charles Jackson's novel about a well-brought-up, frustrated, dipsomaniacal writer who goes on a five-day binge that lands him in Bellevue was turned into an unusually daring popular melodrama by the writing team of Charles Brackett (who produced) and Billy Wilder (who directed); in the leading role, Ray Milland, reprieved from his usual lightweight leading-man roles, surprised the public with his tautness and irony. The picture lacks fluidity, and the slowly paced scenes seem overcalculated, with each colorful character and tense vignette standing out too sharply; everything is nailed down to a meaning for us. The picture also lacks imaginative resonance; what it has is the Brackett-and-Wilder specialty—a distinctive cruel edge. And there are some famous sequences: the hero's lust for a drink during the opening aria of "La Traviata;" his long, plodding walk along Third Avenue in an attempt to hawk his typewriter when the pawnshops are closed for Yom Kippur. With Frank Faylan as a spiteful, supercilious male nurse, Howard Da Silva as a harsh-voiced bartender, Jane Wyman as a *Time* researcher, Doris Dowling as the girl who says "natch," and Phillip Terry as the hero's brother. Filmed partly on location in New York and in Bellevue. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Actor, Best Screenplay. (Film Forum; March 14-15.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings-on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. With Jack Carson and Eve Arden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

Napoléon (1927)—Presented in a reconstructed version in 1981. Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. His conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker, Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. (When Gance tries for simple, ordinary feelings, he's usually at his worst.) But he's a great moviemaker. In the opening section, a fortresslike military school is in the distance, while in the foreground the courageous twelve-year-old Napoleon commands his outnumbered troops in a snowball fight. The camera seems to encompass miles of landscape, yet there's so much activity within the shots, and the movement of the boys is so quick and darting and funny, that the effect is of your eyes clearing—of everything becoming bright. Gance cuts from the long shots to closeups, and adds superimpositions, and then the cutting becomes fast and rhythmic, with Napoleon's face flashing by in one frame of every four, and you realize that the principal purpose of this jazzy blinking is to give you a feeling for speed and movement—and for the possibilities of the medium. Gance doesn't dawdle; he starts off with pinwheels, sparks, madness. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella as his daughter Violine, Antonin Artaud as Marat, and Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Film Forum; March 11-12.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; through March 8.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars (1983)—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando) —who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose in life is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a lovely young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. Also with Slim Pickens, Timothy Carey, Ben Johnson, and Elisha Cook, Jr. The picture is of variable quality: it has some visual grandeur; it also has some bizarrely brutal scenes. It isn't clear why Brando made this peculiarly masochistic revenge fantasy, or whether he hoped for something quite different from what he finished with. From a script by Guy Trosper and Calder Willingham, based on Charles Neider's novel "The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones." Cinematography by Charles Lang; music by Hugo Friedhofer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 11.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Manhattan, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Movieland; through March 8.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (R.K.O. Century National Twin; through March 8. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 15. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; March 9-15.)

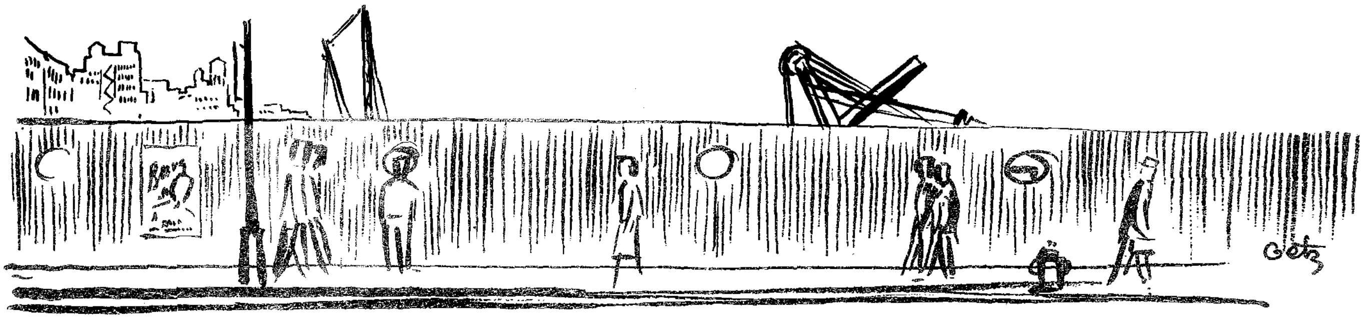
Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through March 8. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting March 9.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Set in Austria in 1938, this is a tribute to freshness that is so mechanically engineered and so shrewdly calculated that the background music rises, the already soft focus blurs and melts, and, upon the instant, you can hear all those noses blowing in the theatre. Whom could this operetta offend? Only those of us who, despite the fact that we may respond, loathe being manipulated in this way and are aware of how cheap and ready-made are the responses we are made to feel. We may become even more aware of the way we have been turned into emotional and aesthetic imbeciles when we hear ourselves humming the sickly, goody-goody songs. The dauntless, scrubbed-face heroine (Julie Andrews), in training to become a nun, is sent from the convent to serve as governess to the motherless Von Trapp children, and turns them into a happy little troupe of singers before marrying their father (Christopher Plummer). She says goodbye to the nuns and leaves them outside at the fence as she enters the cathedral to be married. Squeezed again, and the moisture comes out of thousands—millions—of eyes and noses. Wasn't there perhaps one little Von Trapp who didn't want to sing his head off, or who screamed that he wouldn't act out little glockenspiel routines for Papa's party guests, or who got nervous and threw up if he had to get on a stage? The only thing the director, Robert Wise, couldn't smooth out was the sinister, archly decadent performance by Christopher Plummer—he of the thin, twisted smile; he seems to be in a different movie altogether. With Eleanor Parker, Richard Haydn, Peggy Wood, Anna Lee, and Marni Nixon. The music is by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II; the script by Ernest Lehman is based on the stage version by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Editing (William Reynolds), Musical Scoring (Irwin Kostal), Sound (the 20th Century-Fox Sound Department). (Regency; March 11-12.)

Staircase (1969)—Stanley Donen's conventional and rather untender film made from Charles Dyer's play about two homosexuals, acted by Rex Harrison as if he were doing a turn that alarmed him, but by Richard Burton with more feeling and heroic comedy than anything else in the film possesses. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 13-14.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Criterion Theatres; through March 8.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots



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them. The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt, as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents' play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Regency; March 15-17.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Embassy 1; starting March 14.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Loews Paramount. No performances on Wednesday, March 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia Quad; through March 8.)

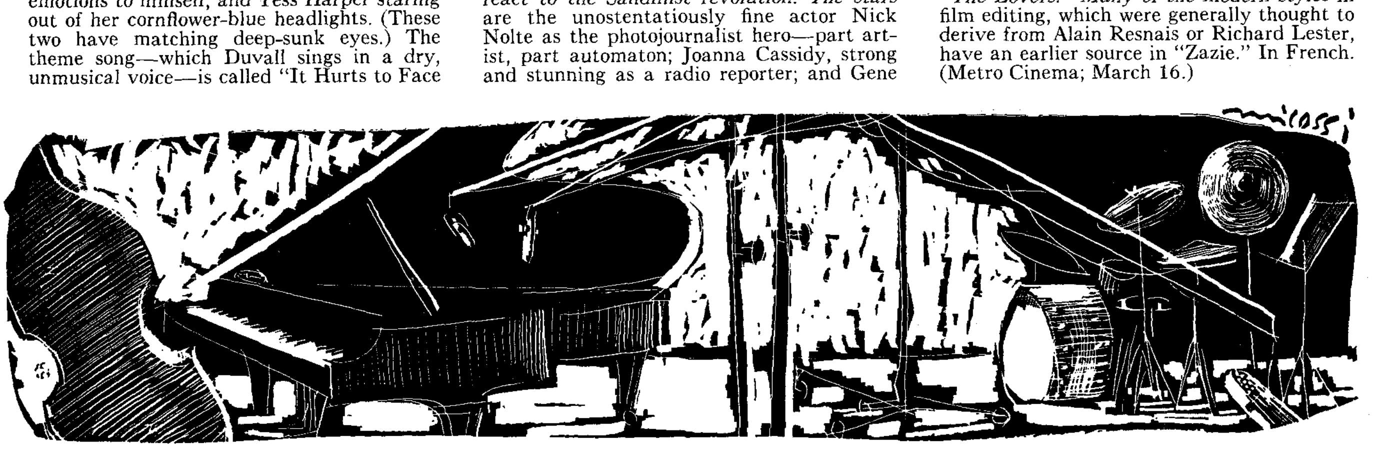
Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, and Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through March 8.)

The Trial (1962)—Orson Welles' theatricality and bravado would seem to be especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact comic horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects that aren't at all jarring. This little-seen film has effective passages; it's more than an honorable try, though the hollow sound (that is, of the English-language version) is sometimes off-putting. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Akim Tamiroff, Fernand Ledoux, Elsa Martinelli, Jess Hahn, Suzanne Flon, Madeleine Robinson, Michael Lonsdale, and Welles. Cinematography by Edmond Richard; the pin-screen animation of the prologue is by Alexandre Alexieff and Claire Parker. Made in Europe. (Thalia; March 15. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17.)

Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 8.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Embassy 1; through March 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; March 9-15.)

Zazie (1960)—Movies are said to be an international language, but sometimes a film that is popular in one country finds only a small audience in another. This anarchistic, impudent comedy (from Raymond Queneau's novel "Zazie dans le Métro"), a great success in France, has hardly even been heard of in the United States. It is like a Mack Sennett two-reeler running wild, and it has been peculiarly disturbing for American critics and audiences alike. To Americans, "Zazie" seems to go too far—to be almost demonic in its inventiveness, like a joke that gets so complicated you can't time your laughs comfortably. The editing, which is very fast, may be too clever; some critics have suggested that for Americans this comedy turns into some kind of freakish, fantastic anxiety. Putting it as squarely as possible, Bosley Crowther wrote in the *Times*, "There is something not quite innocent or healthy about this film." Yet the film is like "Alice in Wonderland": Zazie (Catherine Demongeot) is a foul-mouthed little cynic, age eleven, who comes to Paris for a weekend with her uncle (Philippe Noiret), a female impersonator, and nobody and nothing are quite what they seem. Louis Malle, who directed, includes satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and other films, and also a parody of his own picture "The Lovers." Many of the modern styles in film editing, which were generally thought to derive from Alain Resnais or Richard Lester, have an earlier source in "Zazie." In French. (Metro Cinema; March 16.)



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Dad meets the graduate in his Peugeot

That night, when everyone else had gone upstairs to bed, they stayed out on the deck and talked. Just the two of them, father and daughter.

She told him how tough this last year at college had been, how dumb she had felt sometimes.

He told her about architecture and how dumb he still feels sometimes.

They agreed on bluegrass and spy thrillers. Agreed to disagree on Brahms and ice cream with walnuts in it.

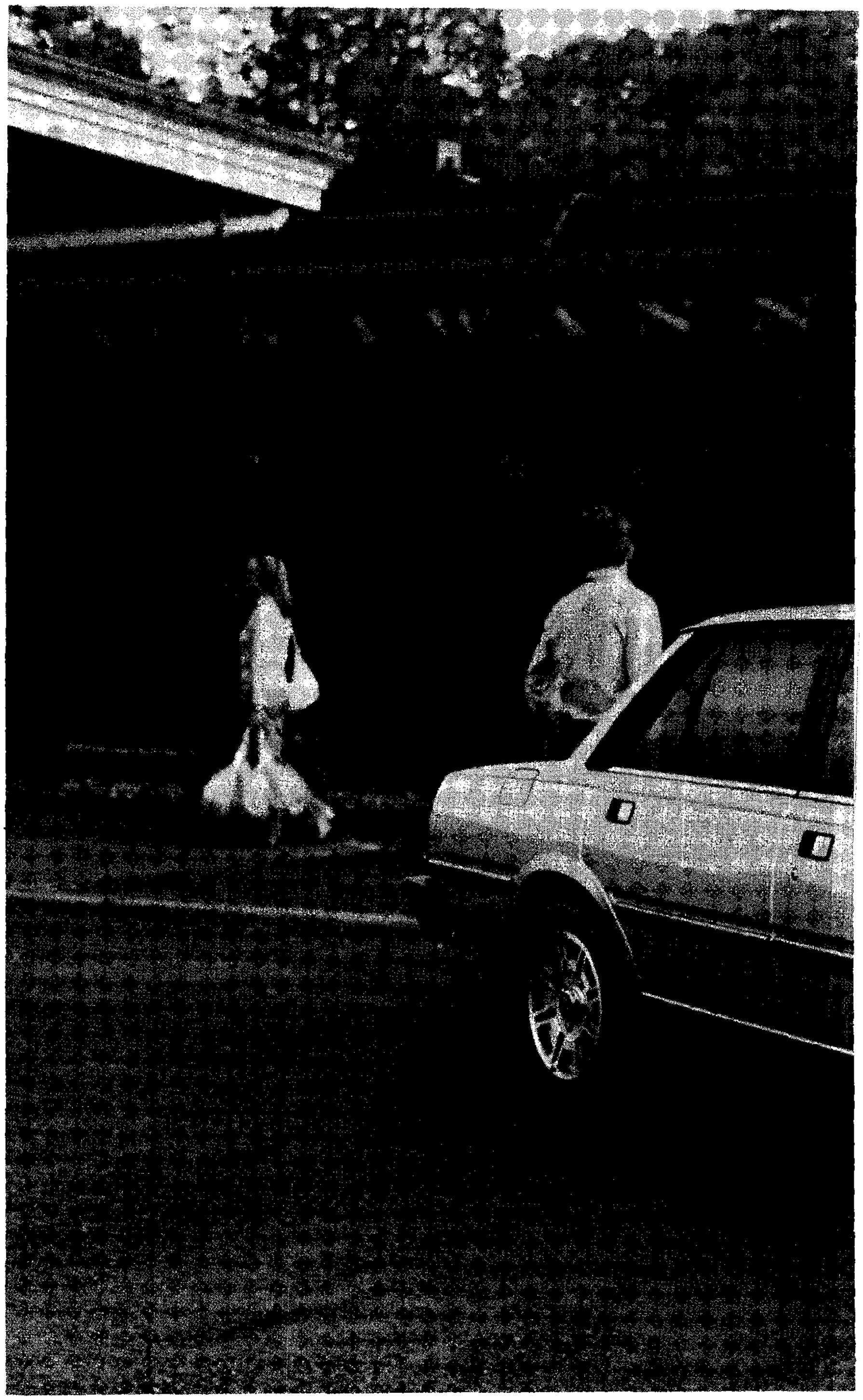
They chuckled about her kid brother, the-boy-who-was-all-legs, and his recent discovery of girls.

They did not talk the way they used to talk, like father and daughter. Without noticing it, they had become friends.

"I like you," he said.

"I like you, Dad."

Peugeot seats have been described as "almost sinfully comfortable." In the 505 STI, they are wrapped in a soft, supple leather.

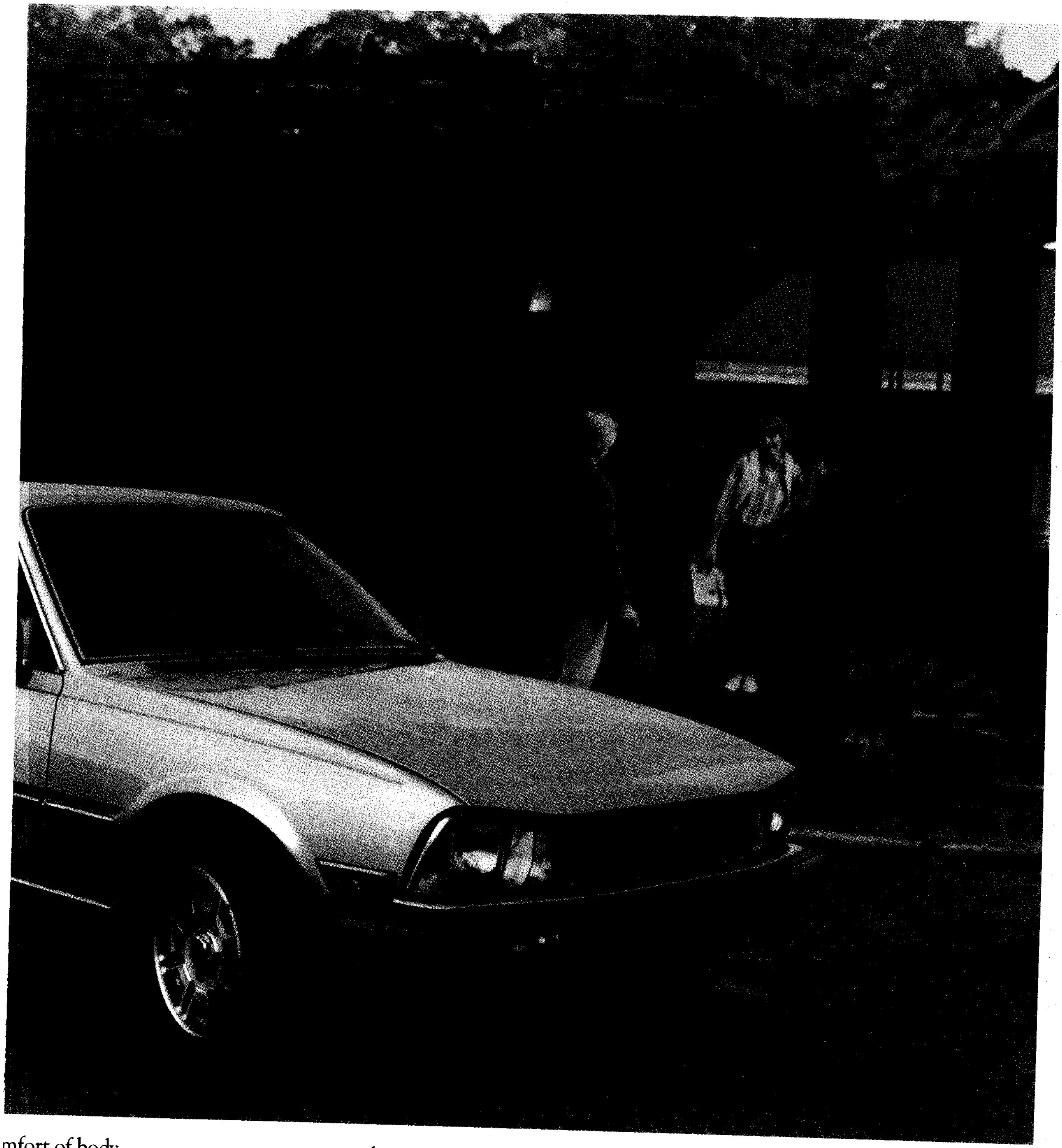


The car that Dad took to the station is the new Peugeot 505 STI.

It is a car dedicated to coddling its occupants. The shock absorbers utilize *eight* valves—instead of the customary two valves—to iron out bumps in the road. The seats are more than mere places to sit: they are actually "tuned" to work in collaboration with the suspension. And because of a wheelbase that is fully 108 inches long, there is room for adult-length legs in both the front *and* rear seats c the Peugeot.

The array of luxury equipment is well-nigh staggering: air conditionin electric sunroof; central locking; ele tric windows; cruise control; power-assisted steering and brakes; and so o

The Peugeot is very much a car f



mfort of body.

It is also a car for comfort of mind. ıe Peugeot 505 STI bristles with ety features, including 4-wheel c brakes that "weigh" the passen- ꝛs and luggage, then adjust them- ves to help prevent the rear ıeels from locking and skidding.

Prices of Peugeot sedans and tion wagons—all available with gasoline or turbodiesel engines—range from $11,300 to $17,965.* Please call 1-800-447-2882 in the continental U.S. for a facts-filled brochure and the name of your nearest Peugeot dealer.

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PEUGEOT

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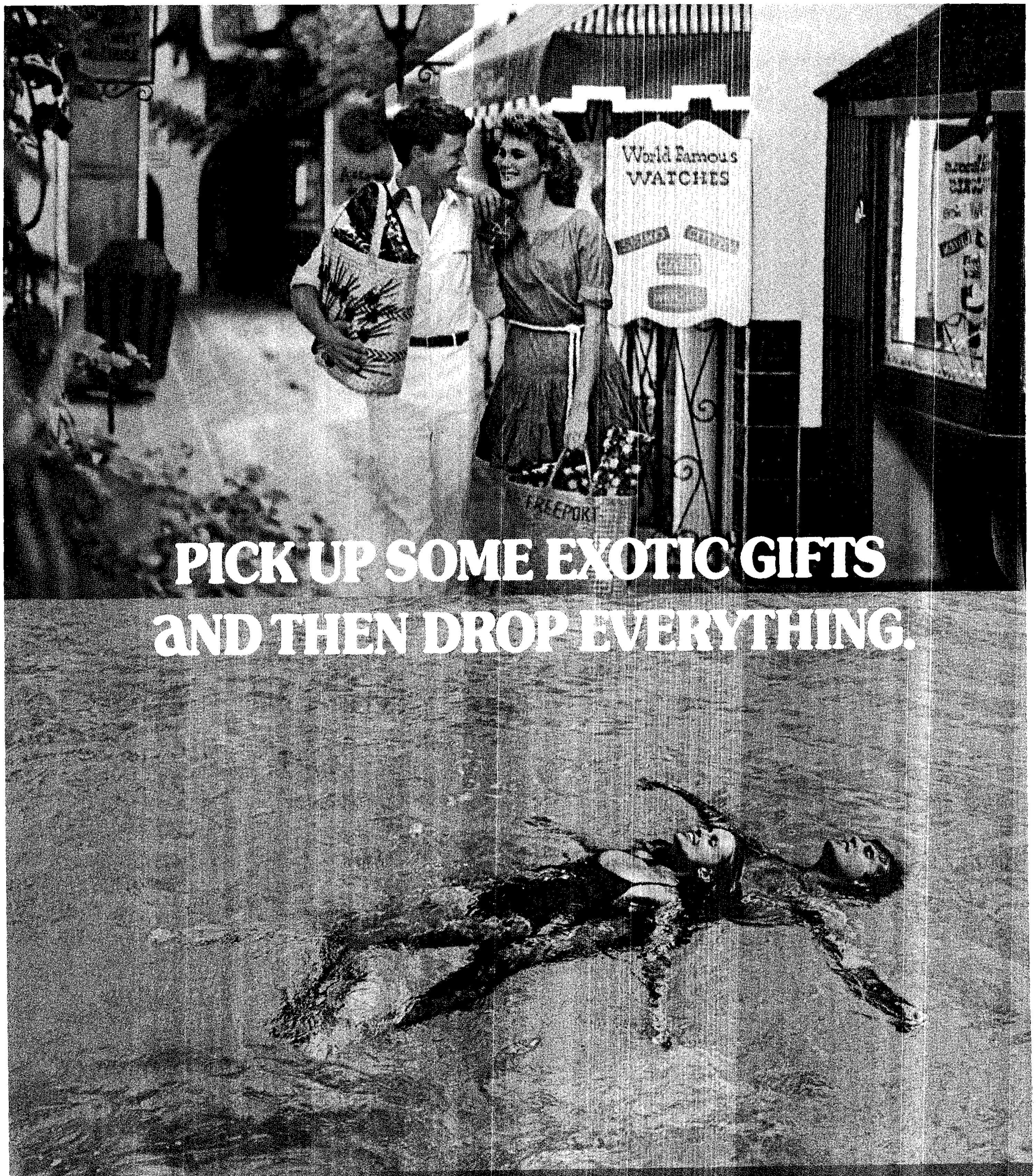
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WATCHES
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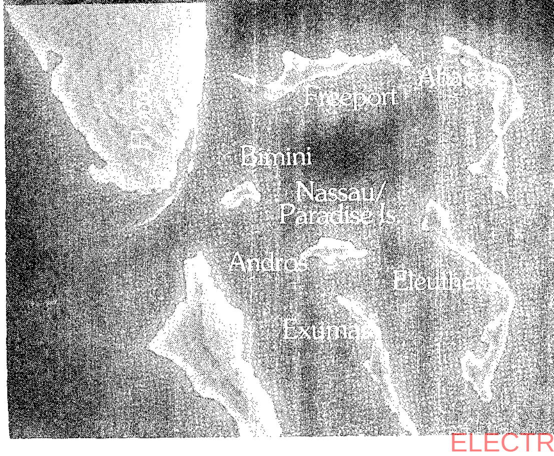
PICK UP SOME EXOTIC GIFTS AND THEN DROP EVERYTHING.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In The Bahamas, you never run out of things to do. Until you want to. Tour the world for treasures at Freeport's International Bazaar. Make a date with Lady Luck at a casino. Become a believer in scuba. Learn how warm a smile can be. Walk along a sugar-white beach where the only footsteps are yours. Or just sit, and feel sorry for the people you send postcards to.

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THE
NEW YORKER

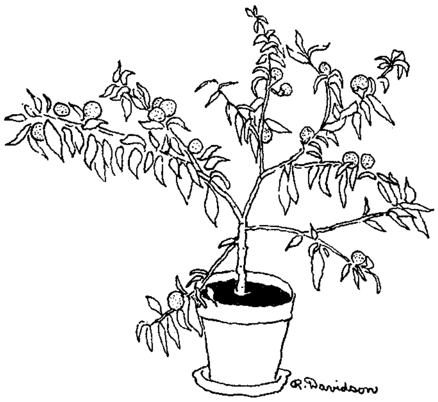
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE summary execution of a diplomat or a representative of some national or religious group by faceless terrorists is such a regular event these days that it threatens to become merely ordinary news. An ambassador, say, from a controversial land appears on the street in a foreign capital, a submachine gun blasts at him from unerrable range, and it's all over in a ghastly flash—another victim of a mindless, narrow cause. When Leamon R. Hunt, the Oklahoma-born director-general of the multinational force that monitors the peace in the Sinai Peninsula, was gunned down in this fashion in Rome recently (the "credit" for the despicable act claimed by something called the Fighting Communist Party, a faction of the Red Brigades), it almost seemed to be bloody business as usual. For those who knew him and his work, however, Hunt's death was no ordinary assassination.

In a time when the word "peacekeeper" has been mongrelized to the point where it is the name of an offensive missile, Hunt was a veritable, professional peacekeeper. That was his true calling—doing every practical thing he could to keep a peace that had been hard-won somewhere. We first met him in April, 1978, at the headquarters of the Sinai Field Mission, on a windy, gritty moonscape plateau in the western Sinai. He had been the director of the S.F.M. for ten months, in charge of administering the 1975 disengagement agreement between Israel and Egypt. He welcomed the generally thankless task, and carried it out with devotion and verve, scrupulously supervising the electronic early-warning systems that insured against any military adventurism by either side. It all worked, and, what's more, worked marvellously. The success of the S.F.M. was largely what made possible the final peace agreement between Egypt and Israel, and the ultimate return of the Sinai Peninsula to Egypt. Hunt, a self-described "troubleshooter" for the State Department, mainly in the Middle East, was passionately proud of his accomplishment. "It's a first-time thing for all of us," he said back then. "Nothing like the S.F.M. has ever been done before—one nation supervising a cease-fire." Because of Hunt and the other Americans at the S.F.M. (most of them Southwesterners, like Hunt himself), the Sinai was blissfully peaceful. Consequently, the results of their work received little attention, little praise. That was all right with Hunt, as long as the peace was kept. And the yearly cost of the upkeep of that happy peace, as Hunt liked to point out, was only about half the price of one F-14 jet fighter.

In 1981, when the S.F.M. was replaced by a ten-nation force, Hunt, by then retired from the Foreign Service, was the logical choice to be its civilian director-general, who soon thereafter made his headquarters in Rome. He entered this new phase of peacekeeping in his customary dedicated spirit. Not long ago, he was quoted as saying that his Sinai contingent was "the Middle East peace force that works"—a neat, undiplomatic dig at some others that have tried to function in that difficult region. He was, of course, quite correct. Not a shot was fired in anger in the Sinai during all the years of Hunt's stewardship there. The world talks about peace endlessly, but Hunt actually did something about it. He was an invaluable international servant, and now he's gone. His loss is a body blow to sanity.



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Going Home

A FRIEND who travels by subway a lot writes:

I got to the platform at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street last night at six-fifteen, and a minute later my train came: the D to Brighton Beach. I take it to Seventh Avenue in Brooklyn—a trip that usually lasts between twenty-five and thirty minutes but can be as fast as twenty-two minutes or as slow as forty-five. When I get to the platform, I always look at my watch—it's digital, so I can see the exact time—and when the train comes I start the stopwatch. I began timing my subway trips out of curiosity a few years ago, and now it's a habit. Anyway, things were fine down to West Fourth Street: about six minutes, which is fairly normal for this end of rush hour. I had a good place, near a door (I like to be at the door so that I have a good view going over the Manhattan Bridge); the train wasn't crowded; it was pretty warm. At West Fourth, there was a little delay—a couple of minutes. Often, the D waits there for the F, which comes in on the local track, but I noticed that the orange holding lights weren't on. The D left the station, but in the tunnel to Broadway-Lafayette—the next station—it stopped. I looked at my watch: eight minutes. A nervous vision of being stuck for hours crossed my mind, and then vanished as the train began to move again. I had forty pages left in the book I was reading; surely it was not possible that I could be on the train long enough to finish it. Twelve minutes to Broadway-Lafayette; usually it takes between eight and ten. There was a crowd three or four deep along the platform there, indicating that the previous train had gone out of service; I figured that that had been the delay, and that now everything would be O.K. The train was a little smoky, and there was the incinerator smell of a track fire. Delays, fires, smoke, crowds—you're used to it all and you don't get alarmed. Not just you but all the other people on the train, as you realize when you look around you: they're reading newspapers or books or listening to their Walkmen or just sitting staring. The train left Broadway-Lafayette at a normal speed, but it soon got slower, and jerkier, and came to a stop. I guessed we must be fairly near Grand Street, the next station—and the one right before the bridge. My watch said eighteen minutes, and the car seemed smokier; my eyes hurt a little.

A woman said, "I might as well be smoking a cigarette." People were unbuttoning their coats—even taking them off. Someone opened the door at the end of the car.

"Is there more air there?" a young woman called from down the car.

"Anybody got a reefer?" said a man who was standing between the cars.

When my watch said twenty-three minutes, the conductor's voice came over the loudspeaker: "We are being delayed because of congestion in the area." That got a laugh from the passengers. ("Congestion" is one of the Transit Authority's all-purpose words.) Seven minutes later, the announcement was repeated. People didn't laugh. Every couple of minutes, the train would jerk a little and move what seemed a few inches, and then it would stop altogether. I read my book for a while, and wondered how people who did not have anything to read managed not to panic. That's the thing: you sort of have to make yourself read, get involved in your book or newspaper, to avoid that sensation of panic. I'd been stuck on trains before, but never on a smoky one. At forty-five minutes, the conductor said, "The front car is in the Grand Street station. Passengers who wish to leave this train may walk up to the front. Passengers who do not wish to leave may stay on this train." He then said that there was a disabled train on the bridge. I thought I might as well walk to the front, if only to see what I could see. You can't make a connection to any other line at Grand Street; I could get out and walk the seven or eight blocks to the Canal Street station, or, as I realized when I got toward the front and saw that the trains were running in the other direction, I could take one of them back to Broadway-Lafayette. At fifty-two minutes, the conductor said, "We're going to tell you how long this delay will be." But then it was the same old announcement about getting off at Grand Street, except that he added, as a kind of afterthought, that passengers who wished to stay on this train could do so "at their own risk." I was surprised at the number of people who simply stayed in their seats or leaning against their doors or poles.

A woman said, "The last time there was a fire at Grand Street, I walked to Canal." She was studying a subway map.

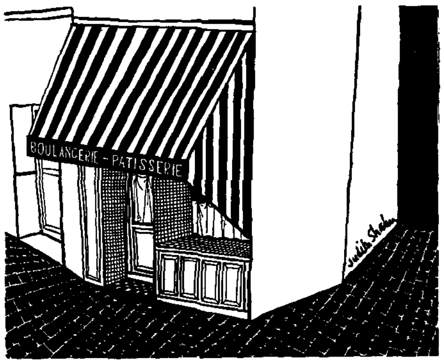
A man trying to push his way forward said, "There's always a bottleneck somewhere."

A woman said, "Mayor Koch should be on this train."

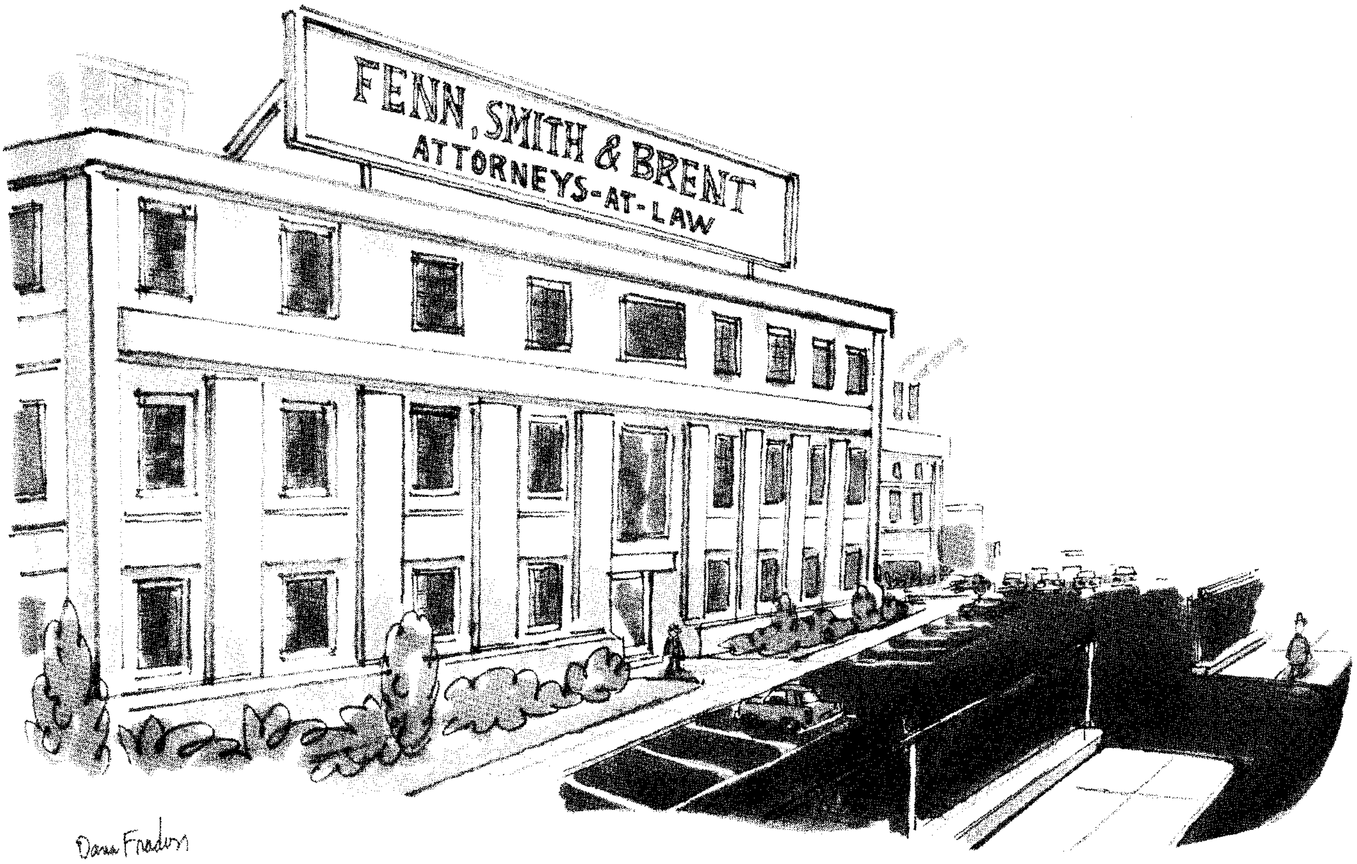
Someone else said, "I don't even know who to complain to—it's not Ravitch anymore, and I forget the new guy's name."

A young man said, almost cheerfully, "I've never been stuck on a train before."

My watch said fifty-eight minutes. In thirteen minutes, I had moved ahead about four cars. Another announcement: "They are now moving the disabled train off the bridge, and this train is third in line to go over the bridge. We should be moving momentarily." Two minutes later, the conductor said, "This train is going back to Broadway-Lafayette. We will be moving momentarily." At an hour and four minutes on my watch, the train started moving back toward Broadway-Lafayette. The smoke had cleared, and movement itself was also a relief. People exchanged information about what to do once they got to Broadway-Lafayette: Take the F to Delancey and get the M. Or you can take the 6 to Brooklyn Bridge and get the M, or to Canal for the N or the RR. Can I get the B? No, it runs on this track.



I felt as though I had forgotten where I was and where I was going. Irritation had become resignation, and also a sort of curiosity about what was going to happen next; it was like an adventure story, and you wanted to know how it would turn out. I had stopped reading my book when I started walking through the train. It was an hour and seven minutes on my watch, and we were back at Broadway-Lafayette. For a moment, I considered getting out and taking a taxi —maybe I could get a refund from the Transit Authority. At least, I thought, they could give everyone a free ride tomorrow. Another time when I was stuck on a train, a man suggested that everyone should refuse to ride the subway for one day. The only way to get them is in their pocket, he said. But now there was an F train across the platform, and I got on it. For a moment, the announcements were helpful: "Take this train to Delancey Street and change for the M." Delancey Street, an hour and eleven minutes. A crowd on the platform. I moved through it, or with it, toward the narrow stairway that goes up to where you get the M train. The stairway itself was so crowded it looked impassable, yet people still tried to push their way through. A few, however, were pushing their way down, and a rumor spread that the M train was not running. A T.A. man was standing, surrounded, on the platform. Someone asked, "Is it true the M train's not running?" He said, exasperatedly, "How should I know? I'm down here, the platform's up there." I thought he was lucky not to be beaten up. "This service is outrageous!" someone yelled at him. A second F train came into the station; it had been an hour and seventeen minutes, and I decided I'd better take it if I wanted to get home at all, ever—I could go to a stop about twenty blocks from my house, and then walk or take a bus.



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On this train, too, were people who had been stuck at Grand Street, and were still trying to figure out how they were going to get home; it was as though anywhere you went, by subway, bus, or foot, you'd meet someone who had been on that train. Finally, the F train got to my station, and I stopped my watch: an hour and thirty-three minutes.

Then I was on the street, in the air, and there was a bus coming. By now, home was, so to speak, in sight; yet the few minutes (three, to be exact) that the bus sat at the corner—waiting, I suppose, for its scheduled departure time—were about the hardest of the whole trip. Ten minutes later, as I walked the half block from the bus stop to my house, I remembered another thing the man who suggested the one-day boycott had said: "Everyone's upset now, they're complaining and complaining—but, you know, tomorrow they'll have forgotten, they'll all be right back here on this train, as though nothing had ever happened."

Secrets

HAVING misspent some portion of our youth in the delicious company of Sinclair Lewis, we developed an angry scar that begins to throb at the approach of boosterism; some people can predict rainstorms, but we can always sense when someone is about to say "My only problem is that people just won't believe how well it works." Which, in fact, is exactly what Bob Collier told us last Monday as we sat in the offices of his school for aspiring television actors—a school that seemed, at first glance, a small slice of Zenith on West Forty-sixth Street. How our wound ached when Mr. Collier handed us "The Secret of the Ages," the book that had changed his life, and even his name! (He'd adopted the author's name, Robert Collier, when, for business reasons, he was in search of a new handle.) Along with "The Master-Key to Riches" (divulged by Andrew Carnegie to a Napoleon Hill in 1908), "The Secret of the Ages" (condensed from the plural secrets of the Chaldeans, Indian mystics, Egyptians, Rosicrucians, and Atlanteans) forms the backbone of Mr. Collier's two-week, ten-session course, all but guaranteed to win students jobs in the challenging world of television advertising. Scattered around the classroom are placards with sentiments like "You Are Important." Mr. Collier himself liberally sprinkles—indeed, he waters—his conversation with observations like "We get what we really want," and "Confidence is the difference between a star and a chorus member," and "I was raised in the Great Depression, and I've seen a half-dozen recessions since, and I've never done without anything I've wanted," and "Starting is half of being finished," and "The sun is shining up there all the time, even on a cloudy day like this." Whew!

However. The first thing to say is that Bob Collier (he calls himself Bob professionally) is an extraordinarily sweet guy, who gives every appearance of sincerity, and the second thing is that the Science of Success and the Positive Mental Attitude and the Principle of the Extra Mile seem to . . . work. Both for Mr. Collier, who traded in a tire dealership for a successful television career that included a stint as the Grecian Formula 16 spokesman ("It certainly darkened my hair, but it also made me smell a bit like a salad"), and for his students, every last one of whom has given Mr. Collier a written testimonial. We talked with Tom Width, a good After picture. "In the months since finishing the course, I've had five national commercials," he told us. "One for Pizza

Hut, two for Dristan, one for Tyco Personality Phones, and one for a new cleaner, Window Wonders, where I play a preacher washing all the windows in the church." We also sat in on the first session of a new class of commercial aspirants, four in number. Jim, a retired restaurateur, was what Mr. Collier described as a "great type." Carol, a perky South Dakotan come East to study art, seemed the Ivory sort of girl. Ernie was, in the words of the instructor, Wendy Dillon, "the character-y guy next door." And Mary Anne, said Ms. Dillon, beaming, had that much-in-demand "slightly ethnic housewife look." They spent their first class trying to master a pitch for Mitchum antiperspirant. On Take No. 1, they were hopeless: Carol exhibited a vigorous head bounce that robbed her words of all authority; Jim's eyeglasses obscured his eyes; Ernie managed to insert a double negative in the very first line. By Take No. 5, however—after they'd been instructed to visualize a successful commercial and a flood of residual checks—*everyone's* inflection soared upward on the final phrase ("It's that good!"), and they were all pronouncing the sponsor's name with "love, pride, and joy of discovery," which Ms. Dillon had told them were essential.

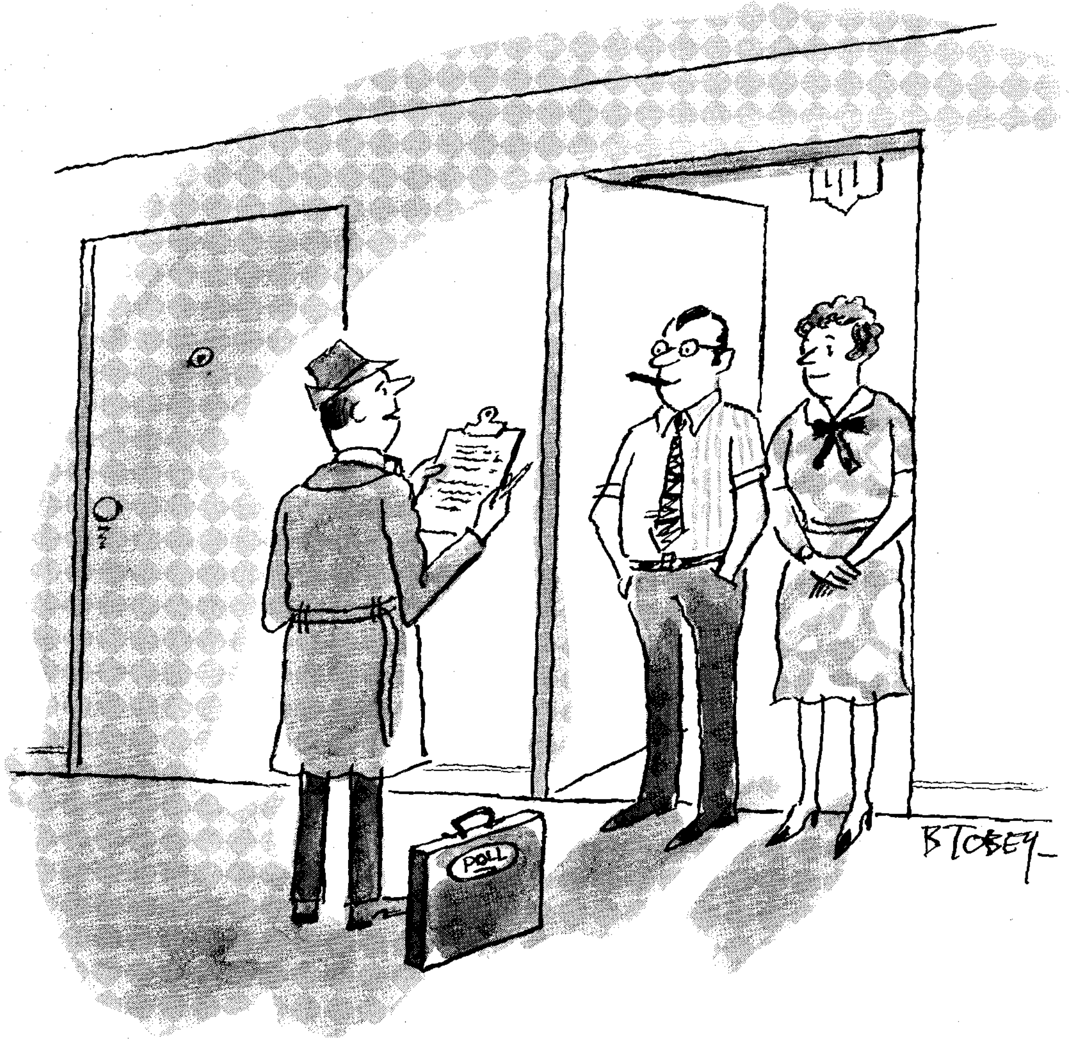
A Quiet Morning

AT 11 A.M. a couple of Saturdays ago, Barrow Street between Seventh Avenue and Bedford Street, in Greenwich Village, was probably the most serene block in the city. A light, misty rain was falling. The street is narrow, lined with leafless old sophora trees and leafless newer mountain ash. Very still houses, mostly two stories or three stories high, of red brick—one covered with ivy—and two houses of painted brick, one green, the other blue. Very few cars passing by, all driven slowly, calmly. A few people on the sidewalks, in raincoats or with umbrellas, one young man holding the hand of a child in a yellow hooded slicker, one young woman leading a miniature poodle in a plaid hooded slicker. Nobody in a rush. The four-story Greenwich House Music School, at 46 Barrow, is one of the tallest buildings on the block. The music school, which is part of a Greenwich House complex that is seventy-eight years old, is red brick, with second-floor French windows painted white and guarded by black iron grilles that are decorated with black iron sixteenth notes and treble clefs. From the top floor, from a rehearsal room, came the muted playing of the solo part of a Beethoven piano concerto, with stops, corrections, new starts—the only sound on the block.

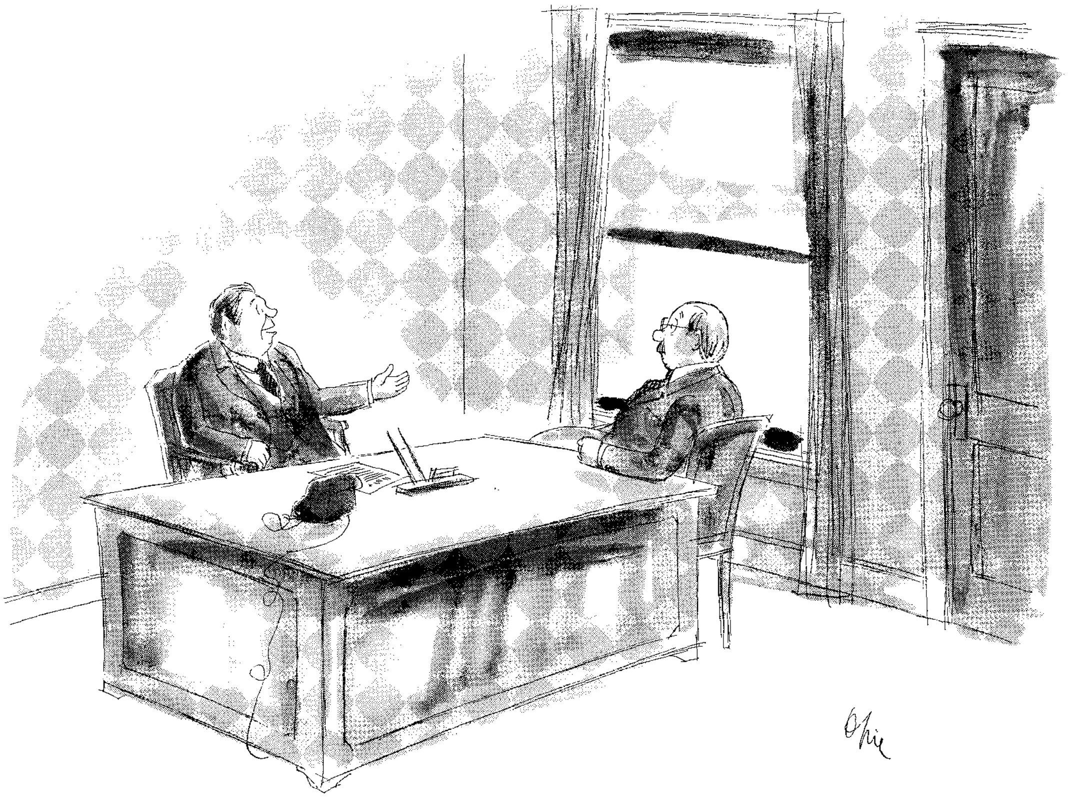
On the second floor, behind the French windows, the first William Kapell Piano Competition, sponsored by the music school, was about to start its finals, in the Renee Weiler Concert Hall. The hall runs floor-through. At the front, it looks out on the street. At the rear, it overlooks a small garden dominated by a lately planted cherry tree. Three light fixtures hang from the hall ceiling on brass chains, each fixture with hurricane-lamp shades enclosing pointed bulbs. Similar fixtures are on the walls, and one wall has a ballet barre affixed to it. The floor is uncarpeted. On a raised platform at the garden end of the hall, that Saturday stood two Steinway grand pianos, side by side, one bearing a small brass plaque on its casing:

IN MEMORY OF
ROSALIND
HIGGINSON DORR
1901-1934
A GIFT FROM HER FATHER
JOHN VAN NOSTRAND DORR

At the other end of the hall, a couple of wooden tables had been pushed together; on one side, facing the pianos, were some rickety wooden folding chairs, five of which were occupied by the competition judges. At one end of the row of tables sat the music school's director, Edward Houser, who was the non-voting chairman of the jury. A young man, with thick, curly red hair and a match-



"Thanks for answering the questions. It's people like you who run this country."



"Instead of at one of the usual lunch places, Miss Slater has made us a reservation at a well-recommended Art Deco diner on Tenth Avenue in the Twenties."

• •

ing scraggly beard, he was very attentive to each of the judges in turn: Ilse Friedenberg and German Diez, longtime piano teachers at the school; Boris Bloch, a well-known concert pianist and recording artist; Kenneth Cooper, a leading performer on the harpsichord and an expert on Baroque music; and Benjamin Dunham, a former general manager of the American Symphony, now a board member of the National Guild of Community Schools of the Arts. Also present, as an observer, was Anna Lou Kapell Dehavenon, a cultural anthropologist and a nonprofessional pianist, who is the widow of William Kapell. Dr. Dehavenon, a tall, trim, attractive woman with long, straight reddish-blond hair, sat next to Mr. Houser, her hands folded. On the table in front of her were several copies of a record, "William Kapell at Carnegie Hall," and of the winter issue of *The Piano Quarterly*, which had a commemorative section marking the thirtieth anniversary of William Kapell's death, at the age of thirty-one, in a plane crash near San Francisco. Kapell, who had been recognized and acclaimed while still in his teens by Vladimir Horowitz and other musicians, and also by the public, as one of the greatest and most exciting piano artists in the world, had been returning from a concert tour in Australia. The cover of *The Piano Quarterly* bore a black-and-white photograph of Kapell, in shirtsleeves, playing the piano at the age of nineteen.

Mr. Houser is twenty-nine; he was born one year after William Kapell died. While Mr. Houser went over the procedure and the contestants' competition repertoires with the judges, the finalists—there were three of them—waited outside. The finalists, who, in accordance with the competition rules, were between the ages of twelve and twenty-one, were:

Wendy Chen, thirteen, an eighth grader at St. Ann's School in Brooklyn and an all-day-Saturday student at Juilliard. Began studying the piano at the age of four, with her mother. Small for her age, thin, with dark hair pulled straight back and tied in a ponytail with a pink ribbon. Wearing a pastel-pink-and-blue plaid dress, white stockings, and flat-heeled black patent-leather slippers.

Arthur Hart, eighteen, a full-time Juilliard student. Began studying the piano at eight, a year after arriving in the United States with his family from Rumania; his father now a violinist with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Tall, with a baby face and dark hair worn dramatically long. Wearing a navy blazer, white shirt, tie, gray slacks, and well-shined black loafers.

Rorianne Cassandra Schrade, twenty, another full-time Juilliard student. Began studying the piano at the age of four; is the youngest of four pianist sisters and one pianist brother, and both parents are concert pianists. Tall, extremely thin, intense, pretty, also with a baby face, her hair fashionably puffy in front but pulled back and tied in a ponytail with a black ribbon. Wearing a white blouse, a full brown skirt, and high-heeled black patent-leather pumps.

"These things are a great joy, but I never knew it would be so tough," Mr. Houser said to the judges and to Dr. Dehavenon as they all settled in more closely at the tables.

"They're all so gifted," Dr. Dehavenon said.

"We have one thousand dollars available for prize money," Mr. Houser said, rather morosely. "I wish we had more."

"The winner gets to play in a concert with the Greenwich House Orchestra, right?" Mr. Dunham asked.

Mr. Diez said yes.

"But all of them get a recital at the music school," said Mrs. Friedenberg.

"Someone has to win," Mr. Cooper said crisply. "Let's get on with it."

"Let's go," Mr. Bloch said.

Arthur Hart was first. He strode confidently into the room. The program called for him to play the Mozart Piano Concerto in D Minor, K. 466, and to follow it with the Fugue from Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata.

Before he sat down at the piano, Mr. Bloch asked him if he planned to play the usual cadenzas in the concerto.

"No, my *own* cadenzas," Arthur said. He sat down and stared straight ahead as Robert Wallace, a muscular-looking man wearing a sports jacket, took his place at the other piano to play the concerto's orchestral parts in reduction.

Mr. Houser informed the others that Mr. Wallace had never played with any of the contestants before—not even a last-minute runthrough.

Arthur played with compelling assurance and flash. His cadenzas were contrapuntal and had daring key changes. His entire body got a workout—especially the hair. When he had finished the concerto, everybody applauded. A couple of the judges shouted "Bravo!" Arthur nodded, gave a little smile, and then launched quickly into the Beethoven, which is considered one of the epics of the piano repertoire. It is challenging, containing long contrapuntal lines that call for the hands to operate in awkward positions with speed, volume, and intensity. Arthur's playing was dazzling. He played finger-breaking passages with authority and ease. Applause. More "Bravo!"s.

Next, Wendy Chen. Program: Beethoven's Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major, Opus 19; Menotti's Ricercare and Toccata; Schubert's Sonata in A Minor, D. 537, Opus 164. She sat elegantly at the piano, with perfect posture, and gave a quick nod to Mr. Wallace, as though he were the New York Philharmonic. She played the Beethoven with intelligence and strength, extending her arms, playing with respect for the structure of each phrase. Every note was clean. Mr. Wallace accompanied her dutifully, pounding out the notes with gusto. The contrast did not seem to bother Wendy. She played on, steady and unperturbed, in command of herself and of the music. Again, everybody applauded and there were some passionate "Bravo!"s.

Last, Rorianne Cassandra Schrade. Program: Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 in C Major, Opus 15, and Chopin's Scherzo in B Minor. Looking very solemn, she played with a beautiful, velvety tone. She did not look at Mr. Wallace but hovered over the keyboard as though she meant to plunge right into the instrument. Her sense of color was subtle and dramatic. The judges looked charmed as she played. She played with wit, passion, and grace. Extended applause followed the concerto. Repeated "Bravo!"s. Rorianne continued to look solemn. She then gave a fiery yet lyrical performance of the Chopin Scherzo. Applause. "Bravo!"s.

Outside, the rain had stopped. The sun was shining, and brightness filled the Renee Weiler Concert Hall. The contestants retired to the corridor outside to await the verdict. All knew each other from Juilliard, but they didn't speak. Wendy sat placidly on a chair there, her hands in her lap. Rorianne sat across from her with her head down, as though resting. Arthur paced impatiently, his necktie off now, his hair mussed. Inside the hall, the judges stared at each other for a while without saying anything.

Mr. Houser looked distraught. "Again, I must say, I never thought it would be this tough," he said. "It's wonderful to listen to them. But it's too tough."

It took the judges ninety-three minutes to come to a decision. The prize money would be divided up: six hundred dollars to Arthur, and the appearance with the Greenwich House Orchestra in concert; two hundred dollars each to Wendy and Rorianne, with the recitals in the music school for them and for Arthur. Shyly, Dr. Dehavenon handed each finalist a copy of William Kapell's record and a copy of *The Piano Quarterly*. The finalists and the judges left.

Mr. Houser sat for a moment with Dr. Dehavenon in the deserted hall.

"Well," Mr. Houser said. "How do you make this kind of decision?"

"These kids are all so wonderfully musical," Dr. Dehavenon said. "One can't really decide."

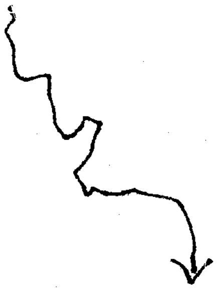
Mr. Houser said, "From what I've heard, William Kapell came out of a settlement-house music school—and I did, too—and he always encouraged younger people to play." He added, "In this spirit, I think."

They got up to leave.

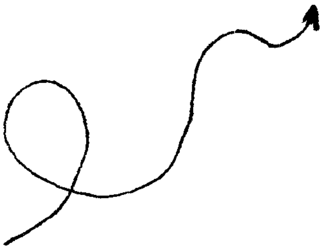
"He would have loved their talent," Dr. Dehavenon said. "He would have adored all this."

Flakes

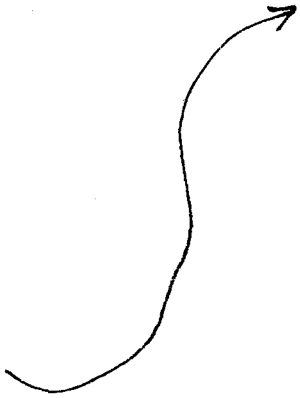
FRAMED by the proscenium of our office window, eighteen floors above the street, scattered snowflakes appeared this morning and performed a variety of whirls, dives, spins, and ascents against the backdrop of dark old office buildings to the north. Some of the flakes didn't do much—just floated into view and out again—but others, caught in updrafts, downdrafts, gusts, and crosswinds, raced through elaborate maneuvers before they disappeared. Outstanding soloists included: The Plummeting Dow (*Illus. A*), which started at the top of the window and jittered down toward the street. The Abrupt Redeployment (*Illus. B*), which included several changes of direction. The Soaring Deficit (*Illus. C*), which rose gracefully and steadily until it vanished. And the New Hampshire Surprise (*Illus. D*), which suddenly came along when we weren't looking.



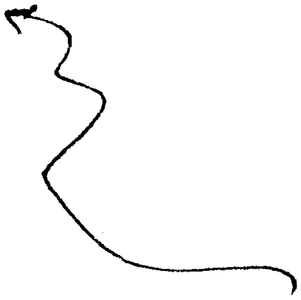
Illus. A



Illus. B



Illus. C



Illus. D

WHAT I WANT

WHAT I want is a clear blue sky, fresh sparkling waters, a handsome log house not made from a kit but put up for me by friends.

Absent that, I want success in lawsuits. I have a lawyer. When I go to see him, I put on a clean shirt. I am a neat man. I have a presentable appearance.

We have a sort of established routine.

He says: So, I haven't seen you recently.

I say: I've been away in the woods. I have bought a big tract of land. I am going to put up a big log house. I am tired of this rat race.

Then I tell him my idea for a lawsuit.

WATCHING Johnny on television, I thought: Sue Johnny. Sue Johnny for divorce. I don't want to see Johnny divorce other people and not divorce me. Why should I be alone in not getting what I want?

The lawyer said: You can get what you want.

I said: I don't want a shouting match. We would both lose. I want to come out of this as friends.

Still (I said), I must have something.

I HAVE already begun to get what I want. An aggressive young woman from the press has come to see me. She knocked on the door. She said: So you're suing Johnny.

I was very taken with her. It was more than that; I loved her. She was like the kind of young new star Johnny knows. Sometimes she's first on the show. She has curly hair. It is so long and curly that she has to push it away from her face, or toss her head; sometimes she has to reach behind her head to *free* her hair from being caught between her body and Johnny's guest chair.

I wonder where she comes from. Sometimes she will say: Oh, I could hardly wait to get out. . . . No, really. I'm very close to my family; they're still there, but . . .

Then Johnny will tell how lonely small towns used to be.

DURING my childhood, I was sometimes lonely, but I do not remember whether I lived in a small town or not. Johnny was with me at the time. His program then was called "Who Do You Trust?" I did not trust my mother, so I was interested. Johnny came on. His clothes were like cellophane. How I loved Johnny! I felt he was not comfortable in his clothes; if he moved, they would crinkle—a horribly embarrassing thing.

THESE are some of the things I want from Johnny:

(1) I want some of those funny clothes he used to wear: the gray suits with the narrow lapels.

(2) My own copy of a poster I used to see. It was in a locksmith shop—a dirty little place in the subway. I used to see it as I was going down into the subway. It was already old at that time. It was an advertisement for a brand of *locks;* there were locks of different kinds, and then Johnny's smile. I think it was just his head—his big smile—on that one. "As seen on the 'Tonight Show,'" I think the poster said. Johnny will remember.

(3) Absolute veto power over any further marrying on Johnny's part.

I THINK Johnny should be ready to admit how much we've meant to one another over the years. I don't list this among my demands, because I think that this has to come from Johnny of his own free will. One thing I would like is if he took me on a trip across the Great Plains. We could rent a car (maybe an old car) and drive along the old highways; stop at a luncheonette; be quiet for a time (the driver looking straight ahead, the passenger, his neck turned, looking out the side window); be silent, or laugh at private jokes.

I WANT some monetary payment for the time I spent watching "Who Do You Trust?" on television. Johnny made fun of this program later himself. He might as well have acknowledged that it was just a waste of time and we should all have been doing something else. My lawyers have the papers on this.

I have many different lawyers. They are pursuing different strategies. The lawsuits are in many different courts.

THE press has been irresponsible in reporting this. She has been here for days now. I look at her very closely. Maybe it's time she was moved *out* of the special guest chair onto the couch, where old guests sit; where they get moved over and over until they are drained of their special closeness to the host: Johnny or me.

I have talked to the press about my wife:

No (I said), I do not trust my wife. When we were first married we moved to a small cottage, green with white trim. She began to write checks on anything she could get her hands on—napkins. When I confronted her, she laughed. *It's on the Marcal National Bank*, she said. At table, she bowed her head sullenly, looking at her napkin. *I have a fortune tied up in Scotkins*, she said.

I hope that in the future Johnny will not move me over onto the couch to make room for other guests. *My own chair* would be nice. Covered in a striped slipcover. —GEORGE W. S. TROW

Hank Blaustein

THE LOWER PONTALBA

MY grandmother's name was Anna Meredith; I reminded myself of this every so often. One of my troubles I was sent to DePaul's sanitarium to help was forgetting things—not forgetting but just not being able to remember if I was asked suddenly. I came there a month ago, straight from Mississippi, when my father was taken away and I landed in the custody of my stepfather, Philip St. Clair, in New Orleans. Now that I was better, the doctors said, I would go to live in the St. Clairs' large apartment in what they called "the historic" Lower Pontalba Building, across from the St. Louis Cathedral. There was no point telling them that my father's family had had this apartment before Philip St. Clair was even born.

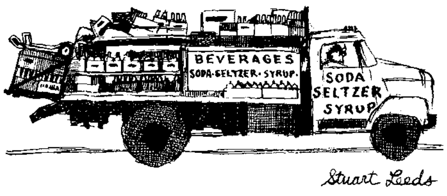
When I arrived at the Pontalba this morning, my grandmother was standing at the head of the inside stairs. She was smiling, very matter-of-fact, and old. She wanted to show me our rooms, she said; mine would be the one next to hers, back in the *garçonnière*. To get to them, we went down some steps from the main family apartment to a narrow gallery that looked out on an inner courtyard. At one side of the gallery was a ramshackle bath that was used now for a washer and dryer.

Grandmama asked me to bring my suitcase and open it on my bed. Then we took out the things I had used at the hospital—some cotton shirts and jeans, and a crossword-puzzle book someone had sent me there for my seventeenth birthday. Seeing these things was not good, and I was glad when they disappeared into dresser drawers. I was well now, it turned out, and had just been overanxious. Some anxiety is normal, the doctors said.

Grandmama took me into her room too. It had a fireplace, but here in the middle of New Orleans they probably didn't use it. Her bed had four posts, and on one of them hung the old gray purse she had from the days when she lived with us in Mississippi. She went back up into the main apartment and I opened the purse by twisting the two gold balls apart. It was stuffed with money, the way it always used to be. I lay down on the floor and looked up her chimney, and sure enough there was the sky and I could hear pigeons walking around and moaning. If they made me stay here, I could have a small fire sometimes when they were not at home and smell the smoke as if I was back in King County. At the divorce, I was given to the Mississippi side, my father's side, and my mother moved down here to go to medical school and married Philip St. Clair. I could only remember seeing her once or twice since I was little. Now that there was nothing left in Mississippi except our old house that people said was boarded up, I would live with the Louisiana side—my mother, Philip St. Clair, and their three little girls, who went to the Holy Name of Jesus and were my half sisters. Their uniforms were hanging out on the gallery on a line—jumpers and plain white blouses.

For a while I thought I ought to stay back in my room, but as a member of the family I should go anywhere I wanted to. And my grandmother was just now calling me in her low-pitched voice. Come on and go with her, she said, across Decatur to get some fish. It was Friday. She gave me the market basket and we went down the circular staircase. I opened the big cypress door to the street, and when we were on the sidewalk she gave me her hand. It was fat and thick-knuckled, not like it was on the piano keys when she was teaching me Bach back in Mississippi. Getting across Decatur was a job, she said, and she was glad to have a young gentleman with her. Trucks were going both ways, and smoking buses carrying mostly Negroes to work. When she said that about a young gentleman, she smiled, and I saw that her teeth were not hers but new ones. I tried to figure up how many years we had been separated.

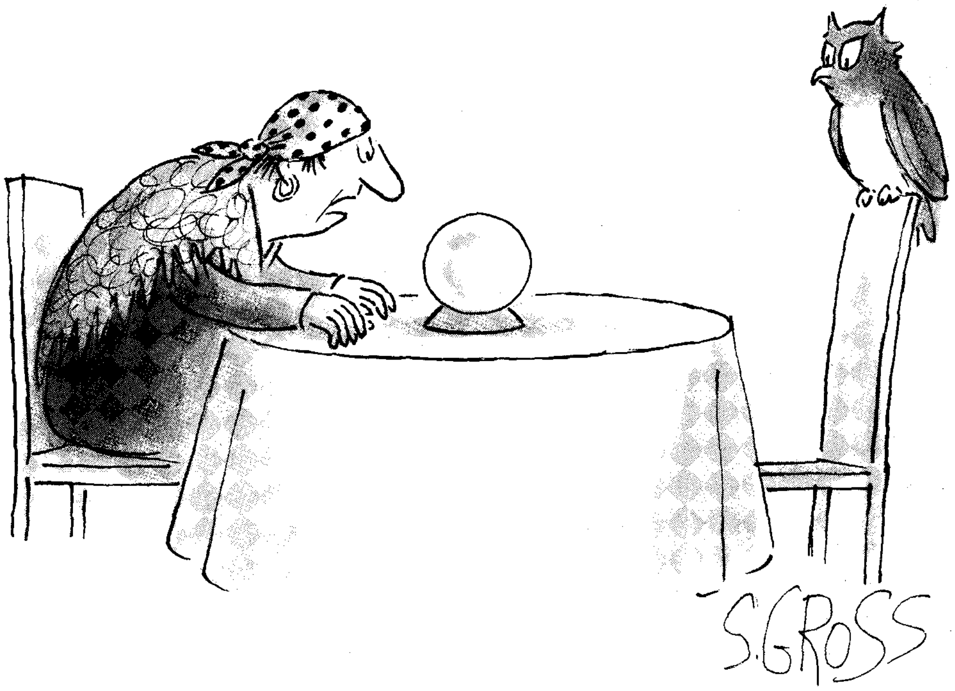
The fish market was smelly with fresh red snapper and catfish and the dank odor of the river. We bought four pounds of shrimp, and a man with blood all over his apron wrapped them in the *Times-Picayune*. Grandmama paid for them out of the pocket of her housedress. Then she insisted we celebrate being together again, go next door to the Café du Monde for coffee and *beignets*. The other customers were men who looked seedy, as if they had been up all night. I was to get my own television set, Grandmama said, and I should not hesitate to come and go as I wished. I was grown up now, and able to do as I pleased. If I needed money, her purse was at my disposal. I noticed how she sounded more quiet when she talked than when she didn't, and her eyes were still the same blue, set back in wrinkles. A person could amuse himself, she said, just riding the St. Charles streetcar and seeing all the beautiful old houses, then get off at Tulane and go to the zoo in Audubon Park. As soon as they could, they were going to start me in Jesuit. Philip St. Clair had an uncle there who would catch me up in math. Because of all my reading, I would be outstanding in English.



Back at the apartment, I showed how quickly I could behead and slip out the shrimp, and she said never mind the veins—only Northern people worried with them. She sat near me under a lamp to work on her sewing. The girls' hems were always needing to be let down, she said, and it was more trouble to find a seamstress than to do it herself. We were working at the dining-room table. There was no window in that room, but next door in the living room there were French windows and it was flooded with sun moving with the leaves of the balcony plants. I thought I recognized furniture from home—a gold-leafed pier glass, portraits of ancestors. When were these moved here? Carved tops reaching to the ceiling. The whole family was here now; that was it. Just not my father.

After lunch of avocado salad and shrimp cooked in Zatarain's Crab Boil, I was posted on the balcony to watch for Holy Name's car with the girls. When Grandmama spoke their names, it was with a refined approval that didn't sound like her. I imagined my mother giving birth. Then there was no time between seeing the car below and hearing the buzzer that opened the cypress door.

The girls flew in, all alike except for their heights. Straight light hair and airy smiles. The tallest one came to me and stood on her toes to kiss me on the cheek. When had I gotten home? I was sent to the hospital by mistake for mere anxiety, but before I could get their attention to explain they were talking elliptically among themselves and pulling me along to have a snack with them at the dining-room table. I excused myself to go into the front bedroom and look in the mirror. Now that I had seen them, I



"This sounds silly, but you're going to marry a pussycat."

looked to myself humped over, unkempt, with blurry eyes. A while ago, I had jumped when the oldest one kissed me—jumped from the quick the way I do when I'm falling asleep.

At the table, they were continuing to talk, passing crackers and cheese and tea. They were taking off on an old nun who was probably their teacher. One said one part of a sentence and the other two picked it up and they laughed. Then all of a sudden they stood up. They would see me this evening, they said, blowing kisses. Grandmama explained that the car was still waiting for them, as this afternoon there was a benefit puppet show they had to go to. I watched Anna Meredith carefully as she spoke to see what she made of these girls.

I was getting tired and nervous, and there was still my mother to see. This morning when Philip St. Clair brought me here from DePaul's, he was casual and friendly, not at all put out at having to leave his office. He talked about the stoplight being out at Napoleon and St. Charles, and the window gadget in his car that had a part not working. The doctors advised me to rest, he said, if I got the least bit nervous.

I went out on the balcony where the late light was on the cathedral clock, and the pigeons down in the park were slower-moving and quieter. I had every expectation that my mother would love me. Should we put our arms around each other, kiss? Her only son. In the last of our chats before the girls came, Grandmama had quoted Chaucer: "a verray, parfit gentil knight." Perhaps I should bow and kiss my mother's hand. And yet in dispute with this was the dim remembrance I had of her as shrinking from my father's hyperbole, of a hatted and gloved lady bored with Mississippi. She disliked phlegm, my father said, so why would she want to be a doctor? He laughed over her kindly negotiations for the divorce, her offer to take his Pontalba apartment and leave me to him. But wait—I was falling back into old, treacherous thoughts.

Just inside the French window, Grandmama stood with a glass of juice and two tablets of Equanil. The rest of the family were all going to be late coming home, she said, so why didn't we go up to the playroom and watch TV. The attic stairs were narrow. Once you got up there, the room was as large as the whole apartment below. The attic used to be the slave quarters for all the Pontalba apartments, Grandmama explained. In the center was a pool table with legs off the old Knabe, and along the walls were glassed-in cases with trophies and models of ships. We sat down on a worn green sofa. The news was on and everybody was talking at once.

Before I knew anything more, I was waking up alone on the sofa and a shawl had been thrown over my legs to keep the air-conditioning from chilling me. Had I missed seeing my mother? Or had we talked? Then it came back: a small, colorless lady, hardly any bigger than my oldest sister. She had asked me if I still saw things two or three ways at once and I remembered distinctly now that she was disapproving. What had I answered? That where did she hear this? That I never had? It would have been more tactful for me to say no, not anymore. She must have heard it from some reliable source. Whether there were endearments or not, I had not waked up enough to go down to bed. Now the coppery night light fell on the black onyx clock beside me. It was four-thirty. I went to the iron grilles that had been meant to keep the Negroes from escaping by rope long ago. The lights were dim down in Jackson Square, each one in its halo of fog. The doctors had said I should not be alone, and yet here I was, standing in the old slave quarters, unsure of everything. I kept thinking I heard a voice just outside of earshot. Shaking in the artificially cold air, I put on my sneakers and I could tiptoe downstairs now, go to the back for my coat without waking anyone. Then, once down the attic stairs, I thought I needed no coat. I straightened my shirt inside my pants and took up the belt a notch. Outside the big cypress door, I was free to go anywhere in the morning dark. No cars were on St. Ann, and only a few on Decatur. For a minute I stood, fearing somebody might mug me. These streets were not safe, the way the deserted roads of Mississippi were. But if I did get mugged, who would be any the worse off? I smiled to think how my mother would lay even that to the life I was supposed to have had growing up with a drunk for a father. It was a relief to be out in the hot night air and on my own.

Crossing Decatur, I wandered clear around the fish market, even farther, until I stood close to the edge of the river. Gradually, I realized that I was talking out loud—only I wasn't listening to what I was saying. It was my own voice all right, stilted and unpleasant. I will go back in a little, it said. I would go back for now.

—Berry Morgan

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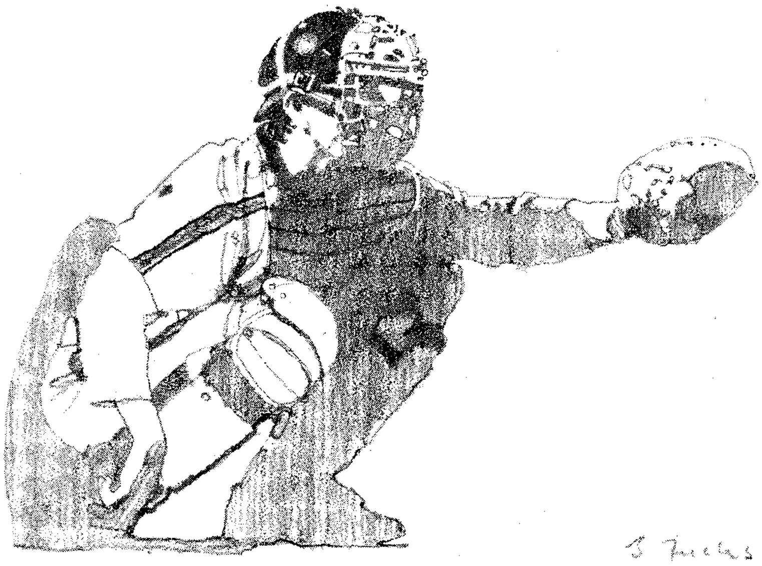
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Baltimore Sun*]

The person we hire must have a proven track record in providing good, workable ideas and in delaying effectively with clients from start to finish.

THE SPORTING SCENE

IN THE FIRE



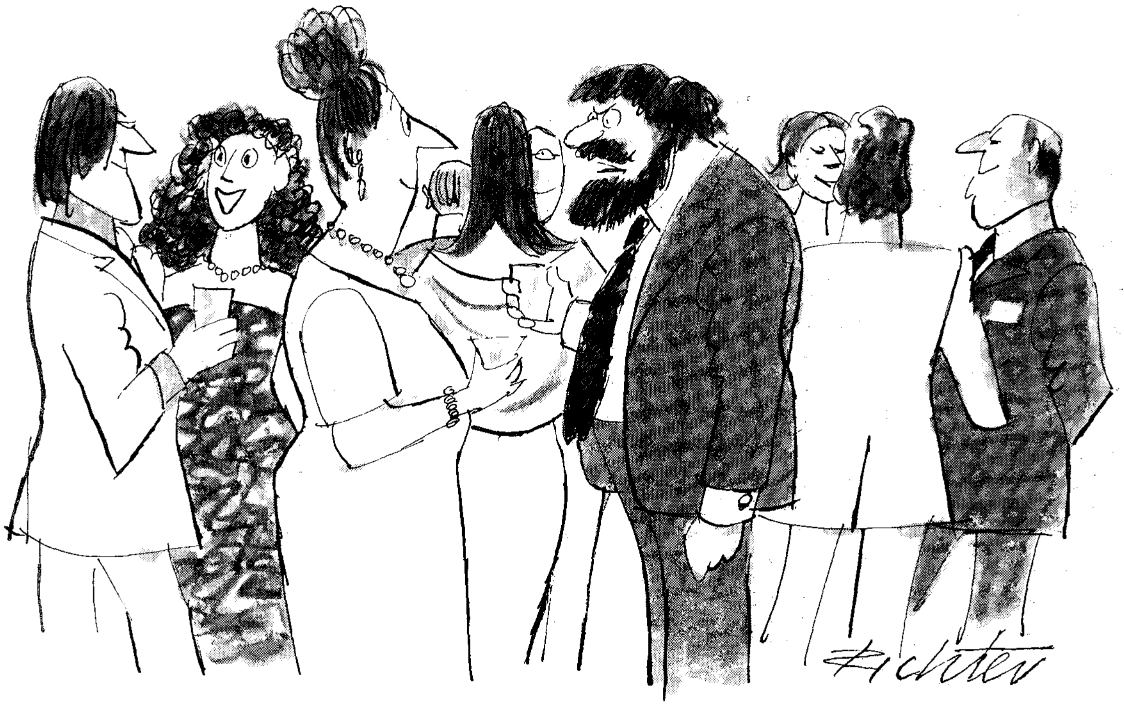
CONSIDER the catcher. Bulky, thought-burdened, unclean, he retrieves his cap and mask from the ground (where he has flung them, moments ago, in mid-crisis) and moves slowly again to his workplace. He whacks the cap against his leg, producing a puff of dust, and settles it in place, its bill astern, with an oddly feminine gesture and then, reversing the movement, pulls on the mask and firms it with a soldierly downward tug. Armored, he sinks into his squat, punches his mitt, and becomes wary, balanced, and ominous; his bare right hand rests casually on his thigh while he regards, through the portcullis, the field and deployed fielders, the batter, the base runner, his pitcher, and the state of the world, which he now, for a waiting instant, holds in sway. The hand dips between his thighs, semaphoring a plan, and all of us—players and umpires and we in the stands—lean imperceptibly closer, zoom-lensing to a focus, as the pitcher begins his motion and the catcher half rises and puts up his thick little target, tensing himself to deal with whatever comes next, to end what he has begun. These motions—or most of them, anyway—are repeated a hundred and forty or a hundred and fifty times by each of the catchers in the course of a single game, and are the most familiar and the least noticed gestures in the myriad patterns of baseball. The catcher has more equipment and more attributes than players at the other positions. He must be large, brave, intelligent, alert, stolid, foresighted, resilient, fatherly, quick, efficient, intuitive, and impregnable. These scoutmaster traits are counterbalanced, however, by one additional entry—catching's bottom line. Most of all, the catcher is invisible. He does more things and (except for the batter) more difficult things than anyone else on the field, yet our eyes and our full attention rest upon him only at the moment when he must stand alone, upright and unmoving, on the third-base side of home and prepare to deal simultaneously with the urgently flung or relayed incoming peg and the onthundering base runner—to handle the one with delicate precision and then, at once, the other violently and stubbornly, at whatever risk to himself. But that big play at home is relatively rare. Sometimes three or four games go by without its ever coming up, or coming to completion: the whole thing, the street accident—the slide and the catch, the crash and the tag and the flying bodies, with the peering ump holding back his signal until he determines that the ball has been held or knocked loose there in the dust, and then the wordless exchanged glances ("That all you got?" . . . "You think that *hurt*, man?") between the slowly arising survivors. Even when the catcher has a play on a foul fly—whipping around from the plate and staring up until he locates the ball and then, with the mask flipped carefully behind him, out of harm's way, following its ampersand rise and fall and poising himself for that crazy last little swerve—our eyes inevitably go to the ball at the final instant and thus mostly miss catch and catcher.

But this slight is as nothing compared to the anonymity we have carelessly given to our receiver in the other, and far more lengthy, interludes of the game. Because he faces outward—I *think:* none of this seems certain—and because all our anticipation of the events to come (in this most anticipatory of sports) centers on the wide greensward before us and on its swift, distant defenders, our awareness of the catcher is glancing and distracted; it is as if he were another spectator, bent low in order not to spoil our view, and although at times he, too, must cover ground quickly, he is more often waiting and seemingly out of it, like the rest of us. We fear or dote upon the batter, depending on which side is up; we laugh at pitchers a little, because of their contortions, but gasp at their speed and stuff; we think of infielders as kids or terriers, and outfielders are gazelles or bombardiers or demigods; but catchers are not so easy to place in our imagination. Without quite intending it, we have probably always patronized them a little. How many of us, I wonder, have entirely forgotten "the tools of ignorance," that old sports-page epithet for the catcher's impedimenta (it was coined in the nineteen-twenties by Muddy Ruel, a catcher with the Senators, who practiced law in the off-season). And think for a moment of the way the umpire watches the catcher as he goes about his housekeeping there behind the plate. Sometimes the arbiter has actually picked up the man's cap and mask from the ground during the play just previous, and now he hands them over with an odd, uncharacteristic touch of politeness. Both of these men wear shin guards and chest protectors and masks, and although theirs is mostly an adversary relationship, they crouch in identical postures, inches apart (some umpires actually rest one hand on the catcher's back or shoulder as the pitch is delivered), and together engage in the dusty and exhausting business down behind the batter, living and scrounging on the hard corners of the sport. For one game, that is. Tomorrow, the umpiring crew will rotate, as it does for each game, and the ump working behind home will be stationed out at third base—almost a day off for him—so that he can recover from such labors, but the same catcher most likely will still be down there bent double behind the batters. *Here y'are,* the ump's courtly little gesture seems to say. *You poor bastard.*

I thought a lot about catchers during the long winter off-season that is just now drawing to a close, and found for the first time that I was able to envision a couple of them at work at their trade, in the same way that, like most fans, I can easily bring back the mannerisms of a favorite batter—George Brett, Lou Piniella, Mike Schmidt—as he steps into the box and prepares for the pitch, or the unique pause and stare and windup motion of some pitcher—Steve Carlton, Dan Quisenberry, Neil Allen—whose work I know by heart. Suddenly, this winter, I could envision Rick Dempsey, the dandy midsize Oriole receiver, coming up onto the balls of his feet in the crouch after delivering a sign, with his orange-daubed glove inviting an outside-corner pitch to the batter. A base runner flies away from first with the pitcher's first move, and the delivery is low and away, a very tough chance, but Dempsey is already in motion, to his right and forward—"cheating," in catchers' parlance—and he seizes the pitch with the back of the mitt nearly touching the dirt and his bare right hand almost simultaneously plucking the ball from the pocket. The catch drives the glove backward, but because Dempsey has anticipated so well, the force and direction of the pitch are simply translated into the beginnings of his rising pivot and the upcocking of his arm for the peg—a line has become an upswooping circle—and he steps eagerly but unhurriedly across the plate to start the throw to second.

Finding Dempsey in my mind's eye in January was not quite startling, since he played so well in the course of the Orioles' five-game victory over the Phillies in the World Series last fall (he won the Most Valuable Player award for the classic, in which he batted .385, with five extra-base hits, and, even more important, was the prime receiver during the Baltimore pitching staff's 1.60-E.R.A. stifling of the National League champs), but some other catchers turned up in my hot-stove reveries as well. Bob Boone, for instance. Boone, who is thirty-six, now catches for the Angels, after a decade of notable defensive work with the Phillies. He is six feet two—a large man, although there is nothing hulking or overmuscled about him—but his movements behind the plate are gliding and water-smooth. He sets up with his left foot flat and the right foot back an inch or two, with its heel up, and once the sign is delivered he tucks his right hand behind his thigh—almost standard stuff, but if you keep your eyes on him you begin to pick up the easy body movement that slips him imperceptibly into place behind each arriving pitch and the silky way the ball is taken into the glove, without haste or grabbing. If something goes wrong—a pitch bounced into the dirt off to his right, say—his motion toward the ball is quickly extended, with the whole body swinging in the same arc as the pitch: the right knee goes into the dirt, with the leg tucked along the ground, while the glove is dropped straight down to dam off the opening below the crotch. No attempt is made to catch the pitch—catchers are endlessly trained in this, since it contravenes all baseball instinct—and the ball is simply allowed to bounce off his body. Boone locates it on the ground (his mask has flown off, spun away by an upward flick of his hand) and only then looks up to check the base runner; if he's going, the play is in front of him. It's an anxious, scattery set of moves, or should be by rights, but Boone makes them seem controlled and confident, as if the mistake had been reversed and turned into something risky for the other team. Nothing in these classic maneuvers is unique to Boone, except for the thoughtful elegance of their execution; he helps you appreciate the work.

Talking to catchers is even more fun than watching them, as I discovered last season, when I began to sense how little I knew about their dusty trade and sought out a few of them for enlightenment. They were surprised to be asked, it turned out, and then they seemed eager to dispel some of the peculiar anonymity that has surrounded such a public occupation: if you want an earful, go to a man in a highly technical profession who feels he is unappreciated. My instructors—almost a dozen of them in the end—came in different sizes and ages and uniforms and degrees of experience, and they were almost a random sam-



"Socrates was an opportunist, Cicero was an opportunist, Voltaire was an opportunist, Samuel Johnson was an opportunist . . ."

ple. Inevitably, I missed some of the best-known practitioners (including the celebrated Johnny Bench, who retired after the 1983 season; Montreal's Gary Carter, who is paid well over a million dollars per annum for his work and is perhaps the leading candidate to succeed Bench as the No. 1 catcher; Lance Parrish, of the Tigers; Jim Sundberg, late of the Texas Rangers and now of the Brewers; and the testy Jerry Grote, who is out of baseball and living in Texas, after winding up an extended career with the Mets and three other clubs, during which he was thought of as perhaps the best handler of pitchers around), but the catchers I did talk to were so voluble and expressive in their responses that I did not come away with the feeling that any major theorems of their profession were closed to me. Indeed, their replies were so long and meaty that I realized along the way that I simply wouldn't have time to take up *every* aspect of catching with them—blocking the plate, for instance, or the nasty little problem of catching and holding the knuckleball and the spitter, or the relative importance of the pre-game strategic review of the other team's hitters, or the business of veiling your signals from enemy base runners, or the prevalence of low tricks like surreptitiously nicking or scuffing the ball in aid of your pitcher, and more—and that some of these themes would have to wait for remedial sessions. Bob Boone told me at one point that he thought it took about three hundred major-league games for a catcher to feel comfortable back there, and I realized that the best I could hope for, as an outsider, was a glimpse at such a body of skills.

I talked to my informants separately, beginning with extended colloquies around batting cages and in dugouts and clubhouses during the leisurely 1983 spring term in Arizona and Florida, and then coming back for some short refreshers whenever I ran into one of them during the regular season. In time, these interviews ran together in my mind and seemed to turn into one extended, almost nonstop conversation about catching, with the tanned, knotty-armed participants together in the same room, or perhaps ranged comfortably about on the airy porch of some ancient summer hotel, interrupting each other, nodding in recollection, doubling back to some previous tip or topic, laughing together, or shouting in sudden dissent. But they grew more serious as they went along. One of the surprising things about the catchers' catcher-talk, I realized after a while, was how abstract it often was. Old names and games, famous innings and one-liners and celebrated goofs seemed to drop out of their conversation as they got deeper into it, as if the burden of anecdote might distract them (and me) from a proper appraisal of their hard calling. Everything about catching, I decided somewhere along the way, is harder than it looks.

TERRY KENNEDY, the twenty-seven-year-old receiver for the San Diego Padres, is six feet four and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds—almost too big for a catcher. He is prized for his bat and his durability—in the past two seasons he played in a hundred and fifty-three and a hundred and forty-nine games (very high figures for a catcher) and batted in ninety-seven and ninety-eight runs. At one time, there was some thought of moving him out to play first base, until a year ago, when the Padres acquired a fellow named Steve Garvey in the free-agent market. Now Kennedy must stay behind the plate and work on his quickness—work to become smaller, almost.

"Throwing is where mobility matters," he told me in Phoenix one afternoon. "I'm learning to cheat a little back there, with men on base. Once I determine where the pitch is, I'm starting up. You *have* to do that, with all the fast runners we're seeing on the base paths. Coming up right is what throwing is all about. There's a two-step or a one-step release. I start with a little jab-step with my right foot and go right forward. The important thing is to be true with that throw, so you try to keep your fingers on top of the ball. If they're off to one side, the ball will banana on you"—sail or curve, that is—"as it goes out there. You can even throw a little from the side, as long as your fingers are on top."

Kennedy's home pro is Norm Sherry, the Padres' pitching coach, who put in four years as a backup catcher with the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Mets, sandwiched in the middle of sixteen seasons in the minors; he has managed at both levels (he was the Angels' skipper for a term), but, with his dark glasses, his seamed and mahogany-tanned face, and his quick, thrusting way of talking, he suggests the quintessential infantry sergeant.

"Terry's coming on and coming on," Sherry told me. "It takes a long time to learn to call a game, but Terry was much more of a catcher in the second half of the season last year. He understood situations better. You can't work on that kind of stuff in the spring, but I been pitching forty or fifty pitches to him every day—curves and fastballs and in the dirt—and he

has to come up throwing. Young catchers today don't have such good mechanics, because they all rely on this one-handed glove. If you take the pitch with one hand, you don't have your throwin' hand on the ball in good position when you start back. They look up and see the guy running and make any old kind of grab at the ball, and that's where you get those errors. I try to get them to take the ball two-handed, and that also closes up the front shoulder, the way it should be to start your throw. So many of them are in a *panic* when they see somebody movin' and they lose control of everything. Sometimes you see a man even knock his mask so it sort of half slides across his face. Then he can't see anything, because he was in such a hurry. But if you just take that little half step in advance, you've done all the hurrying you need to do. You just have to stand up and take a good stride and throw it.

"So much of this started with Johnny Bench, you know, who became such a good catcher with that one-handed glove. All the young catchers started to follow him, to pick up that style. But not many guys are Johnny Bench. He had great big hands, and wherever he grabbed the ball he got seams. It was like Willie Mays and his basket catch—only a few could do it well."

Months later, Joe Garagiola showed me a trick about seams. We were standing behind the batting cage together before the first World Series game in Baltimore last fall, and when Johnny Bench's name came up—he had just closed out his distinguished seventeen-year career with the Cincinnati Reds: indisputably the greatest catcher of his era—Garagiola, after adding several accolades, suddenly echoed Norm Sherry's little demurrer. In a way, he said, Bench had almost set back the art of catching, because of his own great skills. "You have to get that good grab on the ball," Joe said in his quick, shill-sharp way, "and you can't always do that if you're hot-doggin' with that mitt. You gotta get seams to throw straight. Here—get me a ball, somebody." A ball was sneaked from the cage, and Garagiola, blazer and all, half crouched and suddenly became a catcher again. (He had a successful nine-year career at the position, mostly with the Cardinals, before taking up his second life, behind the microphone.) "Here's what Branch Rickey made us do when we were just young catchers tryin' to come up in the Cardinal system," he said. "Take the pitch in two hands, with your bare hand closing it in there, and then *grab seams*. If you take hold of it this way"—he held the ball on one of its smooth white horseshoe-shaped sectors, with the red stitching on either side of his forefinger and middle finger—"you got no *idea* where it's going to end up. But you can learn to shift it in your hand while your arm is comin' up to start the peg. Just a little flip in the air and you can get seams. Look."

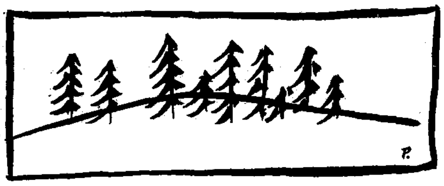
He raised his hand quickly three or four times in a row and took a fresh grip on the ball as he did so. Each time, he had seams. He laughed in his famous, engaging way, and said, "Nights in spring training, Mr. Rickey made us each take a ball with us when we went to the movies and practice that in the theatre. Three or four catchers sittin' in a row, grabbing seams!"

THE "one-handed glove" that so many of my catching informants referred to is the contemporary lightweight mitt that everyone, including Little Leaguers, now employs behind the plate. Thanks to radical excisions of padding around the rim and thumb, it is much smaller than its lumpy, pillowlike progenitor, more resembling a quiche than a deep-dish Brown Betty. The glove comes with a prefab central pocket, but the crucial difference in feel is its amazing flexibility, attributable to a built-in central hinge, which follows the lateral line of one's palm. The glove is still stiffer and more unwieldy than a first baseman's mitt, to be sure, but if you catch a thrown ball in the pocket the glove will try to fold itself around the ball and hold it, thus simply extending the natural catching motion of a man's hand. Catching with the old mitt, by contrast, was more like trying to stop a pitch with a dictionary; it didn't hurt much, but you had to clap your right hand over the pill almost instantly in order to keep it in possession. Indeed, this technique of nab-and-grab was almost the hardest thing for a boy to learn about catching when I first tried it (and instantly gave it up), many years ago, and a mistimed clutch at the ball was often suddenly and horribly painful as well. The new glove turned up in the nineteen-sixties, and its first artisan was Randy Hundley, a smooth, lithe receiver with the Chicago Cubs. Its first and perhaps still its greatest artist, its Michelangelo, was Johnny Bench, whose extraordinary balance and quickness, coupled with the glove, allowed him to take everything one-handed and, moreover, to make every kind of catch back there look as effortless and natural as the gestures of a dancer. He made the lunging, manly old art look easy, which may explain why so many baseball people—including many of the catchers I talked to—

seem to find it necessary to set Bench a little to one side when they speak of him: to mount him as a museum exhibit of catching, a paradigm locked away behind glass, and to examine it with appropriate murmurings of wonder and then walk away. "Bench was picture-perfect," Ted Simmons said. "A marvellous mechanical catcher. There's no better. In the light of all that praise, it's very hard for any other catcher to be considered in that way." Carlton Fisk said, "Bench did so many things almost perfectly that it almost seemed robotical. Everything was done so automatically that it didn't seem to have much creativity to it." Sometimes catchers can sound like authors.

FOR Bob Boone, the catcher's front shoulder is the key to strong throwing. "You have to have that closed front side, just the way you do in hitting," he told me. "When the arm goes through, the front shoulder opens up. Coming up to that position is basically a three-step movement, but some can skip all that and take just one step and throw. That takes a real strong arm. Parrish can do it. I went to it early in my career, because it was simple for me then, but I don't think it's the most effective. If your arm doesn't get all the way through—if it never quite catches up to your body and you let the throw go from out *here*—you get that three-quarters, Thurman Munson throw. Thurman threw that way because he didn't have a strong arm, and I'm sure he weighed that quick release against velocity and accuracy. But he didn't have a choice, really. For me, that shift to get the shoulder into position is where the throw is made. Velocity is a gift—and most catchers in the majors have it—but quickness is in your feet."

Boone speaks in a deliberate, considering sort of way. He is a thoughtful man, with a saturnine look to him that contrasts strikingly with his gentle, almost sleepy smile. He is a graduate of Stanford, where he majored in psychology (not much of a help to him in baseball, he confided—not even in dealing with umpires). During the negotiations arising from the 1981 baseball strike, he represented the National League for the Players Association. Possibly because of this union activity, he was not signed to a new contract by the Phillies the next season, and crossed leagues to join the Angels, where he enjoyed immediate success, winning a Gold Glove award (his third) for his defensive prowess, and handling the theretofore listless California mound staff in a manner that helped bring the club to the championship playoffs that fall. We talked in the visiting-team clubhouse during the middle innings of an Angels-Cubs spring game at Mesa, while he slowly



TO THE READER

Today, having turned 83,
I turn back in my coma.
I see my last moment awake, erect.
Sun fills the empty piazza
crenellated by shadows of towers.
There is the first step of the flight
to the blank-faced duomo
and a sound of Sunday mumbling
amplified by open doors.
If I step forward, I am here,
jangled, drifting, and stilled,
with a flashback of ambulance bells,
a huddle of nursing nuns,
faint Italian farewells.
So I step back and find
the reversal ironically clear,
dustless, rhythmical.
My clothes, difficult
all those years of old age,
turn smooth, slipping on thoughtlessly
like my own face in the mirror
and my wife's appearing beside it.
We have our whole past ahead of us.
Our children reattach
and like us grow younger
but more rapidly. They shrink
back to their births.
What is it like to lose them so?
Affection intensifies
inversely to their departures.
Soon so small, they hide
within their baby blankets.
Then birth is reversed.
My wife swallows
their pain and hers
and that pain and affection are gone
and we continue.
I understand the room-building
of marriage now,
as if the baroque could be picked apart,
broken arches rejoined,
rounded, and then uninvented.
As we built we could separate,
work all day out of thought
of each other. Finally,
we are alone in one room;
the sexual sweetness is almost
too much.
Then she vanishes.
How quick was our courtship.
How brief adolescent loneliness
that had seemed endless.
My childhood knots up again,
all of its strings and entwinings
just as enigmatic,
embowelled with codes, insinuations,
untying one by one.
Flat characters who are siblings
zip off like meteors.
Then, parents. I see four hands
knitting this carefully
to make a clear thing—

But, reader, within the hill
of this city where I am dying
are vaults of an ancient people.
They undermine the city.
A framework of steel
has been built for support.
Water flooding the vaults
rusts the steel, more is added.
The I-beams bristle
inside the hollow crown.
The city stands on its brittle base,
a wall sinks, a tile courtyard cracks.
We have reached a steady state
of support and collapse
like the human face—

not this ball of entanglements.
They gather me up.
And I am lost.
And it is not to death.

—MARK JARMAN

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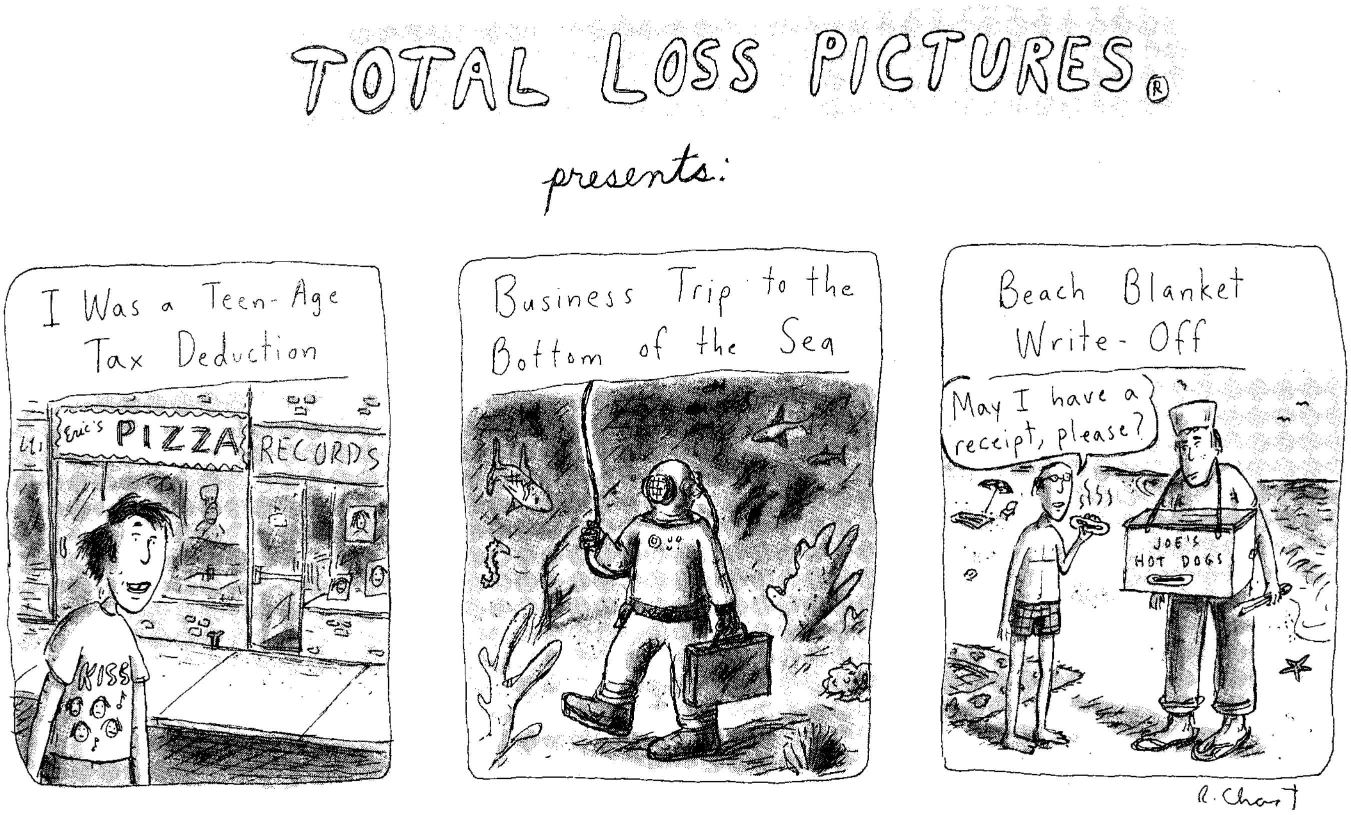

TOTAL LOSS PICTURES®
presents:
I Was a Teen-Age Tax Deduction
Eric's PIZZA
RECORDS
KISS
Business Trip to the Bottom of the Sea
Beach Blanket Write-Off
May I have a receipt, please?
JOE'S HOT DOGS
R. Chast

took off his uniform (he had played the first four innings) and showered and dressed, waiting for his teammates to be done, waiting for another team bus. I didn't think we covered much ground in our talk, but I was wrong about that; his modest, off-speed delivery fooled me. In the days and weeks that followed, I heard Boone-echoes in things that other catchers and coaches were telling me, and realized that I had already been put in the game, as it were, by what he had imparted.

One catcher's attribute that Boone always seemed to come back to in our talk was consistency—doing hard things right again and again, doing them as a matter of course. "Everyone at the major-league level has talent," he said at one point, "but the players who last are the ones who are consistent. People who can control themselves over one hundred and sixty-two games are rare, and that's why the old idea of the starting nine has sort of gone out. It seems that a lot of players get into bad spells and have to have a rest. I think you have to prepare your *mind* to play a full season, and of course you have to train for it physically. I work a lot on flexibility. You have to be able to deal with pain, to the point where it doesn't affect how you hit and catch and throw. That comes with time. You experience things and deal with them. I don't look at the catcher's job as one that's going to tire me out more than other players get tired. Getting tired is just part of the season, so you prepare for that, too."

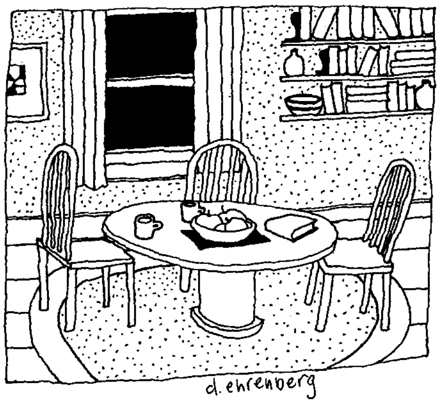
IN Sarasota, Dave Duncan was talking about the great recent upsurge of base-stealing in both leagues, and what the coaching staffs were doing to combat it. (Per-team base-stealing totals have risen dramatically in the past two decades, thanks in part to the individual exploits of motorers like Lou Brock, of the Cardinals, who at the age of thirty-five set a new one-season record with a hundred and eighteen stolen bases in 1974, and Rickey Henderson, of the Oakland A's, who stole a hundred and thirty in 1982; and in part to a freethinking manager, Chuck Tanner, two of whose clubs, the A's and then the Pittsburgh Pirates, set amazing new *team* stolen-base records in each league, in 1976 and 1977, with three hundred and forty-one and two hundred and sixty swipes, respectively. Back in the nineteen-forties and fifties, the major-league clubs averaged fewer than fifty stolen bases per year, with everyone waiting to stroll around the bases after a home run, but now National League teams average about a hundred and fifty swipes per summer, and the A.L. about forty or fifty fewer, with the difference probably attributable to the quicker, artificial-turf basepath carpets that predominate in the senior circuit.) Duncan, who is the pitching coach for the Chicago White Sox, caught for eleven years with Kansas City, Oakland, Cleveland, and Baltimore. He handled the hairy A's flingers—Catfish Hunter, Vida Blue, Rollie Fingers—during the first of Oakland's three successive world-championship seasons, in the early nineteen-seventies: yes, *that* Dave Duncan. He is a slender, soft-spoken gent with wide-spaced pale-blue eyes.

"*Everyone's* running, it seems," he said. "And everything is being timed now. I don't remember anybody putting a clock on a catcher when I was out there. Now there are three or four guys on the bench with stopwatches, and the first-base coach in the spring has a stopwatch, too. It's gotten so you can figure in advance that you've got a chance against a particular base runner if *this* guy is pitching for you and *that* guy is behind the plate. We've all learned the figures. A good time for a catcher, from the moment of his catch until the moment his peg arrives at second, is around two seconds. If you find a catcher who can get it out there in one-nine or one-eight, that's a quick release. Meanwhile, a man who takes an average lead and gets himself down to second in three-three is a good base runner. A tenth off makes him a real rabbit, and if you're going to throw him out you've got to do everything right—hold him pretty close, a quick delivery from the mound, and then a pitch that the catcher can handle easily. A catcher with a good throwing arm—a Rick Dempsey, a Lance Parrish, a Mike Heath—is almost a necessity nowadays. Bob Boone is about the best there is at calling a good game and also throwing well. He's very consistent, with good accuracy and great anticipation."

I remembered at once. "With a Rickey Henderson or a Tim Raines or a Lou Brock on base," Boone had told me, "you work at setting up the same way as always and at knowing what your own maximum speed is. If you try to go beyond that, you become erratic and you're actually slower. It's like a boxer throwing a jab. He wants to do it at his maximum all the time, but if he suddenly wants a little extra he's much less—you can see it. Actually, it's almost easier with a speedster—with a Rickey Henderson leading away out there—because you know he's going to go. The other guys, the ones you don't expect to run, are harder to keep up for, and you have to do that on every pitch, really, with a man on base. You tell yourself, 'I've got a right-handed pitcher and he's throwing a curveball here, so I have to be aware of my right side, 'cause that's where it's going. O.K., *I'm prepared*.' "

In 1982, Boone was the only regular catcher in either league to throw out more than fifty per cent of the opposition's would-be base stealers; he got fifty-eight per cent of them, and cut down Rickey Henderson six times out of thirteen. This is still not a dazzling success ratio, to be sure, and since it is demonstrable that athletes today are much quicker afoot than their predecessors, it seems certain that not even time-motion studies and smart catchers are going to keep base runners from sprinting off for second in ever-increasing numbers in the seasons just ahead. It has occurred to me that this phenomenon may represent the first breakdown of baseball's old and beautiful distances: if ninety feet from base to base is no longer enough to keep a single or a base on balls from becoming an almost automatic double, then someone may have to go back to the drawing board at last in order to restore caution to the austere sport—and to cheer up catchers a little, too.

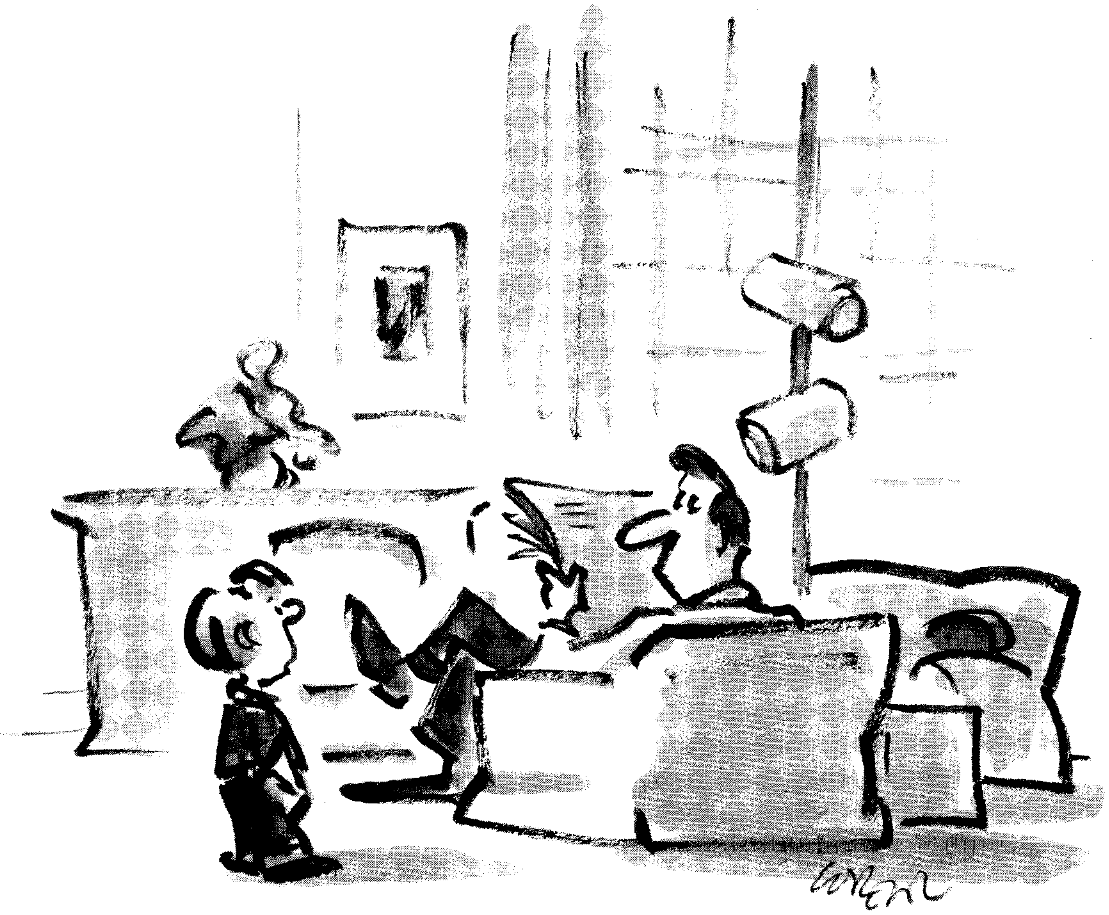
"I admire Bob Boone and this kid Tony Peña, with the Pirates," Tim McCarver said from across the room, so to speak; we were in St. Petersburg, where McCarver, now a Mets broadcaster, was preparing to do a Mets–Red Sox game. He played in four different decades, from the late fifties to the early eighties, mostly for the Cardinals (he was Bob Gibson's favorite receiver), and he is humorous, snub-nosed, and cheerfully opinionated. "Peña does so many things right already that he makes me *salivate*," he said. "The Phillies let Bob Boone go because they said he couldn't throw anymore—a terrible rap. So he goes over to the Angels and leads the league in throwing out runners and takes the Angels right to the doorstep of the World Series. He's conscientious and he's always in great shape, and his throwing is only a little part of it. I never could throw well, so I always thought calling a game was the biggest thing. That will never become a noted part of the game, because there are no stats for it, and the fans don't care about it, and most of the scouts don't know a whole lot about it, either. Even today, scouts and some managers will say, 'He can really catch,' when they mean 'He can really throw.' This is real bullshit, because throwing just isn't a very important part of it, when you think about it. Gene Mauch is one of the few managers who really understood and appreciated catching. I always felt some resentment about not being appreciated, but that was balanced out by the pitchers who knew what I was doing back there. Some of them didn't appreciate me until the time came when they had to pitch to somebody else." He laughed.



ALL right, forget about throwing. Think about catching the ball instead—seizing that imminent, inbound, sinking or riding, up-and-in or down-and-away, eighty-to-ninety-five-m.p.h. hardball, and doing it, moreover, in a way that might just turn the umpire's call to your advantage. Terry Kennedy told me that sometimes you can take a pitch close to the inside edge of the plate (inside to a right-handed batter, that is) and slightly rotate your glove to the left at the last instant—he shifted his mitt so that the thumb moved from two o'clock to noon—and thus win a strike call from the ump. "But you can't hold it there, to make the point," he said. "They *hate* it if you keep the glove up there, and it's almost an automatic ball."

Milt May said that just catching the ball cleanly was a big help to the umpires, and led to better calls, while Tom Haller (we will meet these deponents in a minute) told me that Del Crandall, the celebrated Milwaukee Braves receiver of a quarter of a century ago, had taught him how to catch an away pitch, on the outside corner, with his glove parallel to the ground, and to take the ball in the webbing instead of in the pocket. "The ball could be an inch or two off the strike zone and he still might call it a strike, because the glove itself is still over the plate," Haller said. "And a high pitch you can take with a little downward move sometimes. You teach a young catcher to take most pitches as close to the plate as possible, because the farther back you are, the more it can bend out of the strike zone. If your glove is back to where that pitch looks like a ball now, the crowd may even react to it, and then the ump thinks, Hell, I'm going to call that a ball after all."

Bob Boone again: "There are a few little tricks of framing and catching the ball that might convince an umpire—shifting your body instead of your glove, or maybe the way you collapse your glove as you make the catch. But you don't want to work on that umpire too much. More often, a catcher will take a strike away from the pitcher by catching it improperly—knocking it out of the strike zone, or moving the glove with the pitch so that it carries the ball out of the strike zone after the



"Pop, am I experiencing a normal childhood?"

• •

atch, and even if you oll your glove you might help the umpire o make up his mind the wrong way."

He left the umpires or a moment and segued nto the problems of setting up for the pitcher—resenting the best sort f target for each pitch. "Some pitchers want to hrow to your whole ody, and not just the love," he said. "Then f you want the pitch utside, on that far corner, you have to get ourself on out there in way that the batter won't notice. There's n art in that—it takes ime to learn it. You lide over at the last econd—and it's much harder to do that against batter with an open tance, of course: someody like Rod Carew, on our club—and you lso try to get a little loser, which makes it hat much tougher for him to spot you. There are some guys who can lways seem to sense where you are, no matter what you do. And of course here are a few peekers, too."

I said that he sounded disapproving.

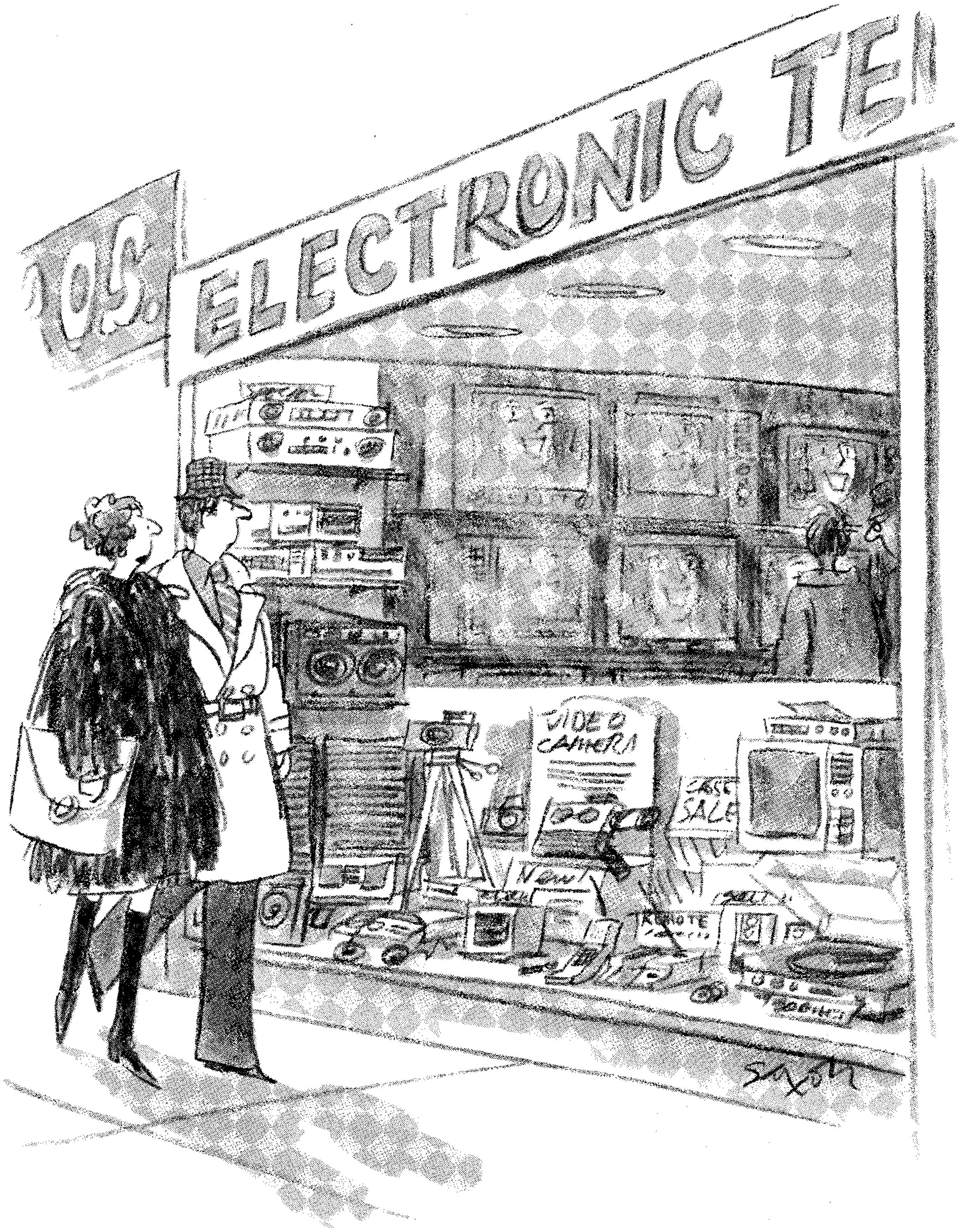
"Well, you tell them to cut it out," Boone said. "But if it goes on you can ust say a word to your pitcher. Then you set up outside and he throws inide. That usually stops it right away, and if the batter says anything about it you just say, 'Hey, you were *looking*.' "

But let's finish the introductions. I remember Milt May when he was a blond, promising rookie receiver with he Pittsburgh Pirates, almost fifteen years ago. Now much of his hair has gone, and he is on the down side of a respectable, journeyman sort of career hat has taken him by turns to the Astros, Tigers, White Sox, Giants, and—early last season—back to the Pirates again, where he is now a backup to the effulgent Peña. I talked to him in Arizona last spring, while he was still a Giant. Milt May, incidentally, is the son of Pinky May, an nfielder with the Phillies around the Second World War. Oddly enough, Terry Kennedy is the son of Bob Kennedy, who was a major-league infielder-outfielder and later on served in various capacities, as coach, manager, and front-office executive, with, among other clubs, the Cubs, Cardinals, and Astros; and Bob Boone's pop, Ray Boone, was a well-known American League shortstop and third baseman in his day. Maybe *not* so oddly: perhaps years of serious baseball talk at the family breakfast table adds a secret something—a dab of sagacity, say—to the Wheaties and thus turns out good catchers down the line.

Tom Haller put in a dozen years at catch for the Giants and Dodgers and Tigers. Now he runs the baseball side of things for the Giants, as V.P. for Baseball Operations. The other catchers in our group, who are leaning forward in the chairs a little restlessly over there as they wait to be heard from, are probably more familiar. The long lanky one is Carlton Fisk, and the intense fellow, smoking a cigarette, is Ted Simmons. In a *minute*, you guys—all right?

Surprisingly, there was more agreement about umpires among the panelists than about anything else. Grudging respect was what I heard for the most part, and then, after the conversation had run in that direction for a few minutes, even the grudgingness seemed to drop away. Ted Simmons, the Milwaukee Brewers veteran, described the catcher-umpire relationship in social terms. "It's like meeting people at a cocktail party," he said. "Some you like and some you can't stand, but you know you have to be at least polite with everybody in order to keep things going."

"You can beef about pitches, but you always do it when you're walking back toward the plate from the mound —after a play maybe," Haller put in. "You don't turn around and do it, you know. Young catchers are always being tested by the umps, and they have to learn to take some bad calls and not say anything. Catchers who are moaning and bitching all the time really can hurt their team, but there's such a thing as being too quiet, too. You hear an umpire say, 'Oh, he's a good catcher—you never hear a word of complaint out of him,' but to me that's



"Lester, shouldn't we be upgrading something?"

• •

a catcher who isn't sticking up for his team out there."

"I don't mess with umpires," young Terry Kennedy said. "Let 'em sleep. They say, 'The ball missed the corner,' and I say *unwaveringly*, 'No, it *hit* the corner,' but I'm quiet about it." He laughed, almost helplessly.

Carlton Fisk: "Any game where there's a lot of situational friction—all that yelling and screaming—it can suddenly be very hard on your team. Young umps and young catchers are both new kids on the block, trying to establish themselves, but in time the respect appears, and it can grow. After a while, a good umpire knows you're not going to give him a hard time, and you start to feel he won't squeeze you too much back there. I got along real well with Bill Haller"—he's Tom Haller's older brother—"who just retired. The same for Richie Garcia and Dave Phillips and Steve Palermo. I get along with Ken Kaiser, who can't get along with a lot of players. He umpired with me in the minor leagues, so we go back a long way together. With most of them, it's strictl professional—a 'How's i going?' and then you ge on with the game."

Tom Haller: "Al Barlick was the best ball-and-strike umpire I ever worke with. He took a lot of prid in that. Others—well Dusty Boggess was on th way out, I think, when was coming up, and on day I'd been getting o him back there and I sai something he didn't like The next pitch was righ down the middle and I' hardly caught it when h yelled 'Baw-ell!' In time, learned. As I got older, began to appreciate hov good most of them were."

Bob Boone: "The umpire has to be himself, so try to be as honest with hin as I can. You're not goin to fool a major-league umpire for long. If one o them asks me about a borderline pitch that went fo us—a called strike, I mea —he may do it a couple o pitches later: 'What di you think about that pitch? and I'll tell him, eve if I'm saying 'Well, thought it was a little outside' or 'I thought it was little high.' That way, h knows if I make a gripe o a pitch later on I'm no trying to steal anythin from him."

Milt May: "They respect your opinion becaus they know you respec them. Some days, *I'm* no seein' the ball too well, an after the hitter's gone might ask, 'Say, where wa that second pitch? Did you think it wa high enough?'—or whatever. I thin the instant replays have made the ump look good, because it's turned ou they're right so much of the time Only a catcher who's down there wit them can know how hard it is. The don't know what pitch is comin'— whether it's meant to be a slider or sinker, or what. That ball is *travellin* and doin' different things, and mayb one half inch of it is going to catch th black. If there's a hundred and fort pitches in a game, *fifty of them ar*

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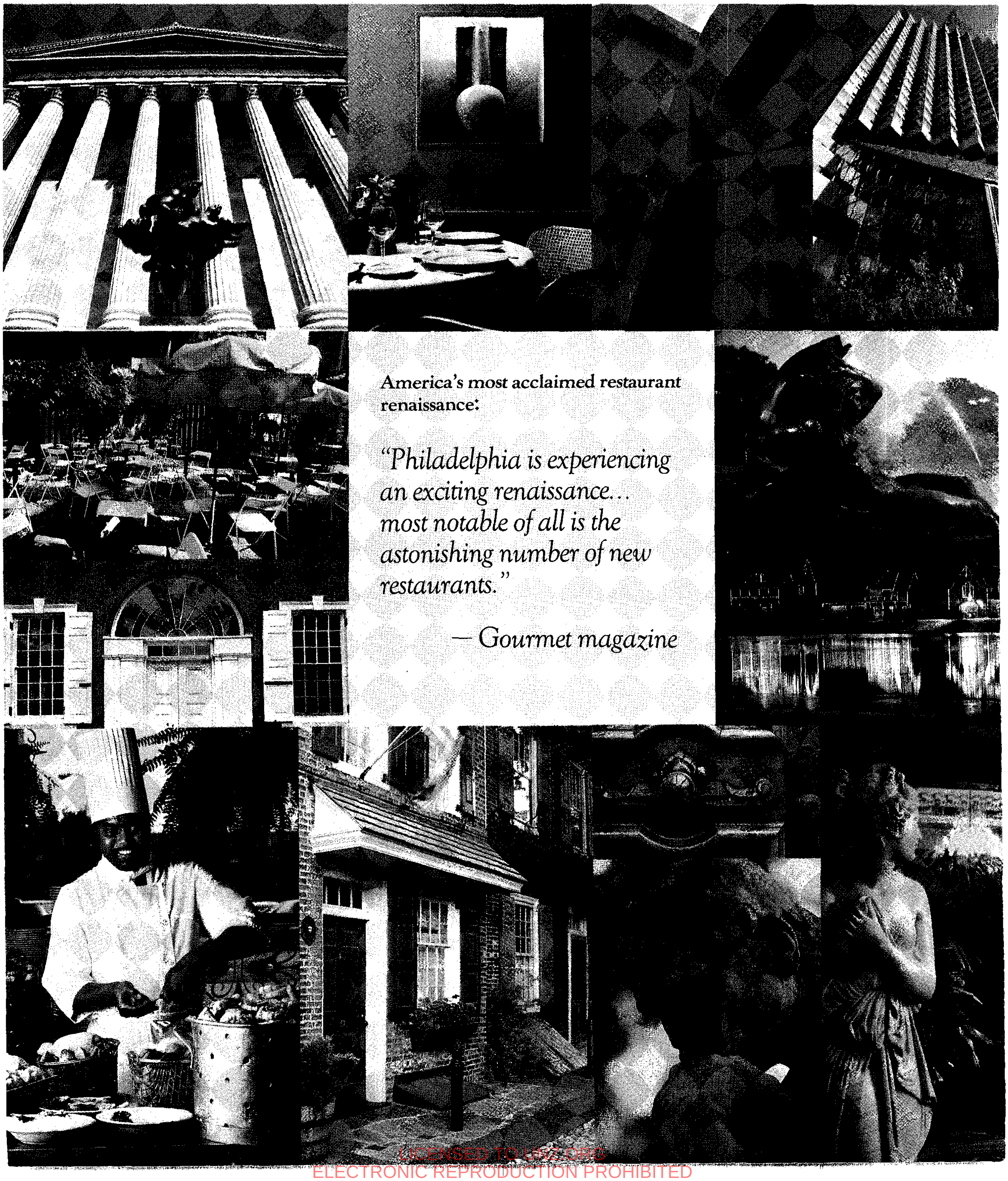

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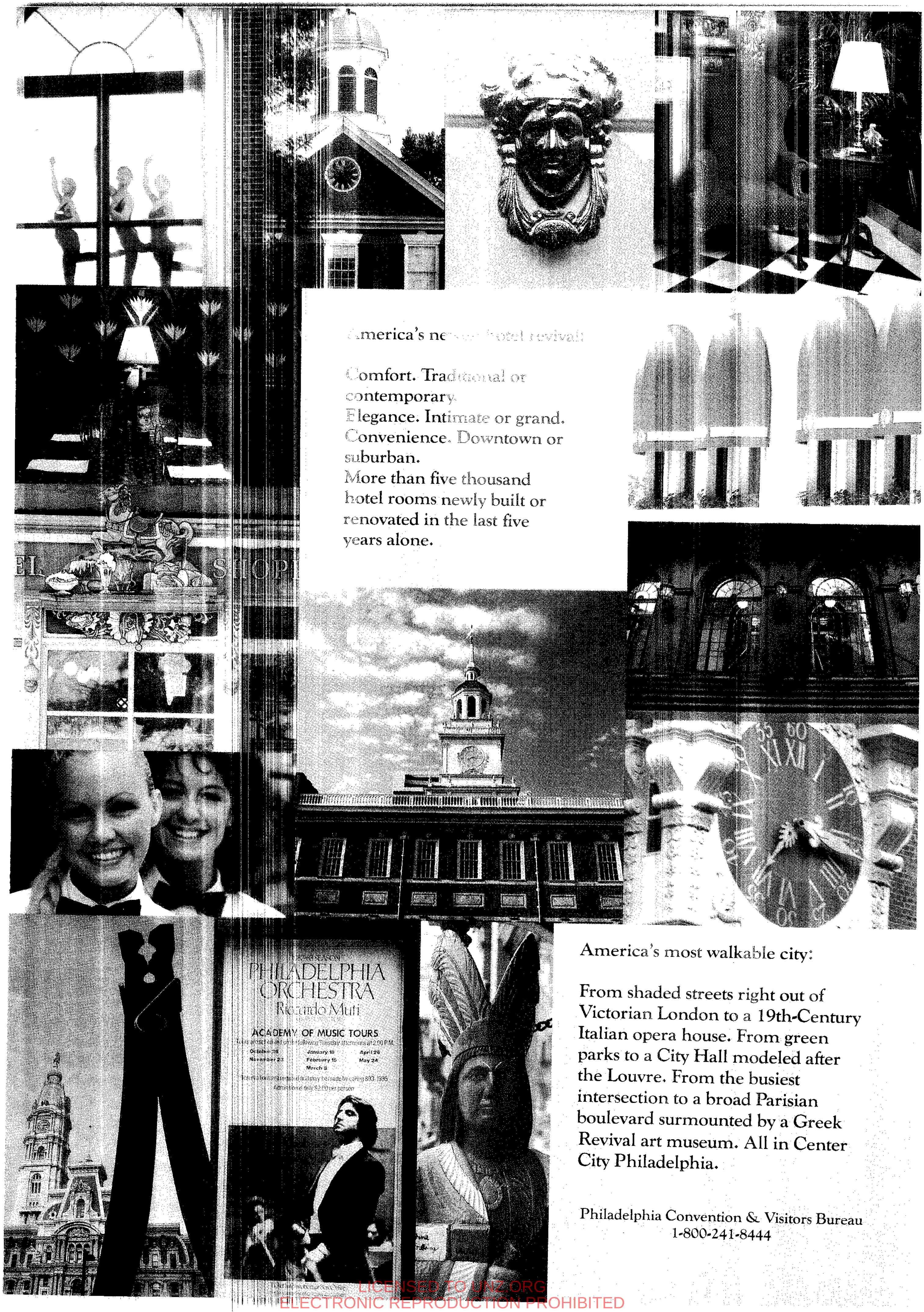

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balls and fifty are strikes, and the other forty are so close—well, dad-*gone*, somebody's going to be mad."

Carlton Fisk: "If I know an umpire's preferences, that gives me some borders to aim at. Some are notorious high-ball umps, and others have a very low strike zone. If you have a high-strike umpire and your pitcher is a sinkerball specialist, you might remind the umpire early in the game: 'Hey, this guy's keepin' the ball down real good the last few games—he's pitching real well.' That puts him on notice. And if your pitcher is the kind that's around the strike zone all the time he'll always get more calls from the umpire."

Tom Haller: "Umpires tend to be good at what a pitcher is good at, because they anticipate that pitch."

Bob Boone: "When you change leagues, the way I did, you have to learn the new umpires' strike zones, and when you can argue and when you can't. Paul Runge has a low strike zone—he's going to make you swing that bat when you're up there. He's got a little bigger plate than some, but he's very consistent. You certainly can't change him. Lee Weyer has an extremely wide strike zone. Everyone knows it, and the catchers sort of count on it. Others have a smaller strike zone, and they're known as hitters' umpires." (Both Runge and Weyer are National League umps, and later on, after this part of our conversation, I realize that Boone, a diplomat, has not discussed his umpire preferences in the American League, where he now goes to work.)

Milt May: "You come to appreciate a pitcher who's always around the plate, because he's helping himself with that ump so much. He might miss the black by an inch sometimes, but the umpire will ring it up right away, because he's come to expect strikes from him. It's only natural."

Bob Boone: "The real negotiation isn't between the catcher and the umpire—it's between the *pitcher* and the umpire. The pitcher has to show that he can put the ball where he wants it and move it around. If he establishes that he knows where the ball is going, and that he's not just lucking out on the corners, the umpires will be a lot more forgiving with him than they will with the man who's all over the place and suddenly comes in with something close. A good pitcher—a Tommy John, who *lives* on the corners—sets up a rhythm with the umpire, and anything he throws will get a good long look. That's what control is all about."

Milt May: "The only thing that gets me upset is having two or three pitches in the same spot that are called strikes, and then you come back to that spot and the umpire misses it, just when you most needed that strike. But—well, I'd hate to call about twenty of those pitches myself."

Bob Boone: "When I'm back there, I want my umpire to call his very best game ever. That's the ideal."

EVERY catcher exudes stability and competence—there's something about putting on the chest protector and strapping on those shin guards that suggests a neighborhood grocer rolling up the steel storefront shutters and then setting out the merchandise to start the day—but Milt May seemed a little different from the other professionals I consulted. For some reason, I kept thinking that he and I could have played on the same team. I am much older than he is, and I never even lettered in baseball, so this was a dream of some sort. May and I talked during a Giants morning practice in Scottsdale, and he apologized to me each time he had to break off and go take his hacks in the batting cage. He was thirty-two, but he looked a bit older—or perhaps only wearier. Established catchers take on a thickness in their thighs and a careworn slope around the shoulders. Or possibly we only imagine that, from thinking about all those bent-over innings and hours—many thousands of them in the end. But May sounded young and even chirpy when he talked baseball, and up close his face was almost boyish. He hadn't shaved yet that day, and the stubble along his chin was red-gold in the morning sunshine. At one point, he said, "I think I'm like some other catchers—if I hadn't been able to catch I probably wouldn't have been able to make it to the big leagues at all. Maybe you can't run, but if you've got good hands and don't mind the work you can play. Not too many people want to do it." A bit later in the day, I noticed that when May flipped off his mask behind the plate his on-backward cap pushed his ears out a little on either side of his head. Then I understood my dream. Milt May is the kind of kid who always got to catch back when I played on pickup teams as a boy. He was big and slow, and he looked sort of funny out there, but he didn't mind the bumps and the work and the dirt, because that way he got to play. None of the rest of us wanted the job, and most of us couldn't have done it anyway.

THAT afternoon, Tom Haller and I sat on folding chairs in a front-row box in the little wooden stadium in Scottsdale and took in an early-March game between his Giants and the Seattle Mariners. Haller is a large, pleasant man, with an Irish-touched face, and a perfect companion at a game—silent for good long stretches but then quick to point out a telling little detail on the field or to bring up some play or player from the past, for comparison. He was watching his own rookies and stars out there, of course, but he had generous things to say about the young Mariner receiver, Orlando Mercado, who somehow folded himself down to about the height of a croquet wicket while taking a pitch.

"These kids we're seeing today—this one, and that Peña that the Pirates have—are lower than anybody I used to play with," he said in his light, faintly hoarse voice. "Maybe they're better athletes than they used to be—more agile, and all. I still wish they'd move the top half of their bodies more when they're after the ball. That glove has made everybody lazy. You just stick out your hand."

There was an infield bouncer to deep short, and Mercado trailed the play, sprinting down behind first base to back up the peg from short. Haller nodded in satisfaction. "It's hard on you physically behind the plate," he said. "All that bending and kneeling. One way to help yourself is to get on down to first base on that play and do it every single time. You let yourself out a little, so you're not cramped up all day."

A bit later, he said, "Mainly, you have to be a student of the game. There are so many little things to the job. You have to look the same when you're setting up for the fastball and the breaking ball, so you don't tip the pitch. A batter steps up, and he may have moved his feet in the box since the last time you saw him play, and that might completely change the way you and your pitcher've decided to pitch to him. You can't stop everything and call a conference to discuss what to do. You have to decide."

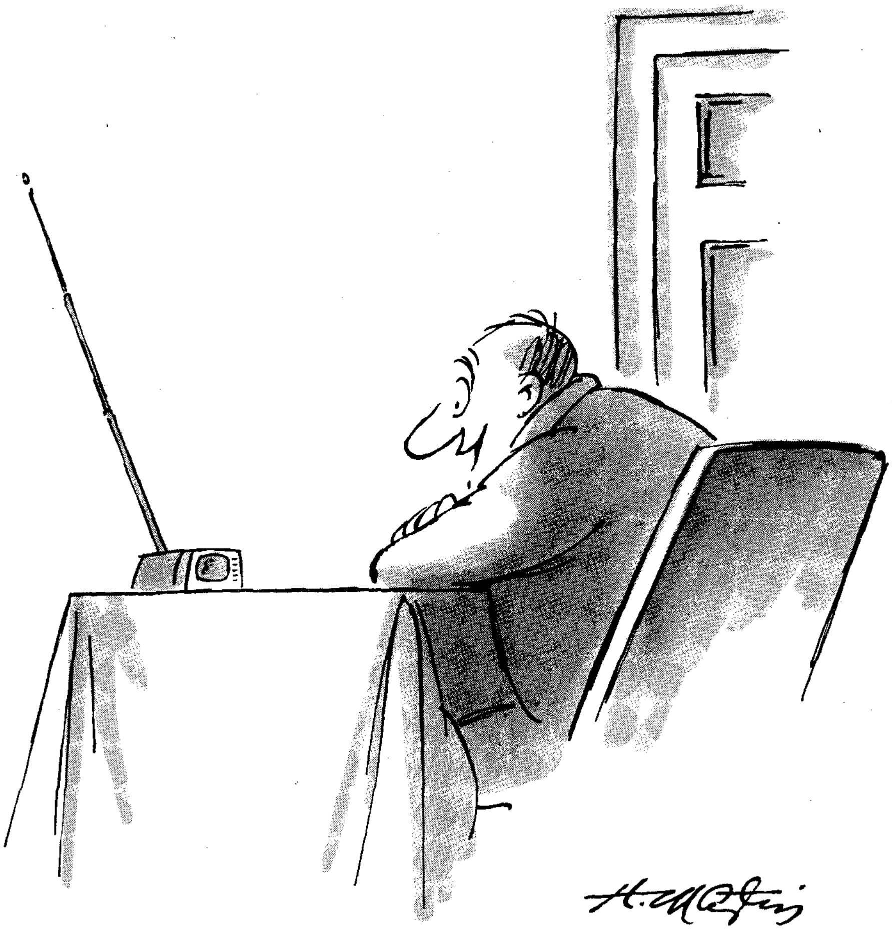
Then: "What you do can get sort of subtle sometimes. If you're ahead by a few runs or way behind in a game, you might decide to give a real good hitter the pitch that he's waiting for—his favorite pitch. Say he's a great, great breaking-ball hitter. Normally, you'd absolutely stay away from that pitch with anything over the plate, but in that special situation you might think, Let's let him have it, this once—let him hit it. That way, you put it in his head that he might get it again from you, later on in the game or the next time he faces that same pitcher. He'll be looking for it and waiting for it, and he'll never see it again. You've got a little edge on him."

In the game, the Giants had base runners on second and third, with one out, and the Mariners chose to pitch to the next batter, outfielder Chili Davis, who instantly whacked a double to right, for two runs. "If you've got an open base, you should try to remember to use it," Haller observed. "So often, you have the intention of putting a good hitter on, rather than letting him hurt you. You go to work on his weakness—let's say, something outside and away—and you get lucky and get two strikes on him, and then the pitcher decides, Hey, I can strike this bozo out. So you come in with the fastball and, bam, he kills you. You got greedy and forgot.

"Sometimes the little breaks of the game begin to go against your pitcher, and you can see him start to come apart out there. You have to watch for that and try to say something to him right off, because you can't do much to settle down a pitcher once he really gets upset. If he's sore, it means he's lost his concentration and so he's already in big trouble. You go out and try to get him to think about the next pitch, but you know he's probably not going to be around much longer."

The game flowed along quietly—nothing much, but not without its startlers. Orlando Mercado, batting against a Giants right-hander named Segelke, in the fifth, spun away from a sailing fastball, but too late—the pitch caught him on the back of his batting helmet and he sagged to the ground. It looked bad for a minute—we'd all heard the ugly sound of the ball as it struck and ricocheted away—but in time Mercado got up, albeit a little groggily, and walked with a Mariner trainer back to his dugout, holding a towel to his ear, which had been cut by the edge of the helmet.

In another part of the game, the Seattle second baseman, Danny Tartabull, cued a high, twisting foul up over the Giants dugout. Milt May



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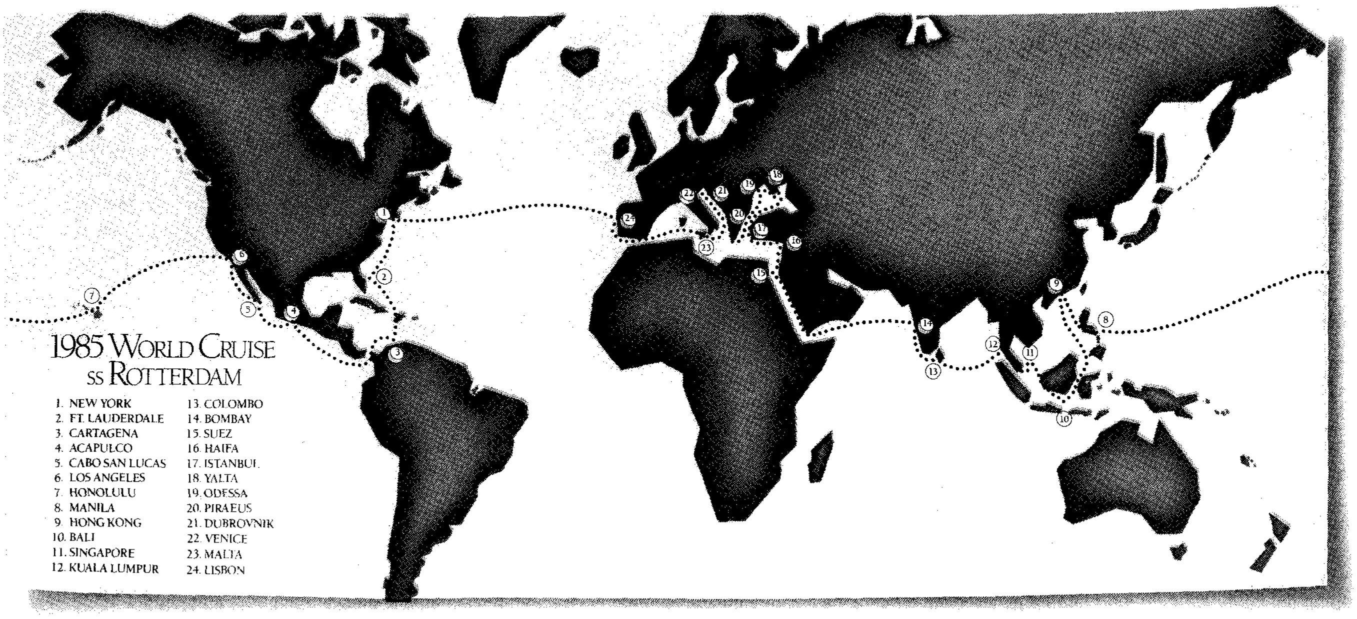
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came back for it, but it was in the stands, close to the front rows somewhere, and as I peered up, squinting in the sun, I realized at last that it was *very* close to the good seats. I cringed away, holding my notebook over my dome, and Tom Haller stood up beside me and easily made the bare-handed catch. Sensation. The Giants dugout emptied as the San Francisco minions gave their boss a standing O, and Haller's friends in the stands—hundreds of them, by the sound of it—cheered noisily, and then a couple of former Giant managers, Wes Westrum and Charlie Fox (they are both scouts now), waved and called over to him from their seats nearby to express raucous awe. Haller flipped the ball to Bob Lurie, the Giants' owner, who was in an adjoining box. "I think I just saved you three bucks," he said. He was blushing with pleasure.

It had been a good five years since anything hit into the stands had come anywhere near that close to me—and, of course, it was the most *immediate* lesson in catching I was to get all year. Then I realized I'd missed the play again. "How did you take that ball, Tom?" I said. "I—"

He made a basket of his hands. "I was taught this way," he said. "Then if you bobble it you can still bring it in to your chest."

Haller's paws are thick and gnarled, and there seems to be an extra angle in the little finger of his right hand. He saw me looking at it now, and held out the hand. "Richie Allen hit a foul and tore up that part," he said. "I had a few dislocations and broken fingers along the line, and this split here needed seven stitches. Usually, you looked for blood, and if there wasn't any that meant you were all right. You could pop a dislocation back in and stay in the game. We were trained to tuck your right thumb inside your fingers and curve the fingers around, so if there was a foul tip the ball would bend them back in the right direction. Nowadays, catchers can just hide that hand behind their leg, because of the new glove. So it has its advantages."

Late in the game, the third Mariner catcher of the afternoon—a rookie named Bud Bulling—was struck by a foul that caromed into the dirt and up into his crotch. He remained on his knees in the dirt for a minute or two, waiting for that part of the day to be over, while the Giants players called to him in falsetto voices. "I got hit like that in the spring of my very first year up with the Giants," Haller said. "I tried not to say anything, and when I got back to the clubhouse I took the cup out of my jock all in pieces. Each spring, you wait for that first shot between the legs and you think, *All right, now I'm ready to start the season.*"

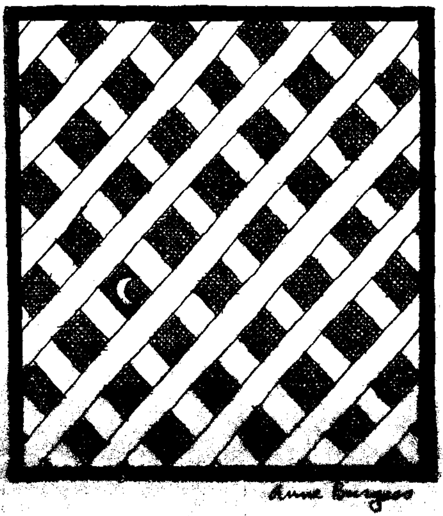
The game ended (the Giants won it, and Chili Davis had racked up a homer, two doubles, and a single for the day), and as we stood up for the last time Haller called to a Mariner coach out on the grass. "I see some of us get old and gray!" Tom said.

"Yeah, I saw you," the coach said. "Your hands still look pretty good!" He waved cheerfully.

"That's Frank Funk," Haller said to me. "Frank was my first roommate in organized ball. We were in spring training together in the Giants' minor-league complex in Sanford, Florida, in 1958. He was a pitcher and I was a catcher, and they put us together to see if we could learn something."

He'd had a great afternoon—you could see that. He was tickled.

NO catcher of our time looks more imperious than Carlton Fisk, and none, I think, has so impressed his style and mannerisms on our sporting consciousness: his cutoff, bib-sized chest protector above those elegant Doric legs; his ritual pause in the batter's box to inspect the label on his upright bat before he steps in for good; the tipped-back mask balanced on top of his head as he stalks to the mound to consult his pitcher; the glove held akimbo on his left hip during a pause in the game. He is six-three, with a long back, and when he comes straight up out of the chute to make a throw to second base, you sometimes have the notion that you're watching an aluminum extension ladder stretching for the house eaves; Bill Dickey, another straightback—he was the eminent receiver for the imperious Yankee teams of the thirties and forties—had that same household-contraption look to him when getting ready to throw. Fisk's longitudinal New England face is eroded by reflection. He is a Vermonter, and although it has been three years now since he went over to the White Sox, he still looks out of uniform to me without his Fenway *habiliments*. Pride is what he wears most visibly, though, and it's also what you hear from him.



"I really resent that old phrase about 'the tools of ignorance,'" he said to me in the White Sox dugout in Sarasota. "No catcher is ignorant. I've caught for pitchers who thought that if they won it's because they did such a great job, and if they lost it's because you called the wrong pitch. A lot of pitchers need to be led—taken to the point where they're told what pitch to throw, where to throw it, when to throw it, and what to do after they've thrown it. The good pitcher knows that if you put down the fastball"—the catcher's flashed signal: traditionally one finger for the fastball, two for a breaking ball, three for a changeup, and four for variants and specials—"it's also meant to be down and in or down and away, and if you put down a breaking ball then it's up to him to get that into some low-percentage area of the strike zone. The other kind just glance at the sign and fire the ball over the plate. That's where you get that proverbial high hanger—and it's your fault for calling it. But you know who the best pitchers are, and they know you. I worked with Luis Tiant as well as with anybody, and if he threw a fastball waist-high down the middle—well, it was nobody's fault but his own, and he was the first to say so. Not many fans know the stats about catchers, but smart pitchers notice after a while that they'll have a certain earned-run average with one catcher, and that it'll be a point and half higher with another catcher on the same club. Then they've begun to see that it isn't just their talent that's carrying them out there."

There are some figures that even fans can understand, however: in 1980, Fisk's last year in Boston, the Red Sox won sixty-eight games and lost forty-four when he was behind the plate but were fifteen and thirty-three when he was not. His bat helped, then and always (he is a lifetime .281 hitter, with two hundred and nine career homers, and of course he is the man

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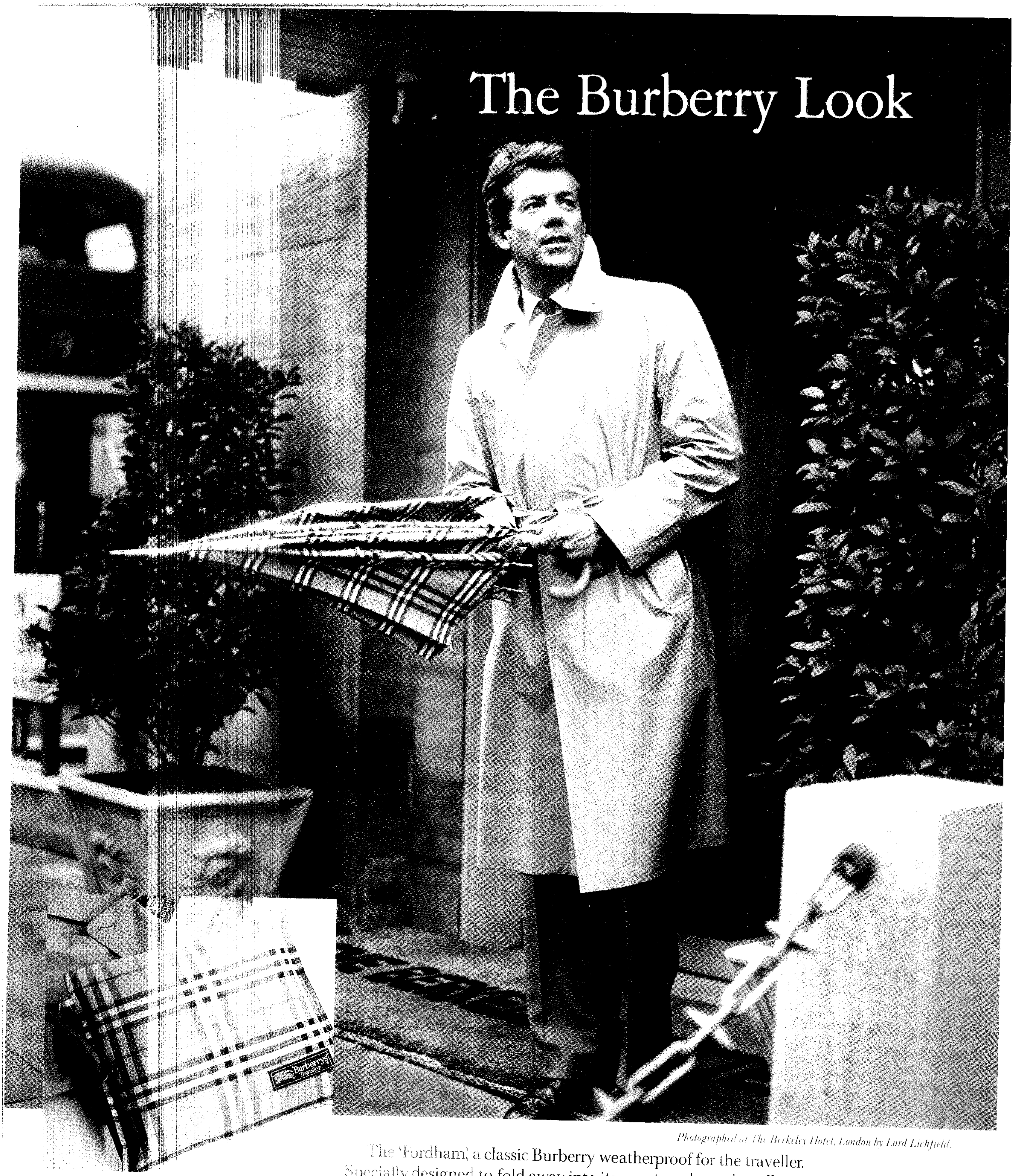

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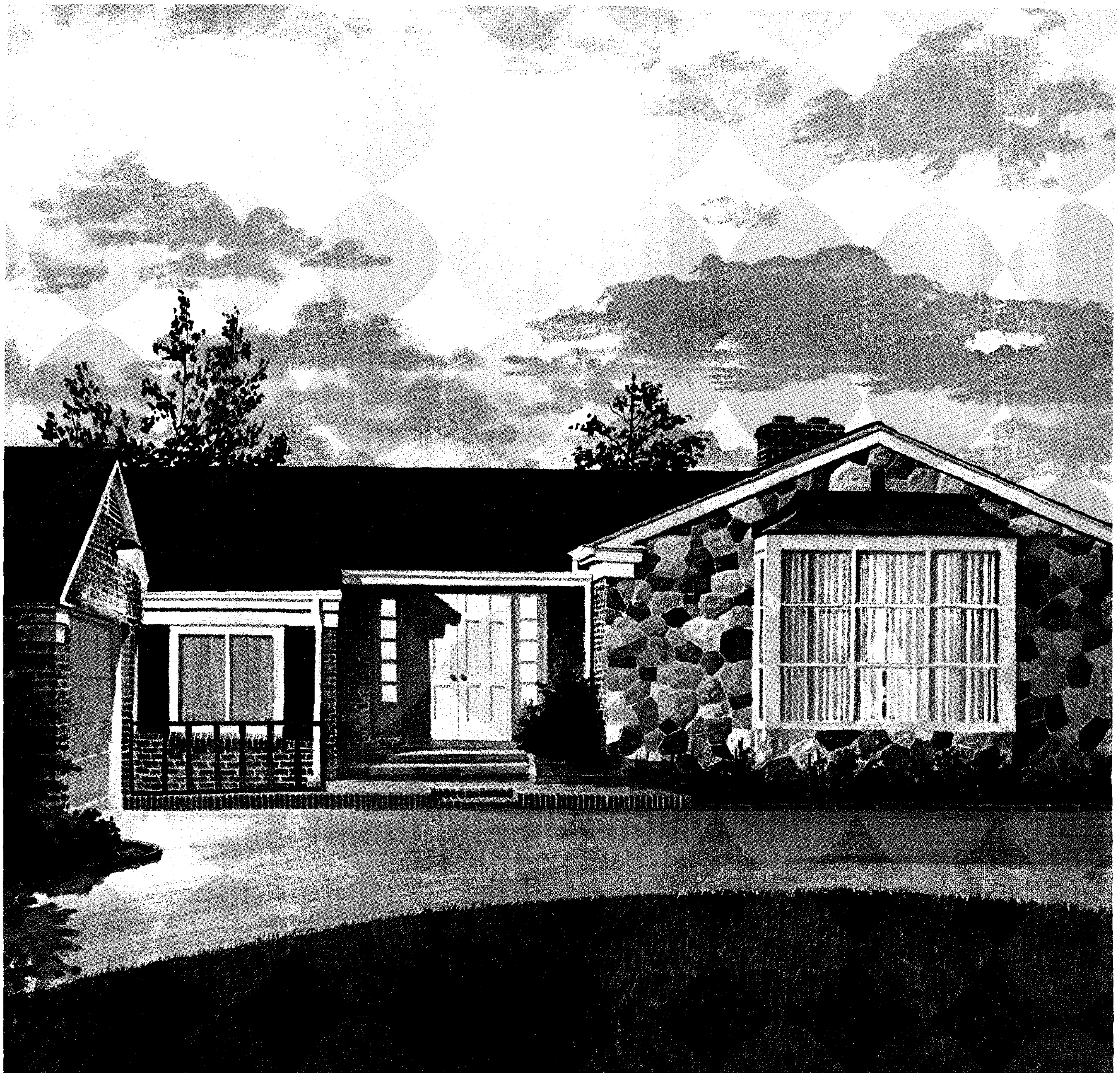

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whose twelfth-inning home run won the sixth game of the 1975 World Series—still the high-water mark of the October classic), but Fisk, in conversation, showed a splendid ambivalence about the two sides of his profession. Hitting mattered, but perhaps not as much as the quieter parts of the job.

"Catchers are involved every day," he said, "and that's one of the reasons why, over the years, they've been inconsistent in their productiveness. You can go a month and make a great offensive contribution, and then maybe a month and a half where there's little or none. But because of the ongoing mental involvement in the pitcher-batter struggle you don't have the luxury of being able to worry about your offensive problems. You just haven't got time. I think catchers are better athletes than they used to be. They run better and they throw better, and more of them hit better than catchers once did. I'm not taking anything away from the Yogi Berras and the Elston Howards and the rest, but there never were too many of them. With the turn of the seventies, you began to get catchers like myself and Bench and Munson, and then Parrish and Sundberg and Carter, and then Peña—you go down the rosters and they're all fine athletes. Bench started hitting home runs and Munson started hitting .300, and that old model of the slow, dumb catcher with low production numbers started to go out of date."

Then there was the shift: "It always bothered me that catchers seemed defined by their offensive statistics—as if a catcher had no other value. Famous guys who hit twenty-five or thirty home runs or bat in a hundred runs may not have as much value as somebody hitting .250 or less—a Jerry Grote, say—but his pitchers and his teammates sure know. Look at Bill Freehan, with that good Detroit team back in the sixties and early seventies. He was a very average sort of runner, with an average, quick-release sort of arm, and nothing very startling offensively. But you just can't *measure* what he did for that Tiger pitching staff—people like McLain and Lolich and Joe Coleman."

He had brought up a side issue that has sometimes troubled me. There have been a hundred and seven Most Valuable Player awards since the annual honor was instituted by the Baseball Writers Association of America, in 1931, and thirteen of them have gone to catchers—very close to a one-in-nine proportion, which looks equitable. Catchers who are named M.V.P.s tend to get named again—Roy Campanella and Yogi Berra won the award three times apiece, and Johnny Bench twice—but it is hard not to notice that almost every M.V.P. catcher posted startling offensive figures in his award-winning summers: Gabby Hartnett batted .344 in 1935, Ernie Lombardi batted .342 in 1938, Bench had a hundred and forty-eight runs batted in in 1970. And so forth. Only one M.V.P. catcher—Elston Howard, in 1963—had offensive statistics (.287 and eighty-five R.B.I.s) that suggest that his work behind the plate had also been given full value by the voting scribes. The B.B.W.A.A. is engaged in an interesting ongoing debate about whether pitchers should be eligible for the M.V.P. award (as they are now), given the very special nature of their work. I think we should look at the other end of the battery and consider the possibility that, year in and year out, each of the well-established veteran catchers is almost surely the most valuable player on his club, for the reasons we have been looking at here.

Fisk cheered up a little after his musings. He tucked a nip of Skoal under his lower lip, and told me that catching left-handed pitchers had been the biggest adjustment he'd had to make when he went over to the White Sox. "Except for Bill Lee, we didn't have that many left-handers my twelve years in Boston," he said. "Because of the Wall. But there are good left-handers on this club, and that's taken me a little time. When you're calling a game with a left-handed pitcher against a lot of right-handed batters, you have to do it a little differently. A left-hander's breaking ball always goes to my glove side, and his fastball and sinkerball run the other way. That fastball up over here, from a lefty pitcher, is a little harder for me to handle, for some reason. I'm still conscious of it, but I'm beginning to have a better time of it now."

I thought about Fisk often and with great pleasure last summer, while his White Sox streaked away with the American League West divisional title. He batted .289, with twenty-six homers, for the year, and the Chicago pitchers (including LaMarr Hoyt, whose 24–10 and 3.66 record won him the Cy Young Award) outdid

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themselves. Fisk's season ended in the White Sox' excruciating 3–0 loss to the Orioles in the fourth game of the American League championship series, at Comiskey Park, in a game in which Britt Burns, the young left-handed Chicago starter, threw nine innings of shutout ball before succumbing in the tenth. Fisk had but one single in five at-bats in that game, but I think he found some rewards just the same. There in Sarasota, he'd said, "When things are working well and the pitcher stays with you the whole way and you're getting guys out and keeping in the game—well, there's just no more satisfying feeling. You want to win it and you want to get some hits, but if your pitcher is doing his best, inning after inning, then you know you've done your job. It doesn't matter if I don't get any hits, but if I was an outfielder in that same game and all I'd done was catch a couple of routine fly balls—why, then I wouldn't have anything to hang my hat on that day."

Tim McCarver also spoke of this sense of deeper involvement. Like many useful long-termers, he was moved to easier positions when the demands of the job began to wear him down, but he didn't like it much not catching. "Joe Torre had been through that same shift," he said to me, "and he told me that when I changed position I'd be amazed how much my mind would begin to wander. When I moved out to first base—I played more than seventy games there in 1973—I couldn't believe it. I had to keep kicking myself to pay attention."

CALLING a game, of course, is the heart of it, and what that requires of a catcher, I came to understand at last, is not just a perfect memory for the batting strengths and weaknesses of every hitter on every other club—some hundred and sixty-five to a hundred and ninety-five batters, that is—but a sure knowledge of the capabilities of each pitcher on his staff. The latter is probably more important. Milt May said, "If I had a chance to play against a team I'd never seen before but with a pitcher I'd caught fifty times, I'd much rather have that than play against a team I'd played fifty times but with a pitcher I didn't know at all."

The other desideratum is a pitcher with good control—far rarer, even at the major-league level, than one might suppose. "There are very few guys who can really pitch to a hitter's weakness," May said. "Most of 'em just want to pitch their own strength. Young pitchers usually have good stuff—a good moving fastball—and they pitch to hitters in the same pattern. Most of their breaking balls are out of the strike zone, so they go back to the fastball when they're behind, and of course if you're up at bat you notice something like that."

Here is Bob Boone again: "It's much more fun catching a guy with excellent control, because then you feel you're part of the whole jockeying experience. Here's a ball that's just inside—fine. Now go back outside and put the ball on the corner this time. You're *orchestrating* that. Catching somebody like Tommy John is more work mentally, but it's much more pleasurable, and after it's over you'll both think, Hey, we had a great game. There's no doubt that a catcher can help a pitcher, but he can't be a dictator out there. When you've established that rapport with a pitcher you know, what you put down in a situation is almost always just about what he's thinking. When that happens, it gives the pitcher the confidence to throw a good pitch. You adjust as you go along—to the hitters and to your pitcher's abilities on that given day. If you can do it, you want to save something to use late in the game, because there are always a few batters you can't get out the same way more than once. If you've got through the order the first time without using your pitcher's whole repertoire, you're a little ahead. But pitchers change as a game goes along, of course, and then you have to adjust to *that*. Say your pitcher's best pitch is his slider, but then by the way he warms up for the next inning you think *Uh-oh*, because suddenly it isn't anymore—not at that moment. But then four pitches later it may be back again. It's a feel you have, and that's what you really can't teach to young catchers.

"Sometimes you get a sudden notion for an exotic call—something that's really strange in a certain situation that you somehow know is the right thing. You're jamming the man—throwing the ball right by him—and suddenly you call for a changeup. Ordinarily, you don't do that, but even if I'm watching a game from the bench I can sometimes feel when the moment comes: *Now throw him the changeup.* It's strange and it's strictly feel, but when it happens and you have that closeness with the pitcher he'll come

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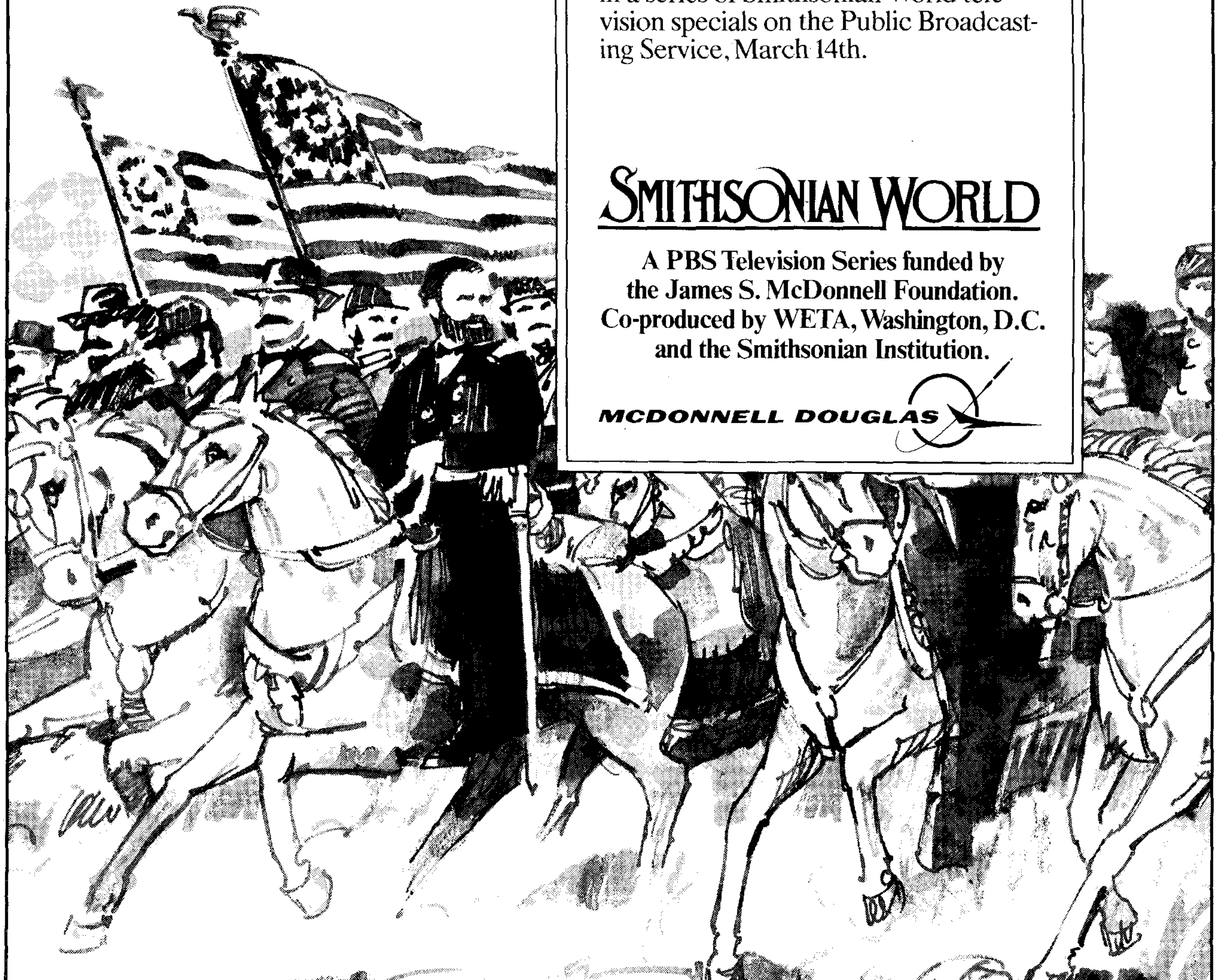

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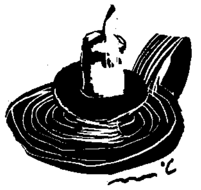
in after the inning and say, 'You know, I had exactly the same idea back there!' But in the end, of course, it's how he throws those pitches that matters."

Pitchers can always shake off a catcher's sign, to be sure—some shakeoffs are only meant to set up doubt in the batter's mind—and catcher-pitcher negotiations go on between innings or during a mound conference. These last are not always diplomatic murmurings. "There almost has to be a lot of screaming and yelling between pitchers and catchers if they're going to get along," Tim McCarver told me. "With Gibby"—Bob Gibson, that is—"it sometimes happened right out on the mound. I remember a game against the Pirates when Clemente hit one of his patented shots to right field, and when Gibby came past me to back up the throw in he yelled, 'Goddam it, you've got to put down something more than one finger back there!' "



Ted Simmons said, "Sometimes you have to persuade your pitcher out of a certain pitch in the middle of the game. It's hard for him to remain objective in the heat of battle. If he's had some success, I might go out there and ask what he's thinking, and if he says, 'Over the years, I've gotten this guy out with this pitch in this situation, even though it's dangerous'—let's say there are two on and he's getting ready to throw a changeup—then I say, 'Fine. Let's go.' But if I go out there and he says, 'Well, I just got a *feel*, man,' and he's lookin' at me with cloudy eyes, I say, 'Look, we'll do that next time—O.K.?' It's a matter of being convincing."

Ted Simmons, I should add, is one of the most convincing men in baseball. He is a sixteen-year man in the majors—the last three with the Brewers, the rest with the Cardinals—and is one of the prime switch-hitters in the game: in 1975 he batted .332 for the Cards and drove in a hundred runs. He is known for his intelligence and knowledge of the game—splendid assets, but what I most enjoy about Simba is his passionate way of talking baseball. He talks the way Catfish Hunter used to pitch—feeling for the corners early on and then with a widening flow of ideas and confidence and variation in the late going: Cooperstown stuff. When we sat down together at Sun City last spring, I asked him about the difference between National League and American League pitching—almost an idle question, I thought, since I was pretty sure I knew the answer: a lower strike zone in the National League, and more breaking balls in the A.L.

"I don't know how it began, but it's there, all right," Simmons said. "It's a difference of *approach*. The National League, in my mind, throws the slow stuff early in the count and then throws the fastball late, with two strikes on the batter. To me, that makes more sense, because you're forcing the batter to hit the ball—that's the objective—and the odds are always against a base hit, even with the best hitters. The American League approach, from what I've seen of it in two years, is to throw hard early—to get two strikes and no balls, or two-and-one or two-and-two—and *then* go to the slow stuff. So if you're two-and-one in the A.L., you're apt to go to three-and-two every time, because they'll throw a curveball and you'll foul it. Then a curve or a slider, and you'll take it, for three-and-two. Then another slider or curve, and you'll foul it, then *another* curveball, and you'll swing and miss it for a strikeout or hit a fly ball for the out. So there are three or four extra pitches on almost every batter, and that's one reason why the American League has such long games. The A.L. philosophy is to get two strikes and then don't let him hit, and the N.L. thinks, Get two strikes and *make* him hit it."

I asked him which league had the better pitchers, and he thought about it for a while. "I think the American League pitchers are *probably* better, on balance," he said at last, "because they have to be refined when the count is against them—to throw that breaking ball and get it over the plate, throw it in a way to get the man out. The very best of them may be more subtle and refined and tough than the N.L. pitchers. I'm talking about guys like Dave Stieb, of the Toronto Blue Jays, and Pete Vuckovich here. Vukey was with me on the Cardinals, you know, but he made the adjustment very fast when he came over to this league. But there are always exceptions. Somebody like Steve Rogers"—of the National League Montreal Expos—"could pitch very well in this league."

Bob Boone and Milt May have also had experience in both leagues, but they both gave a slight edge to National League pitching. May said that the

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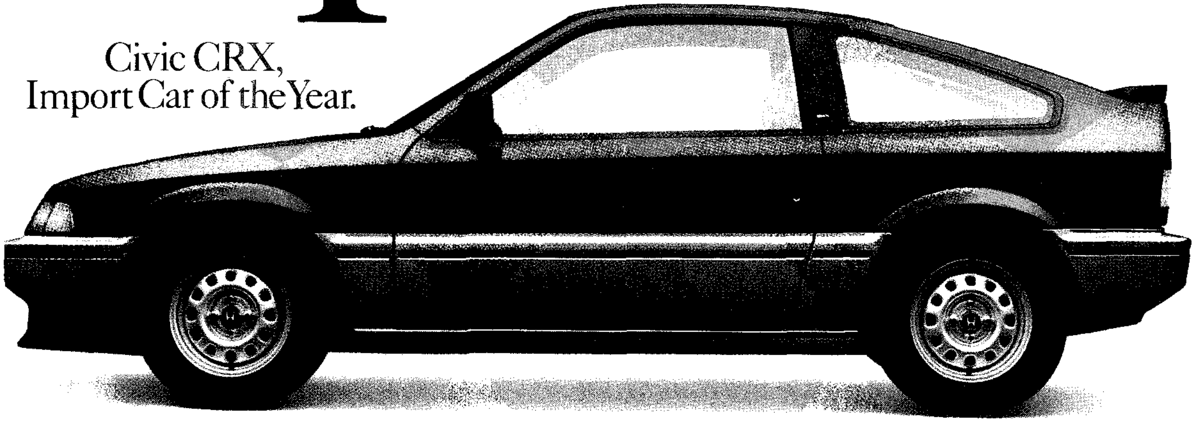

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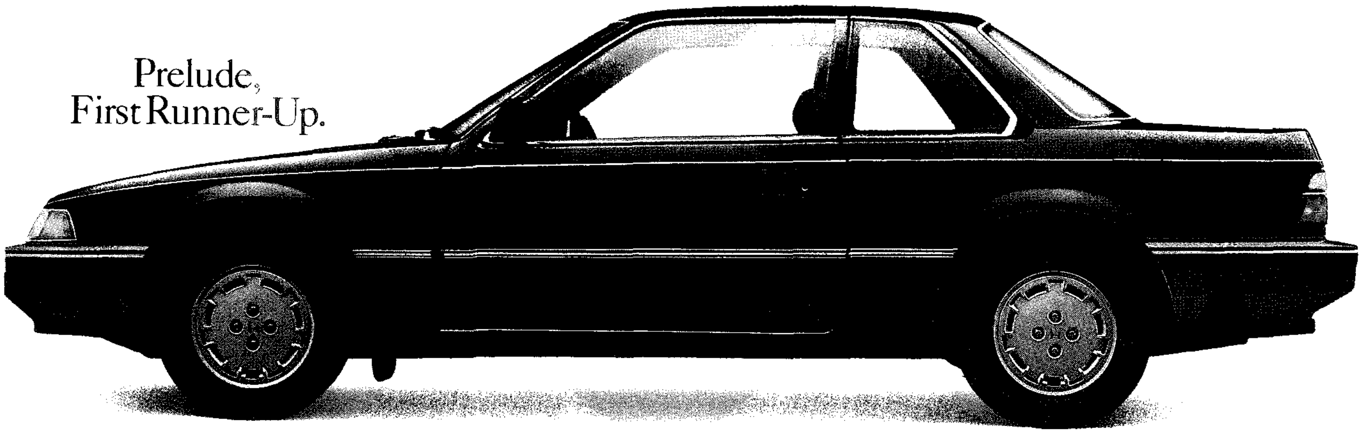

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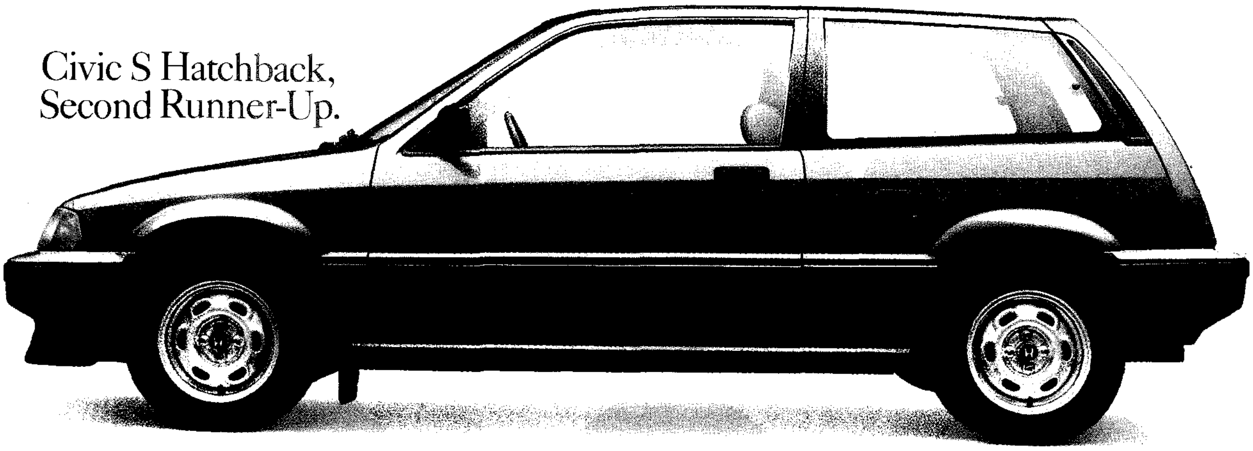

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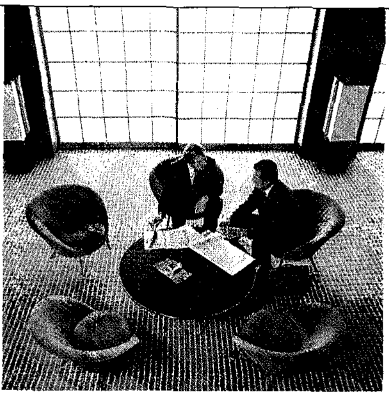

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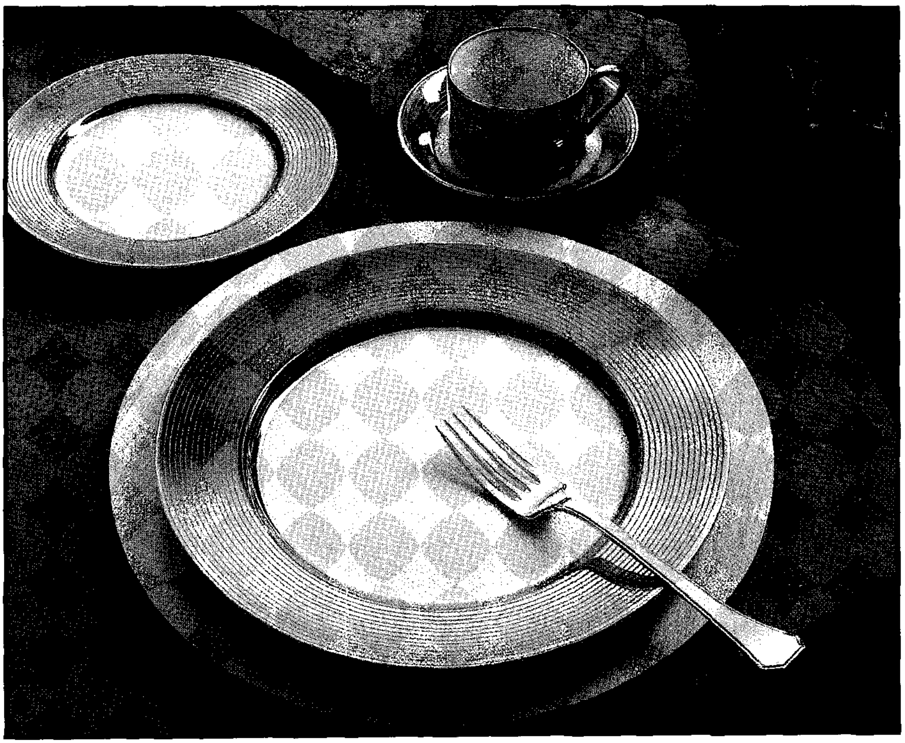

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N.L.'s preference for the slider—the faster breaking ball—as against the American League's prejudice for the curve, might make the crucial difference. Boone said, "I think the real difference between the leagues is about six National League pitchers. Soto, Seaver, Carlton, Rogers, maybe Reuss, and any one of three or four others. Put 'em over in the American League, and they're even." (Tom Seaver, who came to the Chicago White Sox over this winter, has already made the switch.) "I would guess there are deeper counts in the A.L., but I wouldn't know for sure. I know there's more confidence in control in the A.L. In either league, it's hard as hell to get a base hit, most days."

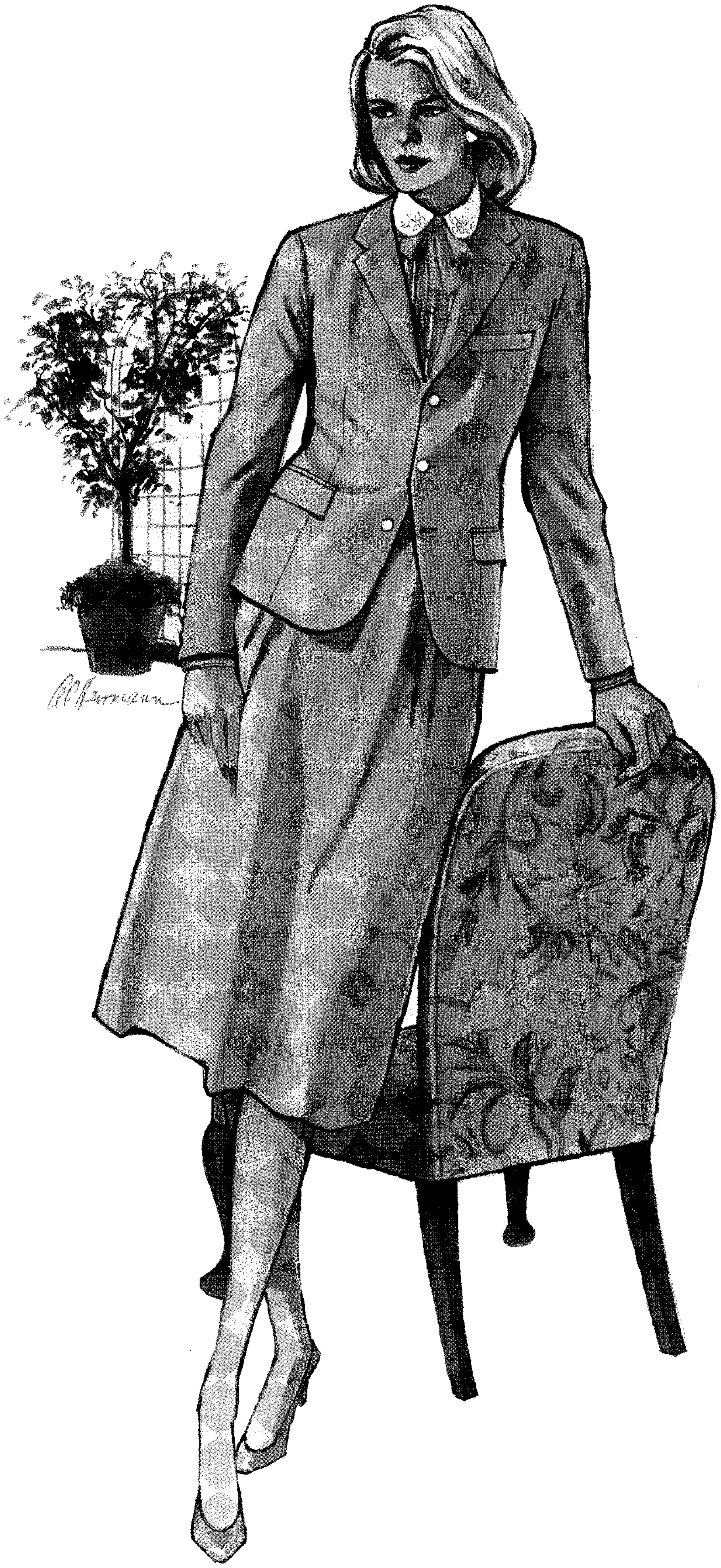
Simmons wanted to be sure that I understood the extent of the catcher's involvement with other aspects of the game—with his manager, for instance, and with the deployment of the defense on the field. "With some managers," he said, "you can come to them in the dugout in the middle of the game and say, 'This pitcher has *had* it. I assume you know that. But I want you to know I'm having to struggle with every pitch in every inning. I can't set up a program with this man, because he's faltering. Now I want some notion about your objectives. Do you intend to pitch him one more inning, or three more?' Then if the manager says, 'Wow, let's get somebody up out there,' I can say, 'Well, O.K., I can get him through one more inning,' and you work that inning like it's the ninth, with nothing held back. But there are some managers who can't respond to that assertive approach, because of their personalities —I can think of a half dozen of them that I've been involved with—and with those, well, you have to find some other way to get the message across."

We moved along to defensive alignments, and I noticed that sometimes the intensity of his message made Simmons lift his hands to either side of his face as he talked, as if he were peering out of his mask at the game.

"You have to move your people around," he said. "It's part of your job, and part knowing how your manager wants things done. You've got a left-handed pull hitter up there, and you decide you're going to do one of two things. You're going to throw him low fastballs away and hope he tries to pull it, or slow stuff inside and *make* him pull it. So you set up your defense accordingly. Your second baseman plays in the hole, your shortstop is back of second base, and everyone in the outfield moves over two steps toward right. But if your second baseman is still playing at double-play depth, then you've got to stop and move him over. You can do that with a little gesture, just before you put down the sign—and I never put down *anything until I know I have the second* baseman and the shortstop's attention anyway. I just look them right in the eye and go—" He waggled his glove hand imperceptibly. "If he still has a question, when you get back to the bench you can say, 'Hey, don't you see how we're pitchin' that guy?' This happens a lot, but people don't always appreciate it. Sometimes you'll see catchers with large reputations who'll stop and turn to the umpire and call time out and turn to the world and walk out a few steps and gesture to the man they want to move over, and everyone in the stands will say, 'Ah, yes, there's a man who knows what he's doing.' But it just isn't essential. It isn't done."

The ultimate responsibility—for the game itself, Simmons suggested—is more difficult. "The catcher is the man who has to be able to think, and he has to make the decisions—and to face the consequences when he's wrong," he went on. "Whether it's fun for you or a burden, that's where it's *at*, and the real satisfaction in catching is making that decision for everyone—for your pitcher, your team, your manager, and the home crowd. It's all in your lap. Think of a situation. Think of something that happens all the time. The count is two balls and one strike, they have a man on first base, and you're ahead by one run. There's a pretty good hitter up—he doesn't strike out much. Now, you're the catcher and you've got to decide if they're going to hit-and-run. And with that you've got to decide if you're going to pitch out and negate all that, and what the consequences will be if you're wrong.

"*Now* we've got to where the fun is—where you know your allies, the capabilities of your pitcher and your team, and you also know the opposition, to the point where you're playin' with their heads. Because you know their manager and their way of playing, you know already what they're going to do. You have a gut feeling about it: *God, he's going to run.* You *know.* But instead—it's so easy to do this—you think, Well, I'd better play it safe, because I'm not sure, and we don't want three-and-one on this good



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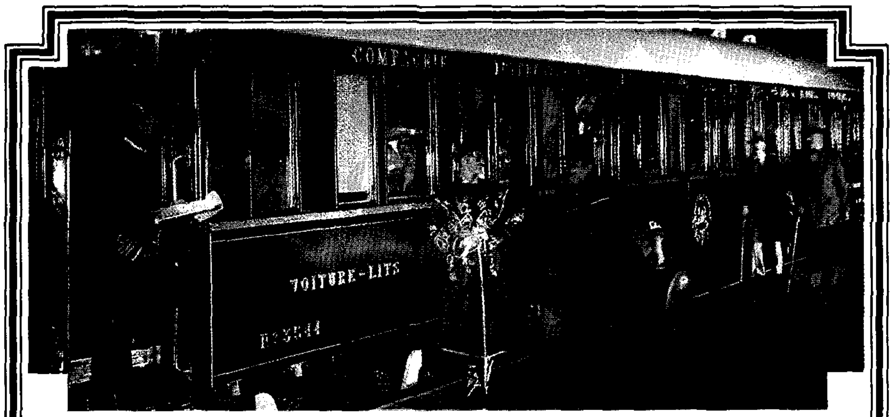

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hitter. So you call a fastball away to that right-handed batter, and he does hit the ball to right on the hit-and-run—the runner's gone—and now you've got first and third, which is much, much worse. And you say to yourself, God *almighty*, I *knew* they were going to run! Why didn't I pitch out? Well, what you learn later on, when you've grown up as a catcher, is not to fight that urge, because you understand that if you were in their dugout and you were that manager you'd run. So you learn to stop being just a catcher, and to be them as well as yourself. Until you can get to that point, accept that burden, you're not in control. Once you do, you're a successful catcher—the man everyone relies on and looks to for leadership, whether they know it or not."

Ted Simmons had a good season last year, in spite of the sudden late-summer collapse of the defending-champion Brewers, who wound up in fifth place in their division, eleven games behind the Orioles. He kept his stroke when all about him were losing theirs, and wound up with a .308 average and a hundred and eight runs batted in. For all that, it was probably Simmons' last year of regular work behind the plate. During the off-season, Milwaukee traded for Jim Sundberg, and it is expected that he will now take over the day-to-day catching chores for the Brewers. Simmons, who has suffered from a chronic problem in his right shoulder, looked slow and work-worn behind the plate in most of the games in which I watched him last year, and he is at an age when many full-service catchers begin to wear down physically. I think he will find surcease in his new role as a designated hitter—if his pride allows him to accept this limited service. But I still felt bad when I heard the news of the trade, since it seemed to mean that Simmons' passionate involvement in the flow of things would now become distanced and muted. The game is no longer in his lap. His change of fortune made me recall a remark of Dave Duncan's last spring: "By the time you've learned it all, by the time you're really proficient, you're almost too old to go on catching."

I cheered up pretty quickly, however, when I recalled one more little talk I'd had with Ted Simmons, which had made me realize that his *special feeling for the subtleties and* rewards of catching will never be entirely lost to his teammates. On another day in Arizona last spring, I watched a few innings of a morning B-squad game between the Padres and the Brewers. Simmons wasn't playing, but then I spotted him in the Milwaukee dugout, where he was seated between two younger Brewer catchers, Ned Yost and Bill Schroeder; Simmons kept moving and gesturing, and when I changed my seat, moving a little closer to the diamond, I saw, without much surprise, that he was talking excitedly. When the game ended, I sought him out and asked him about it.

"We were just talkin' catching," he said. "I feel that every ballplayer, including myself, has the responsibility of training his replacement. People who are afraid to do that aren't very secure. What we saw was what you saw in that game—do you remember it? There was a time in the fifth when they're up at bat, with a man on first, and the count on the batter went to two-and-two. I said to the guys with me, 'You've got two alternatives on the next pitch—what are they?' They both had the answer: fastball in or slider away. I said fine, but how do you decide which to call, and they didn't know. I said, 'Based on your pitcher—' and never mind right now which pitcher we were talkin' about. 'Based on your knowledge of this pitcher, can he throw the three-and-two slider for a strike?' They both said no, and I said, 'Well, then, you have to call for the slider on the two-and-two, so that if the pitcher misses with it, then he'll be able to come back with the fastball on three-and-two. But if he's a pitcher who *can* throw the slider on three-and-two, then you can put down the fastball on two-and-two—the fastball inside, to lock him out. If you miss, then you go to the slider on three-and-two, and he's dead.'

"Our other catcher, Steve Lake, was in the game, so I didn't talk to him. He was in the fire, and we were lookin' into it. But that's all there is to it, you know. Does the man back there know what's going on? If he does, he can throw bad and he can run bad and block bad, but he's still the single most important player on the field."

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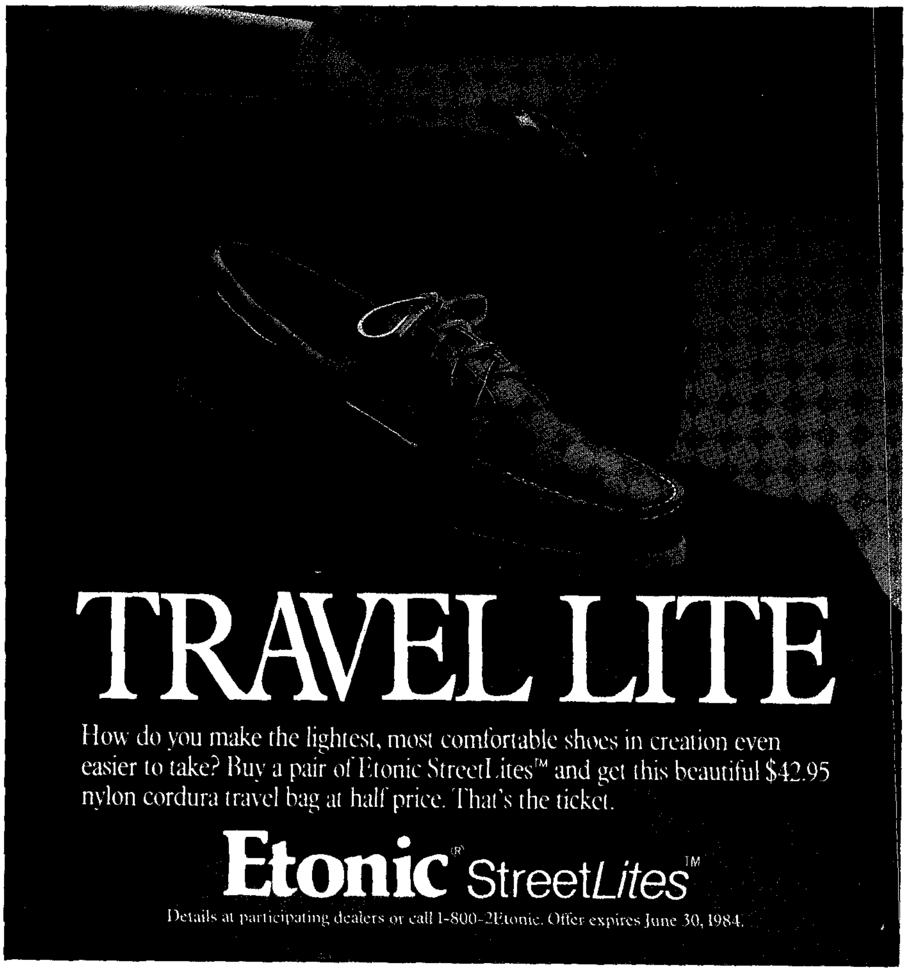

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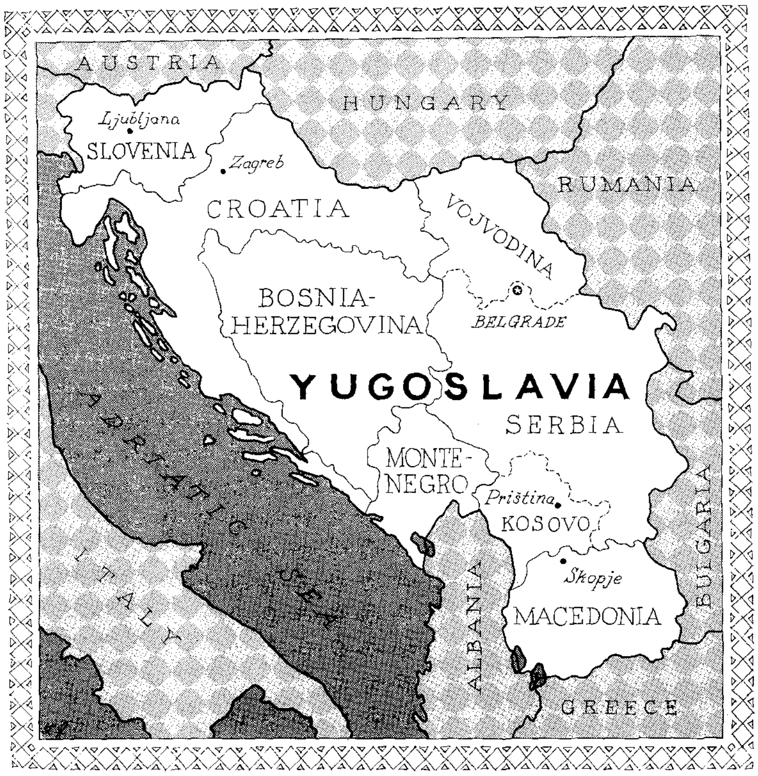
TITO'S LEGACY—II



UNLIKE Poland—or, for that matter, such Western European countries as France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—where daily headlines have loudly proclaimed the course of change and confrontation, the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, perhaps because it is in some ways more self-contained and less involved with other nations, seems determined to work out its fate methodically, according to its own schedule and its own schematic and dialectic devices. This may well be the true legacy of Josip Broz Tito and his partisan disciples, who became ideological recluses after their break, in 1948, with Stalin and the Cominform. Since Tito's death, in May of 1980, new ideas and new leaders have begun to emerge, though none of the latter has displayed Tito's personal force and style. But as the consortium of his successors has gained more confidence the reclusive attitude has given way to a broader view of the world and of Yugoslavia's possible role in it. While nonalignment remains a basic tenet of the regime, it is not quite the shibboleth it once was. The fact that Yugoslavia seems to be momentarily in the economic doldrums, waiting for its post-Tito rulers to produce some happy metamorphosis, does not mean that there are no manifestations of ferment or impending change. On the contrary, as considerable discussion in the press and on television and within the intersecting circles of dissidents, writers, and artists shows, the diverse parts of the nation are simmering or, in some cases, quietly boiling.

It is only natural that the current search for compromise political and economic formulas and for significant administrative changes should be accompanied by a certain amount of unrest and discontent, especially among the younger generation. In addition, trouble could stem from the nationalist activities of restless ethnic groups, like the Albanians in Kosovo, an autonomous province of Serbia, and the Muslims in the republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Yet despite the continuing economic uncertainty and despite a degree of uneasiness among officials in Belgrade, the federal capital, most Yugoslavs are confident that any rebellion will remain a local phenomenon and can, if necessary, be quelled by the conscript Army of two hundred and fifty thousand regulars. Notwithstanding the many differences among the country's six republics and two provinces, there is a conviction that the instinct for national survival and the pervasive faith in "brotherhood and unity" will prevail.

This enduring awareness that Yugoslavia's varied and sometimes clashing ethnic groups had better hang together lest they hang separately is undoubtedly one of the country's strong points. It tends to overshadow what often appears to be an anomalous relationship between politics and economics. The lines of conflict are much less clearly drawn here than they are, for example, in Poland, where strikes and demonstrations by workers have been important political weapons. Labor strife, including strikes, has taken place in Yugoslavia, but its effect has been comparatively small. Much of it consists of local bureaucratic and political infighting—should a new factory in financial trouble or without enough machinery or raw materials stay open or close down?—although conflicts over wages and working conditions are becoming more frequent. Stevan Nikšić, a writer for the respected Belgrade daily *Politika*, which does not always hew to the Party line, remarked to me, "Yugoslavs as a rule don't react emotionally to economic problems. They tend to accept the bad with the good. People may grumble about gasoline rationing, lack of housing, higher prices for food, and shortages of various products, but they know they'll survive. The threshold of pain is high. Nobody mans the barricades over the shortage of gasoline, for instance. Yet people will fight with guns and knives over political and ethnic differences. Disparities in development—the rich-poor, North-South conflict within the country—are more constant and prevalent than racial or religious issues, but you can't underestimate the latter, and reactions are often quick." As an example, Nikšić cited the outbreak of Croatian nationalism in the early nineteen-seventies—a movement with strong overtones of separatism, in which language and culture played an important part. He went on to discuss the unrest in Kosovo, a relatively impoverished area. "There, social and economic issues—notably the whole question of development, and whether we should pour money into poor regions or invest in prosperous ones, like Slovenia—are more important, but these issues, in turn, aggravate existing ethnic conflicts," he said. "One set of circumstances plays upon another, and the explosive potential is always there. It's also true that, over and above the fact that it's impossible to make a federal decision that will suit all of Yugoslavia's republics and provinces at the same time, there is a common behavioral trait that is one of the biggest obstacles to reform. It's a

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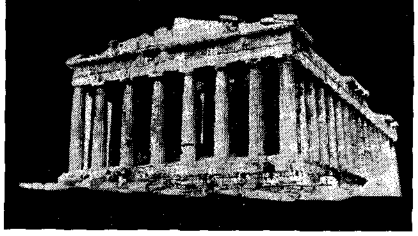

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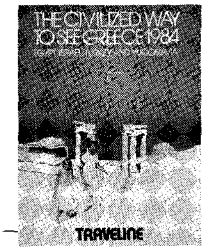

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psychological condition, part of our schizophrenic nationality. The crazy conduct of our railways is a good example. Theoretically, the railways are one big national company, but in practice there are eight different administrations, and the workers in each one decide how to run things; as a result, you have different locomotives and rolling stock, different systems of bookkeeping and rules of operation, from place to place. A train running from the Austrian border to Greece will change locomotives several times, because the various regional governments won't allow engines from the 'outside' to go through their territory. Similarly, we have half a dozen steel mills and oil refineries and four or five auto plants in various republics, most of them hardly producing enough to keep going. It's a question of regional prestige and pride. Tito made allowances for this, but he also ran the show. Now he's gone, and, besides, the nature of the game has changed. It's become much more complicated. We needed time and money, and the five-billion-dollar aid package we recently received from the West has given us both. But can we deal with it? Was it really a good idea to ask for all these loans? Have we sold our souls and threatened our independence?"

Many thoughtful Yugoslavs find these to be difficult questions, and answering them is not made easier by the country's complex heritage—the European orientation of the prosperous northern tier and the relative poverty and underdevelopment of the more Eastward-looking southern region. Another journalist I know, Aleksandar Nenadović, who is also a commentator for *Politika,* put the matter succinctly. "The key question has to do with the willingness to make a fresh start politically," he said. "It's not possible to take significant steps forward economically without political changes." A third *Politika* commentator, Slavoljub Djukić, was semi-officially rebuked a few months ago for writing, "If the League of Communists"—the Party's official name—"wants to lead the process of creating a democratic society, it has to democratize itself." Most liberal members of the staff of *Politika,* which is just emerging from a period of undeclared censure for being too openly critical of the government, quietly agree with Djukić: they believe that the democratization of the Party must be brought about by majority vote, and that majority rule should be adopted both in

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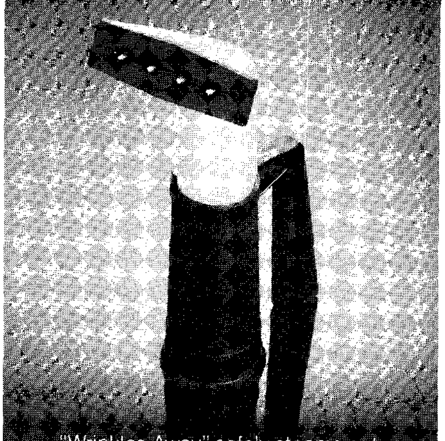

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the Federal Assembly and in the republican and provincial legislatures. In Yugoslavia, governmental decisions have traditionally been made by consensus, and each of the regional units has held veto powers accordingly, which has often meant that a single negative vote has been able to hold up actions that everyone else has favored. The new reformists also want to see the introduction of a multi-party system—or, at least, of a system of multiple candidates within one party. They realize that the continuing predominance of a hard-core leadership precludes this for the time being, but they are less pessimistic about the chances that majority voting will be accepted, and the idea is gaining credence.

In many countries, including Communist ones, cartoonists often get away with more than writers, and Yugoslavia is no exception; a recent cartoon in *Politika* says something about the current national mood. A drowning man is shown pleading for help with outstretched hands while three men on shore are helplessly watching him. One of them says, "None of us can swim, but it's encouraging that we're talking about it." The increased amount of debate, not only in the Federal Assembly but throughout the country, demonstrates that in the face of uncertainty and drift there is a spreading interest in and concern about the future. There is also, to be sure, a considerable fear of being too outspoken, and, as always, there is an abundance of caustic cynicism. "For the first time since Tito's death, we're beginning to discuss true alternatives," Nenadović said to me, with a cautious smile. "The society is still closed when it comes to decision-making, yet the public is informed. Not everything is printed, but almost everything is known." He paused a moment, then said, "I'm not losing hope, but I'd feel much better if I had better reason to hope."

WRITERS, artists, and intellectuals in Yugoslavia—probably to a greater extent than those in other Eastern European countries—must contend with bewildering, kaleidoscopic shifts in degrees of freedom and constraint. For the most part, they respond to attack with boldness or bravura, but when subjected to concerted criticism they adopt an attitude of quiet withdrawal which can last weeks or even months. During such times, they are seen but not heard, and they float about town

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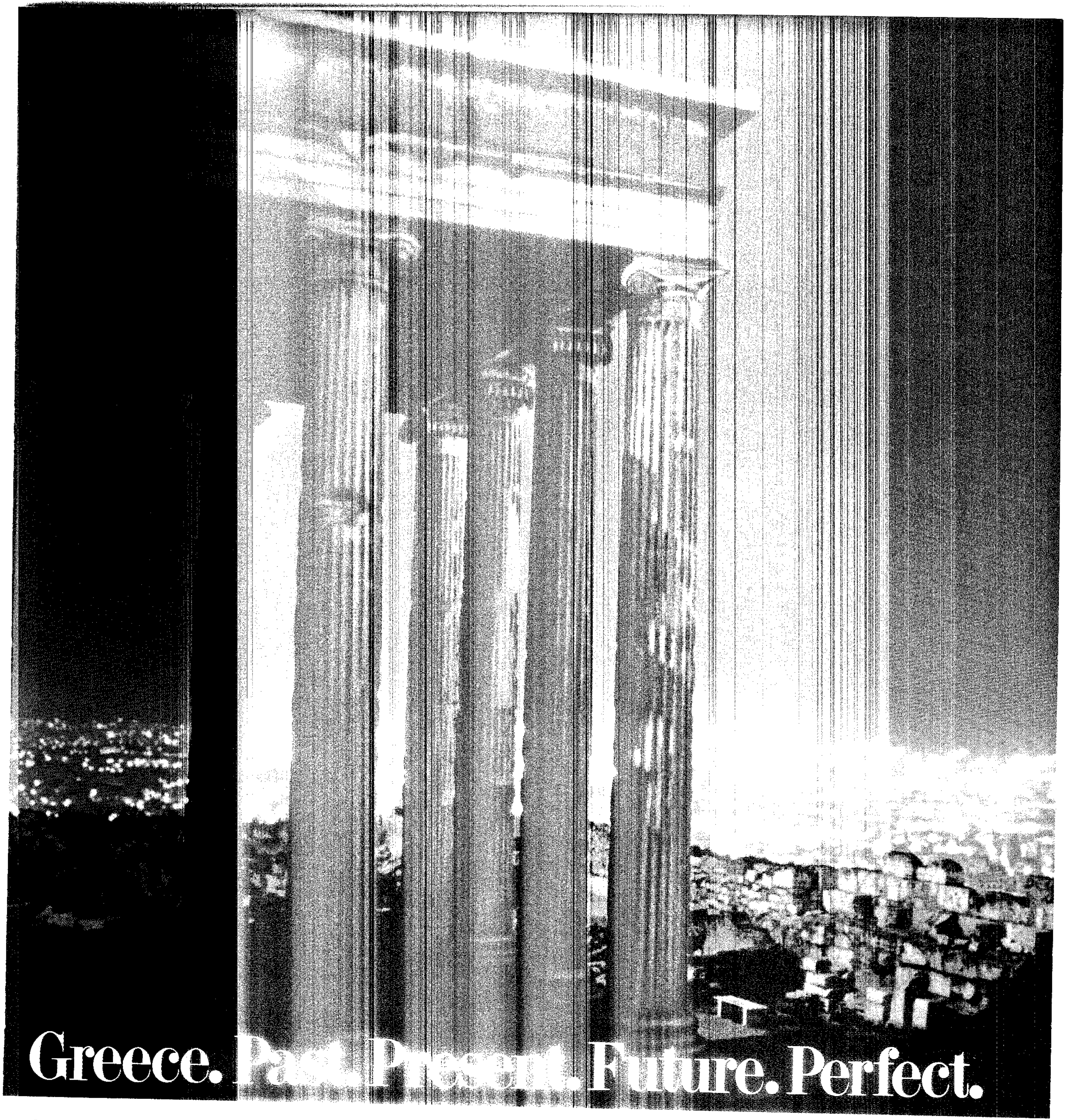
like martyred or tormented spirits waiting to be liberated. Belgrade, with its odd mixture of cosmopolitanism and seediness, furnishes an appropriate stage for this sort of shadow play. The meeting places for intellectuals and writers are the International Press Center at lunch and the Writers' Club at dinner and afterward. The two are a few downtown blocks apart, the Press Center in a typically drab office building, and the club in the basement of a building that was once a large private home and is now the headquarters of the Serbian Writers' Union. Compared with the Press Center, the atmosphere at the club is far more exotic and convivially conspiratorial, largely because of the unusual manner in which it is run by its private owner-operator, Ivo Kusalić, and his several partners, most of whom are waiters. Kusalić is the chief cook, and his cuisine ranks with the best in the capital. Between the two wars, he came to Belgrade from his village in Dalmatia and found employment in the household of the Papal Nuncio, where he learned how to cook. Although private enterprises are still rare in Yugoslavia, they have been permitted for some years, and Kusalić and his partners do extremely well, not only because the food and drink they serve are excellent but because "membership" in the club is virtually unrestricted—it depends solely on getting to know Kusalić and being accepted by him. As a result, in addition to writers and artists there are scores of entertainers and professional people in attendance every night, and obtaining a table there at the height of the dinner hour is no easier than it is at the most exclusive restaurant in New York or Washington. Guests hop from table to table, glasses and bottles in hand, and the conversation flows as fast as the wine. A rumor launched at noon in the Press Center will blossom into an elaborate plot by midnight at the club and reach Zagreb the following morning. A new version, with equally elaborate trimmings, is likely to be heard the next evening in Belgrade.

The Writers' Union holds its meetings and conferences in a large room above the Writers' Club. For years, it was apathetic and adopted no firm stand on any issues, but last spring it came surprisingly to life over the sentencing and imprisonment of Gojko Djogo, a Serbian poet, six of whose poems, written prior to Tito's death and published in 1981, were found offensive by the government. Accord-



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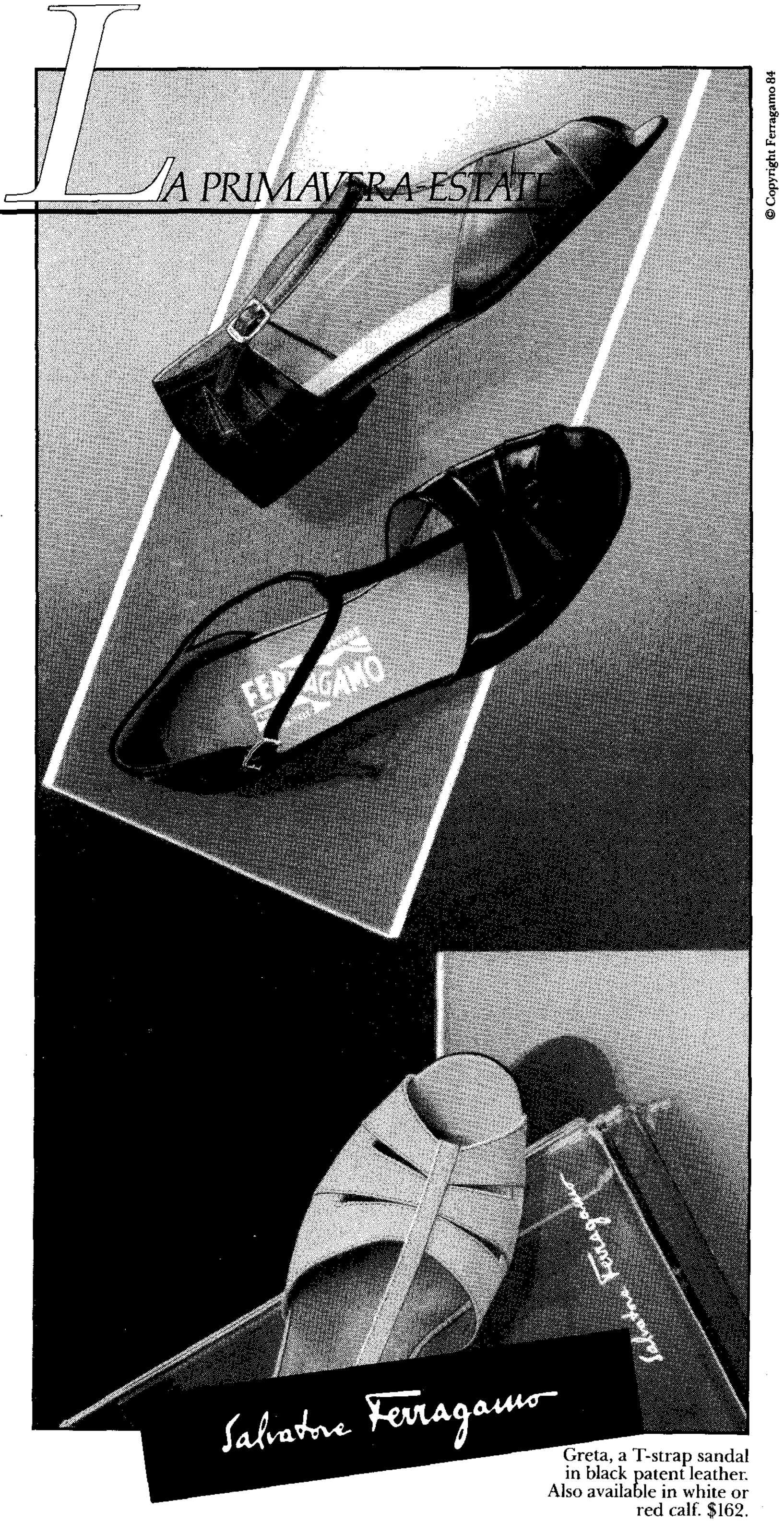
ing to the formal charge, they "maliciously and falsely represented the socio-political conditions in this country by . . . asserting in a specious way that neither liberty nor democracy exists . . . that ignorance and indolence have set in, that our society has no future, that our system is based on a reign of terror perpetrated by one person to whom everyone is subordinated . . . and that everything is directed to the glorification of that person." This somewhat self-incriminating accusation led to Djogo's being sentenced to two years, but the term was reduced to one year, which he began serving last summer, in spite of two tempestuous protest meetings of the Writers' Union. The meetings were instrumental, however, in his being released after three months. Though Djogo denied at the trial that he had had Tito in mind when he wrote his poems, he privately admitted to his colleagues that he was referring to Tito in a number of them, one of which, "The Big Magician," spoke of "the one with the Golden Mouth" who "talks from the hill." Tito lived in a villa atop a hill, in an exclusive section of Belgrade, surrounded by several carefully kept and well-guarded acres. "Our holy week has three hundred and sixty-five days," Djogo wrote. "Our year has been lasting forty years now/ And it is still going on/ Our saint will never die/ We are counting his years backward/ He's younger than last year/ He has new teeth/ And new eye teeth/ And people dancing in a circle around him."

Djogo, who gained more renown and critical acclaim from his indictment and trial than from his poetry, was defended in court by Srdja Popović, a prominent civil-liberties lawyer who has represented a number of the better-known dissidents, among them the historian Franjo Tudjman, a former Army officer from Croatia. Once a leading Titoist, Tudjman was arrested in 1971, during the Croatian nationalist crisis, and served nine months for engaging in "hostile propaganda." He was indicted again in 1980, in Zagreb, the Croatian capital, on a similar charge; his trial was the first after Tito's death to involve a leading activist. This time, he received a three-year sentence, which was reduced to a few months because he was in poor health, and he is now free but lying low in Zagreb. Despite having achieved at least a partial victory in the Tudjman case, Popović, with



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whom I had a long talk in his Belgrade office, was among the more negative observers I met. I spoke with him just before the Federal Assembly began debate on a series of reforms drawn up by the so-called Kraigher Commission—reforms that were intended to bring order to the country's chaotic and overbureaucratized administrative, fiscal, and economic structures. Popović did not seem to be impressed by the long-term possibilities of success. "When Tito died, I thought that the Party would reform itself, that it would come up with rational policies and relax its ideological campaigns, but I'm disappointed," he said. "The Party is simply not vital enough to transform the country. The membership prevents it—there is no reform possible with the kind of people you now have at the top. The Party plays off different national interests and groups against one another, so real reform is impeded. Things remain static, and apathy and cynicism take over. It's true that the people as a whole are becoming more aware of the country's problems, but there is a great deal of malaise—especially among the young people, many of whom drop out of school. I'm trying to get my twenty-two-year-old son to go to West Germany for postgraduate work—he feels he's not needed here. I see a polarization taking place in the Party. There are those who, like the Polish authorities, are intent on preserving ideological purity—ignoring our enormous problems of inflation and indebtedness—and there are those who understand that the only way out of our present economic difficulties is to get people involved in democratic reforms. But the latter remain on the defensive, and the ideologues are still in control."

It did not surprise me that politically involved men like Popović were on the whole less optimistic than the technocrats I talked to. Those concerned over a period of years with politics—particularly in a place like Yugoslavia, where the revolutionary process has been long, arduous, and painful—tend to become pessimists, or simply jaded, whereas the technocrats and professional people are likely to be encouraged by loans from abroad or by administrative measures not yet tested in the arena of politics. What seemed most hopeful to me, however, was that the Yugoslav press and the intellectuals and academics I spoke with were at least analyzing and interpreting the changes taking place in the country

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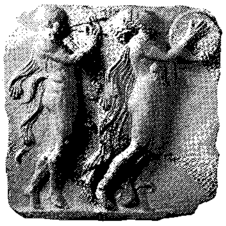

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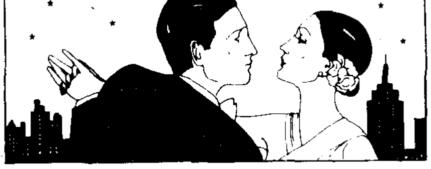

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and—in private, if not always in public—were becoming more outspoken, and even audacious, in their comments. For the first time, both newspapers and television have been investigating and reporting on instances of carelessness, waste, and fraud in the economy. Perhaps all this hardly amounts to the Yugoslav equivalent of a Prague Spring, but it is refreshing if nothing else.

Yugoslavia's best-known dissident, Milovan Djilas, who was one of Tito's closest wartime comrades and an important Party theoretician, was expelled from the Party's Central Committee in 1954, and then spent all but one year of the decade from 1956 to 1966 in prison, first for publishing in the West an article supporting the Hungarian uprising—this sentence was extended after the publication abroad of his best-known book, "The New Class"—and then for "revealing state secrets" in his 1962 book, "Conversations with Stalin." Since his release, he has lived as a "nonperson" in his comfortable apartment on a fashionable street in Belgrade, and he is still under police surveillance. Only a few close friends and occasional foreign correspondents visit him, and although his work continues to be published abroad, he is not allowed to appear in print or to say anything publicly in Yugoslavia, or in any way to participate in public life. (His ideas and his stature are acknowledged in a negative fashion, however, since he is occasionally attacked by officials and writers in the Yugoslav press.) He cannot leave the country—his passport was lifted in 1970—but he is not under house arrest, and he frequently takes long walks around his part of town, during which, presumably, he is followed. Despite repeated warnings from the authorities and occasional anonymous death threats, he speaks freely to those he does see, letting them know when they come to his home that the room is probably bugged but that it doesn't make any difference to him. When I called on him one afternoon, he welcomed me at the door with a quizzical smile, which kept flickering across his darkly creased face like a semaphore during most of our hour-and-a-half talk. A Montenegrin of medium height, Djilas is seventy-two years old and somewhat stooped, but he is extremely alert. He told me he was busily at work completing "Power," the fourth volume of his memoirs, which deals

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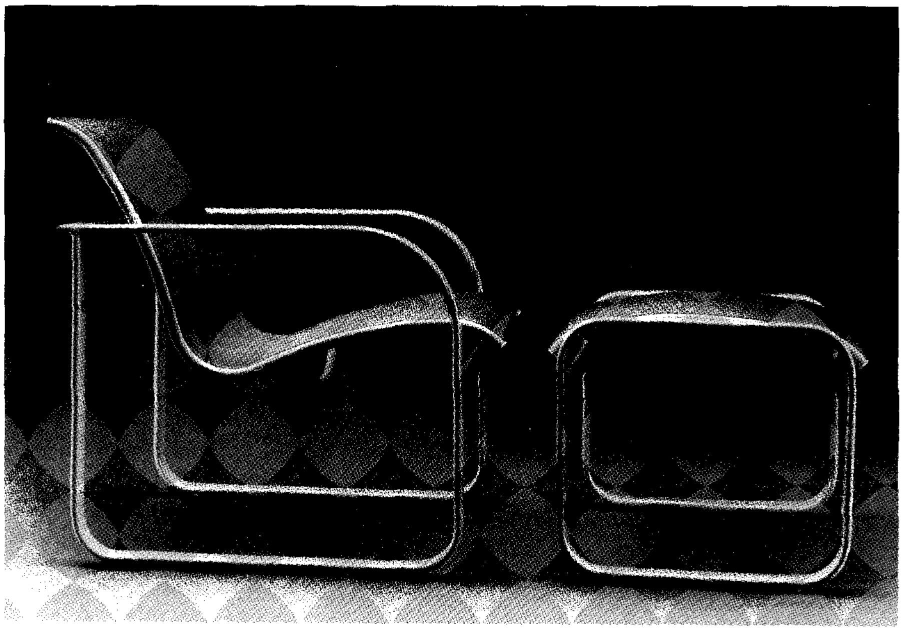

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with his postwar experiences. He was also completing a shorter book, called "Prison and Ideas," which, he said, stresses the significance of suffering in the formulation of political ideas. "The evolution of ideas is not so easy without imprisonment," he said. "The importance of ideas and their relation to what is happening today is generally underestimated in the West."

At the outset of our conversation, Djilas spoke dolefully about the past forty years of Yugoslav life, and especially about the failings of the last two decades. His tone at first was almost pedagogical, but he grew more emotional as he went along. "There are really two crises in Yugoslavia," he said. "There is the international economic and fiscal crisis, which affects us as a nation, and there is the parallel, interwoven domestic crisis, which is structural and affects us more immediately and personally. The domestic crisis is the product of our own mistakes. Neither our agriculture nor our industry is efficient or productive. We have no 'middle economy' to complement modern technology, as the Japanese have. The Party always feared that encouraging such an economy would create an independent social group. The result was that ideology overruled what was functional and practical. The choice of managers was made not on the basis of talent but according to ideological loyalty. There was no proper planning, and we imported too many raw materials instead of using domestic ones. We overinvested and overbuilt, and that led to stagnation instead of growth. Despite all the talk about self-management, the peasants and the small entrepreneurs with imagination, who might have headed the economy in the right direction, were held back. The peasant coöperatives were not controlled by the peasants. The bureaucrats took over. You can't have normal relations between the villages and the cities under such circumstances. And there was no development of a real middle class. The middle class we have now is opportunistic, bureaucratic, nepotistic, and corrupt."

Djilas said that such a situation "cannot continue for eternity." He placed the blame for what he called "the systemic crisis" mostly on Tito. "Tito didn't know how to use talented people," he said. "This was the inevitable result of personal rule. The new beginnings that the current President, Mika Spiljak, and others are recommending are not enough. They're

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frightened that if they move too quickly things will go much further than they wish. It's true that most of the intelligent people in the government today see the difficulties, but I don't think the chances of their getting anywhere are great, because of the different currents within the ruling group. Too many of them remain opposed to any change, and the hard-liners are still all over the place. The republics all have different policies from each other, and different attitudes toward the center. The danger is one of stasis—of equilibrium without real movement. Will Yugoslavia veer toward the West? If the government's policy were intelligent, free, and open to criticism, our growing connection with Western Europe could be only positive, but if we go on as we are now—inefficiently, unable to control our own economic mechanisms—things will just get worse and we will be exploited by both the East and the West. Yugoslavia will again be a very backward country, and someday the lid may blow off. Despite a lot of discontent, there is no organized opposition, but two or three years from now the passivity you see among the workers and the youth may be transformed into political strikes."

Djilas concluded our conversation by declaring that he saw some hope among the younger group of intellectuals who were expressing themselves in literature and the drama. He mentioned a new play, a satire called "The Brothers Karamazov," dealing with the persecution of Stalinists in Yugoslavia after 1948, and another political drama, "Cave of Doves," which also takes a critical view of the past, including the perennial conflict between the Serbs and the Croats. He was still cryptically smiling when I left him; I had the feeling that his own creative rejuvenation—the two new books he was finishing—had tempered his pessimism and perhaps subdued his innate skepticism. If he was by no means sanguine, he was above the battle, and if he was officially a nonperson his own persona was intact and he was unofficially still very much alive.

TWO other leading dissidents I spoke with were Mihailo Marković and Svetozar Stojanović, both members of a group of eight professors at the University of Belgrade who had been associated with an independent Marxist journal called *Praxis*. Founded in 1964 in Zagreb, the journal attracted Party criticism almost

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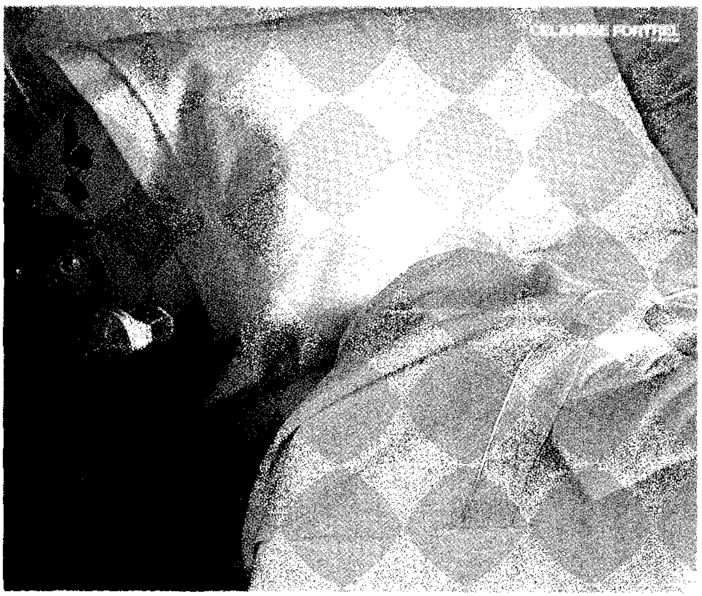

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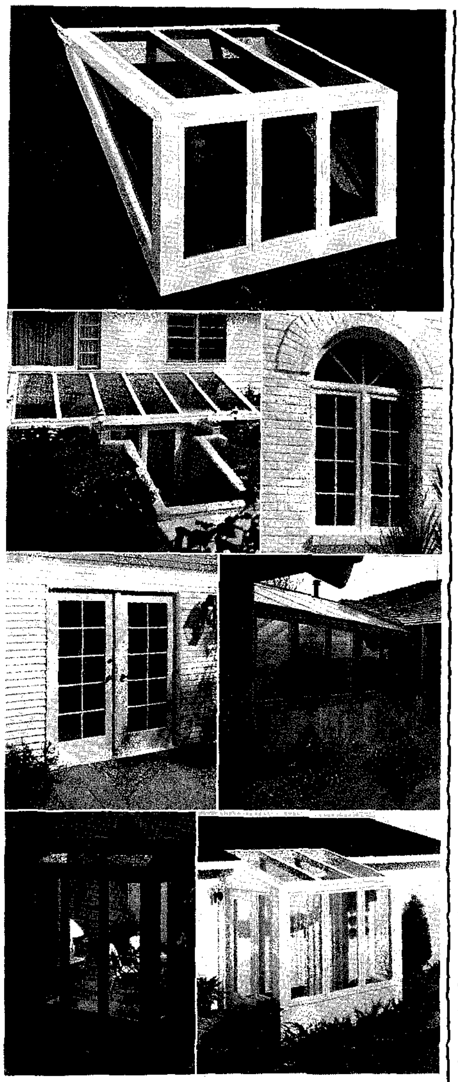

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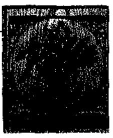
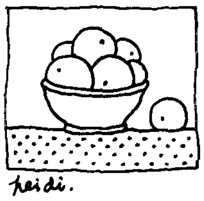


from the start; it was banned early in 1975, and the *Praxis* group, as they came to be known, were suspended from their university posts. They soon launched what they called "the flying university"—informal classes held in private homes. At the end of 1980, their contracts with the University of Belgrade were terminated, but after receiving widespread support from Western colleagues they were given permission to create an autonomous Center for Philosophy and Social Theory within the university's Institute of Social Science. Marković, who teaches philosophy and political- and social-science courses (including one on Marxism) at the University of Pennsylvania each fall, has for many years been openly critical of the regime. In a long conversation I had with him at his house in Belgrade, he particularly cited the weakness of the federal government in allowing, for years, "every republic to run a monopoly power system." The extreme decentralization of governmental power in the late sixties and the seventies created a "truly cancerous growth," of which Tito was fully aware, he said, but nothing was done, because Tito, as the sole arbiter, permitted his "hierarchical feudal fiefdoms" to spend as much as they wanted and to do as they pleased. "He became a Nasser," Marković said, "and the whole country was Nasserized." The overborrowing and overspending had been so flagrant that it might be too late to introduce "really effective structural reforms," he went on, noting that unless something was done soon "a real anger will erupt and the danger is that military hard-liners will take over."



Stojanović was equally pessimistic, though more reflective. "We are facing a deep general crisis that is more than economic and political—it is moral and spiritual," he said. "Our system, a liberal modification of the Soviet model, has exhausted its ability to meet the needs of the country. This has been true since the end of the sixties, but instead of pushing for real systemic changes the Party has been swinging back and forth between discipline and liberalism." Stojanović maintained that only the "radical democratization" of the Party could save the situation. "There can be no democratic socialism without institutional political pluralism," he said, but he noted that this did not mean that a multi-party system was necessary. "If the League of Communists creates its own internal democratic organization, it can survive and retain its legitimacy," he said, "and if it can somehow pull together the best people within it and on the outside, including youth and women to play catalytic roles, it can, unlike its Polish counterpart, keep the respect of the people. The Party has not yet played all its trumps."

Yugoslav dissidents like Marković and Stojanović survive thanks in part to their reputations and in part to their very outspokenness: because of their high visibility, the government generally chooses to ignore them. Unlike dissenters under most authoritarian regimes, especially in the Soviet Union, their condition is basically benign; a number of them can speak out as individuals with some latitude within Yugoslavia and are free to take trips and lecture abroad. However, the government has not allowed new critical journals to appear, and thus the handful of dissidents who are countenanced are effectively isolated. One surely cannot say that political freedom exists in Yugoslavia, or that political prisoners—of whom there are currently estimated to be from seven hundred to a thousand—are being treated gently. The situation is complicated in many ways. No one has forgotten that half of the one million seven hundred thousand Yugoslavs killed during the Second World War—eleven per cent of the population—were victims of other Yugoslavs. This fratricide was the result both of ethnic enmities and of the violent struggle between Tito's leftist partisans and the more conservative and partly royalist guerrilla forces led by Colonel Draža Mihailović. At the outset of the war, the two groups coöperated to some extent in opposing the German and Italian occupation, but Mihailović's forces then began to collaborate with the Nazis and the Fascists and fought against the partisans. The partisans prevailed, and Mihailović was executed in 1946 as a traitor. The further struggle caused by Tito's split with Stalin brought death or imprisonment to thousands more. The effects of this internecine strife are still palpable, and there is in the country an almost Asian sense of fatalism about death and severe punishment. And yet, despite the cruel infighting and the corruption that accompanied the rise to power of what Djilas described as the "new class" of politicians and bureaucrats, Yugoslav socialism today in many respects deserves the epithet conferred on it by doctrinaire Italian Communists—"*il socialismo borghese*," or, in effect, "middle-class socialism." There is indeed, as the Serbian poet Matija Bećković has written, a strong materialist drive, a "new illegal movement . . . for happiness, for a home with a garden full of flowers, for a bathroom full of tiles, for pep pills and deodorants." The consumer mentality that is so apparent in the shopping areas of the larger cities is due partly to Yugoslavia's fortunate—or perhaps unfortunate—geographical position and to its ability to walk a tightrope between East and West. Despite its high rate of inflation and the shortages of a number of staples, the country's standard of living is relatively high among Communist nations. Beyond liking to eat well and live well, Yugoslavs relish their leisure and enjoy sunning themselves on the scenic Dalmatian coast as much as foreign tourists do. At the same time, as an American friend of mine aptly observed, "they are often feisty and cussed," and in spite of the vast differences among them, which keep opening fissures in the society and the body politic, they are determined to go their own way as a united country. But their special form of socialism has succeeded—or, at least, survived—more because of style than substance: as most of their apologists concede, the old and somewhat shopworn catch phrases such as "brotherhood and unity" still satisfy them, and seem to be holding them together effectively in the absence of concrete new ideas and blueprints. In this sense, believing in themselves and in the validity of their harsh experience, they are—probably more than other Eastern European Communists—true revolutionary existentialists.

Much of this existentialism is expressed in their literature, which since the Second World War has forsaken an earlier regional lyricism for broader, more contemporary themes, including the traumatic events of the partisan and postwar periods. Undoubtedly as a result of their early break with Stalinism, the Yugoslavs to some extent escaped the strictures of socialist realism and the straitjacket of official censorship. This relative freedom has also resulted in the publication of much literature that has not appeared elsewhere in Eastern Europe or in the Soviet Union, including books by George Orwell, Alexander

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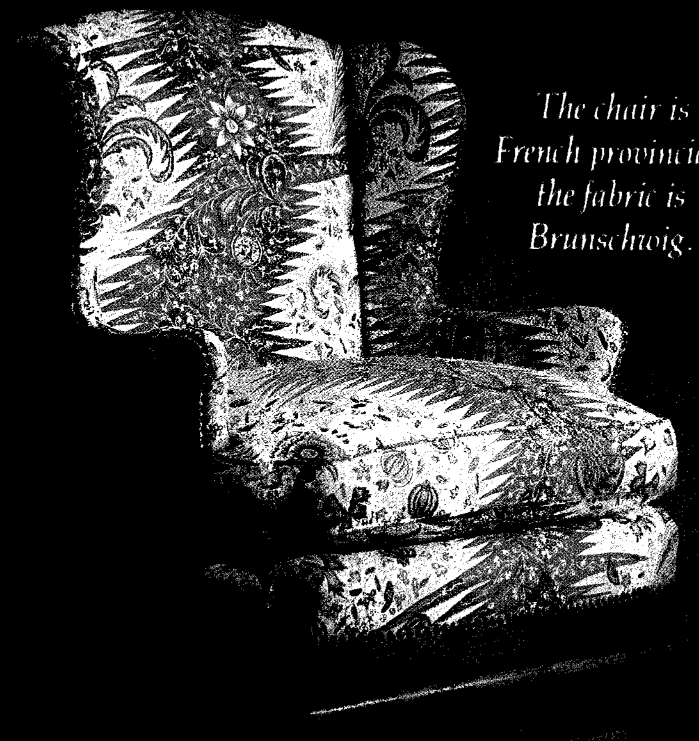

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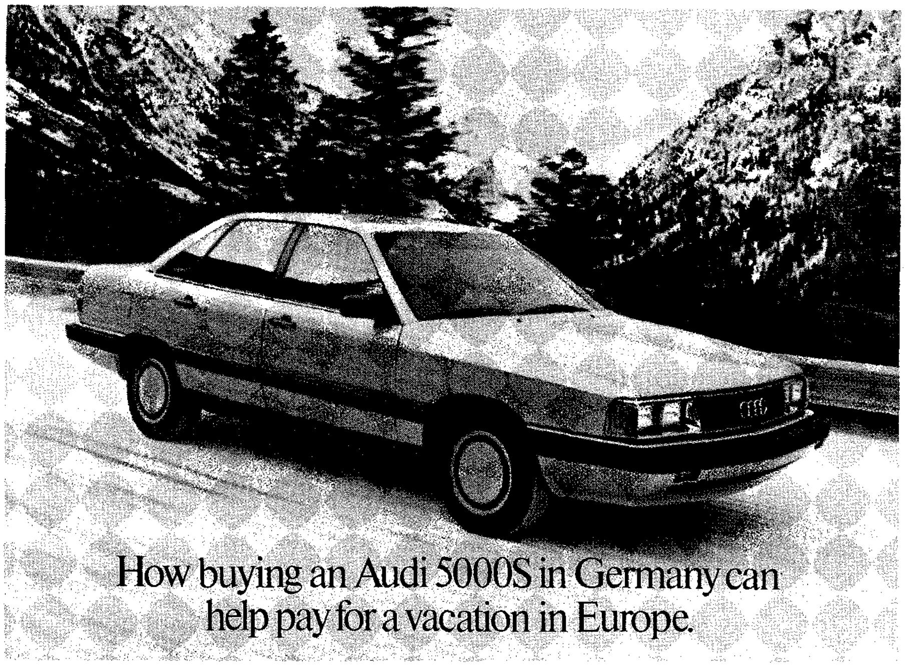
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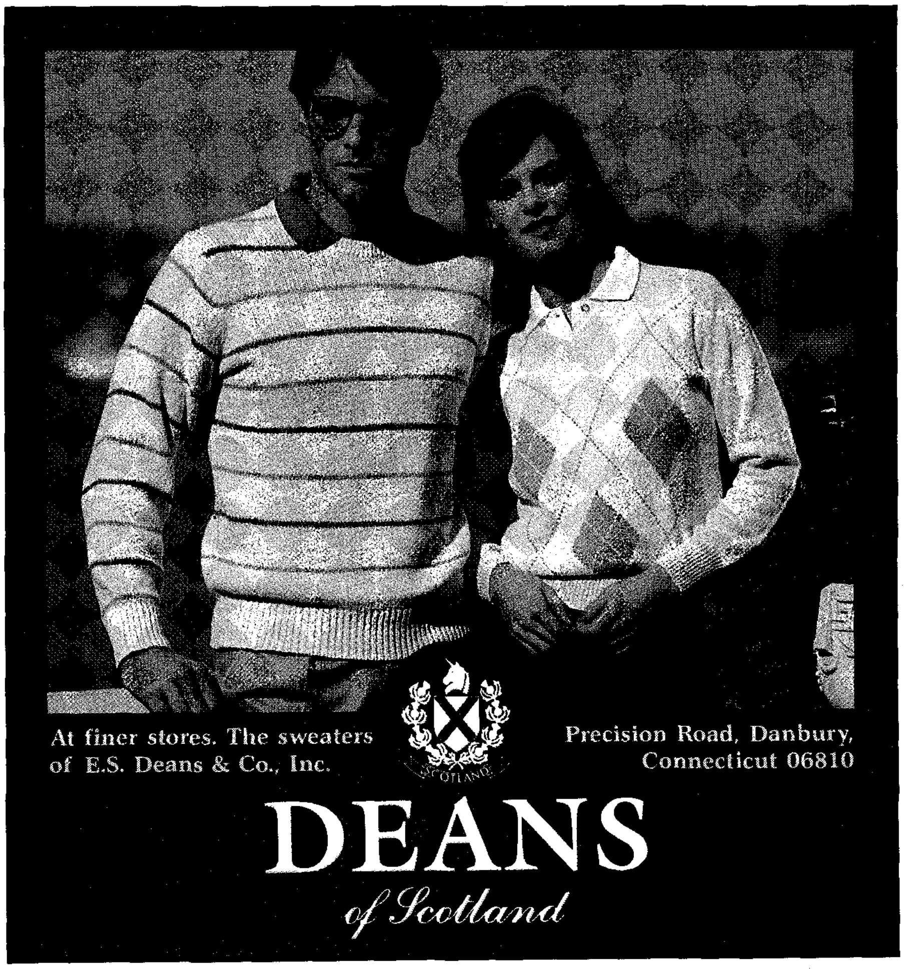
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Solzhenitsyn, and André Gide; the works of William Faulkner, Saul Bellow, and other best-selling American novelists, and of a variety of American playwrights, ranging from Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams to Neil Simon, are also widely read. Yugoslav social and political satire, much of it highly critical as well as amusing, has been disseminated for years, in a number of satirical journals such as the popular Belgrade magazine *Jež* ("hedgehog"). The satire is frequently directed against the increasing consumerism in the society, the spread of automation and mechanization, and the inanities of the bureaucracy, such as its inept handling of the shortage of housing. That the Yugoslavs have taken advantage of their comparatively open literary society is evidenced by the presence in bookstores of many buyers and browsers, not only in Belgrade but in the nation's other large cities as well.

THE country's best contemporary novelist, many believe, is Dobrica Ćosić, whose popular success allows him to write novels that are critical of both the present and the past and to express his opinions more freely than other Yugoslav writers. He is regarded by his contemporaries as the most outspoken of the "domestic" dissidents—in contrast to Djilas, whose writings are not published within the country. Ćosić, a Serb, is a compactly built man in his early sixties, with wavy, tousled white hair, who wears heavy horn-rimmed glasses. In recent years, he has gained a reputation as an essayist and satirist, but he remains best known, both at home and abroad—he is widely translated—for his panoramic historical novels, which deal principally with wartime and postwar Yugoslavia, and whose tragic and moral themes have evoked comparisons with Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. During an afternoon's conversation, he told me, "Like many European writers, I am preoccupied with history and human destiny—with ordinary, average individuals and their relation to historic events. Since I belong to a small people, whose history is tragic and whose enemies have always been stronger and bigger, I believe in the philosophy of survival. Literature for me is a road to awareness, and this is my basic inspiration. I'm engaged in writing a series of a dozen novels about human destiny in Yugoslavia, and I'm about halfway through. I've been lucky to have the love and support of a large readership, which has helped make me financially independent. So I'm a happy writer."

Ćosić was less enthusiastic about the state of Yugoslav society. "We've suffered a long period of lethargy," he said. "Our ideology has had a debilitating effect and has corrupted us. Our literature has been a reflection of our small-scale liberalism and small-scale freedoms—it demonstrates our false values and false standards. But I think a period of sobering up has begun. We're waking up and becoming aware of the seriousness of our situation. There is a new feeling of historical responsibility. Fortunately, we have gifted and talented writers, and I believe in the coming generation, though I also believe there are hard days ahead which will require a great deal of wisdom, courage, and patience. We face a period of social fermentation and perhaps a social explosion, but, as Machiavelli wisely said, when a state is in crisis one should turn back to one's sources. In our case, that means returning to the perennial sources of our federalism. We have to do away with the national oligarchies that have acquired such enormous power, and recover the aims and ideas that inspired the national war of liberation."

Matija Bećković, with whom I also spoke, is twenty years younger than Ćosić, and is known for his witty and often acerbic social and political commentaries as well as for his poetry. Like Ćosić, he believes that Yugoslavia has emerged from a period of "barren official optimism" and that "we are beginning to do our best to tell the world our story." Bećković has done considerable research in linguistics, anthropology, and archeology, and feels that "our oral tradition is far more valuable than our literary tradition." He told me, "Our past is so eventful that we don't need much imagination. All we have to do is pick up things from it. But we went through a long period of social asceticism, when our literature was meaningless. We looked too much to others instead of to ourselves. Our writing was artificial and barren, like a window full of flowers with nothing behind it. It's true that after every revolution people start stammering and stuttering—even the best writers must start anew. It takes a while to overcome the trauma of revolution, to begin thinking normally again, to become objective, to analyze and comprehend." Even more of a traditionalist

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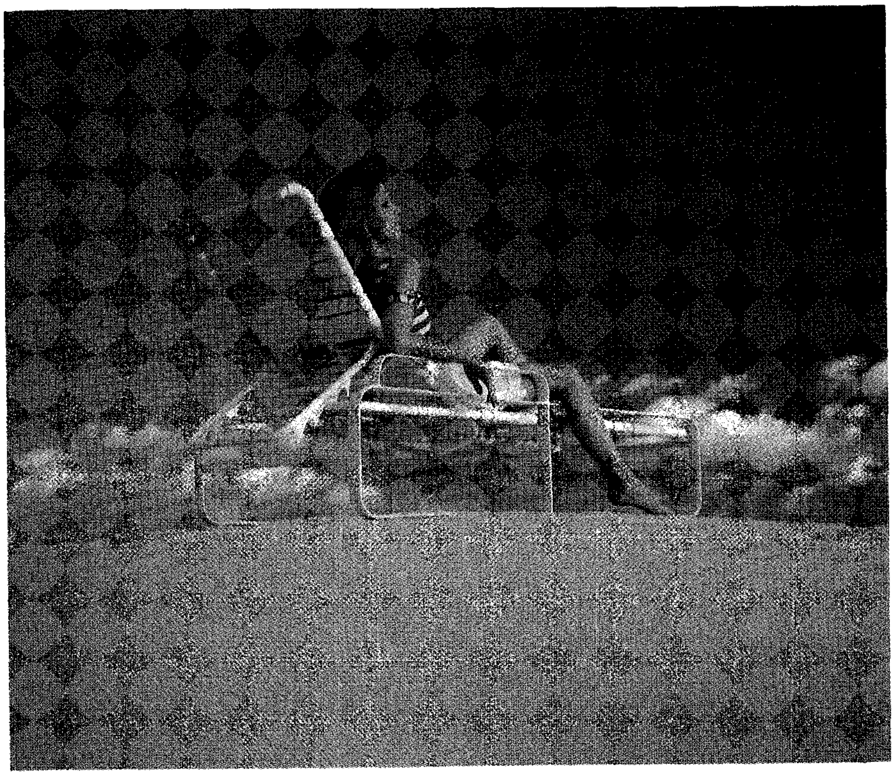
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than Ćosić, Bećković believes that the Yugoslav search for identity is "a search for the historical past and a quest to determine the future." As a member of the postwar generation, he feels that "one of our greatest problems was the civil war" and that "the only way to achieve a brighter future is to overcome so much blood and so many victims." Bećković believes that writers fill an exorcising role. "If we write about the tragic and traumatic aspects of the past, such things won't be repeated," he said. Government officials, on the other hand, "resist the opening of windows to dispel darkness." Poets are "the true soldier-priests of language," because "poetry can best preserve language in all its wealth, innocence, and purity" and "every word is a national monument in itself." He went on to say, "We should not be surprised that many revolutions come into conflict with language. Even people's names are changed, in order to destroy links between the present and the past, to destroy traditions. But your name is not only your name. It has its own past, its long history, its long biography."

While writers like Ćosić and Bećković—and they are only two of many in Yugoslavia today—are not active dissidents in the sense of being politically engaged, they are dissidents in principle: they hold opinions that are unorthodox. The fact that they are tolerated and, for the most part, permitted to speak and write as they wish attests to the relative freedom in the country compared with the situation in other Communist nations. The whole question of freedom and dissent confounds the Yugoslavs as much as it puzzles outside observers; it is a picture that remains unclear and subject to constant refocussing. Dusko Doder, who was born in Yugoslavia in 1937, emigrated to the United States in 1952, and, twenty-one years later, returned to his native country as a correspondent for the Washington *Post*, summed up the prevailing mood five years ago in a provocative book called "The Yugoslavs." "Switching from a Soviet-style controlled economy to workers' self-management and a free market, the regime introduced a degree of freedom and restrained its political police," he wrote. "After the postwar years, when it was ruled through *fear* backed by force, the system evolved into one based on *hope* backed by force." The fact that now, for the first time, Yugoslav socialism is being pushed by economic imperatives to confront in a more direct way the need for political reform may be cited as a cause for further hope, though there are many who, like Djilas, doubt whether the challenge will be met realistically. The circumstances that affect the Party's permissiveness are still unpredictable. After the dismissal, in 1966, of Aleksandar Ranković, the country's hard-line vice-president, the state security police he controlled grew less repressive, though sporadic nationalist demonstrations and movements, most notably the "mass movement" in Croatia in 1970 and 1971, resulted in numerous arrests and convictions, more than five hundred of them in that republic alone. As the seventies continued, hundreds of people—most of them in Croatia, Kosovo, and Bosnia-Herzegovina—were convicted of "Cominformist" sympathies or activities, of various crimes "endangering the territorial integrity and the independence of Yugoslavia," or of spreading "hostile propaganda." According to Amnesty International, which in 1982 published a report on "prisoners of conscience" in Yugoslavia, the number of prosecutions for alleged political offenses increased after Tito's death. Early in 1981, the federal public prosecutor disclosed that five hundred and fifty-three people were accused of political crimes in the country during 1980, virtually all of them charged with "verbal offenses," mostly minor ones that led to only a month or two of imprisonment. But then, beginning in the spring of 1981, prosecutors were instructed to take more strenuous action against political offenses, and that year in Kosovo alone, according to official figures, more than eight hundred local Albanians were arrested and convicted. Amnesty International says that at least two thousand were arrested in the province in 1981. About half of these were held briefly for petty offenses, or fined; most of the rest were sentenced to terms ranging from one to fifteen years.

THE disturbances that took place in Kosovo in March and April of 1981, following two years of growing unrest in the province, were the most violent since the separatist outbreaks in Croatia a decade before. The Kosovo uprising is regarded as more serious in some respects than the Croatian affair, for it represented a greater threat to the cherished and fragile concept of Yugoslav unity. And the situation in the province remains dangerous be-

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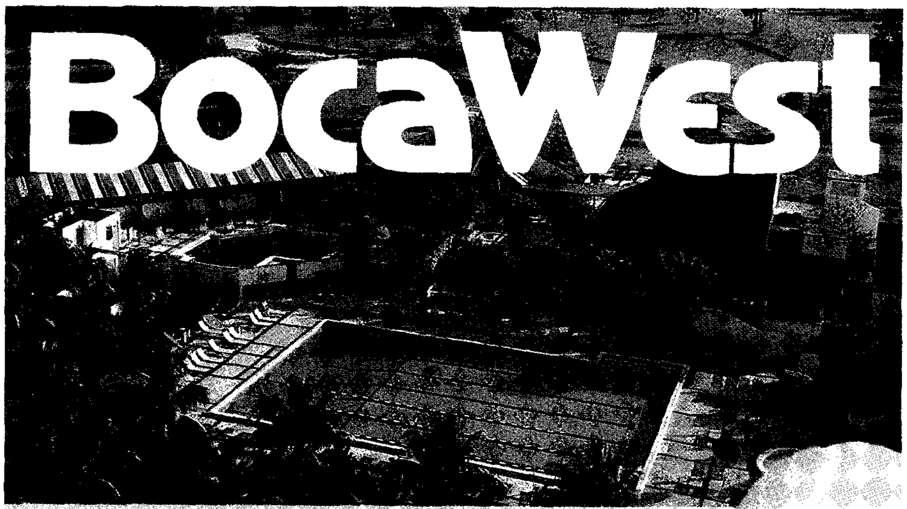

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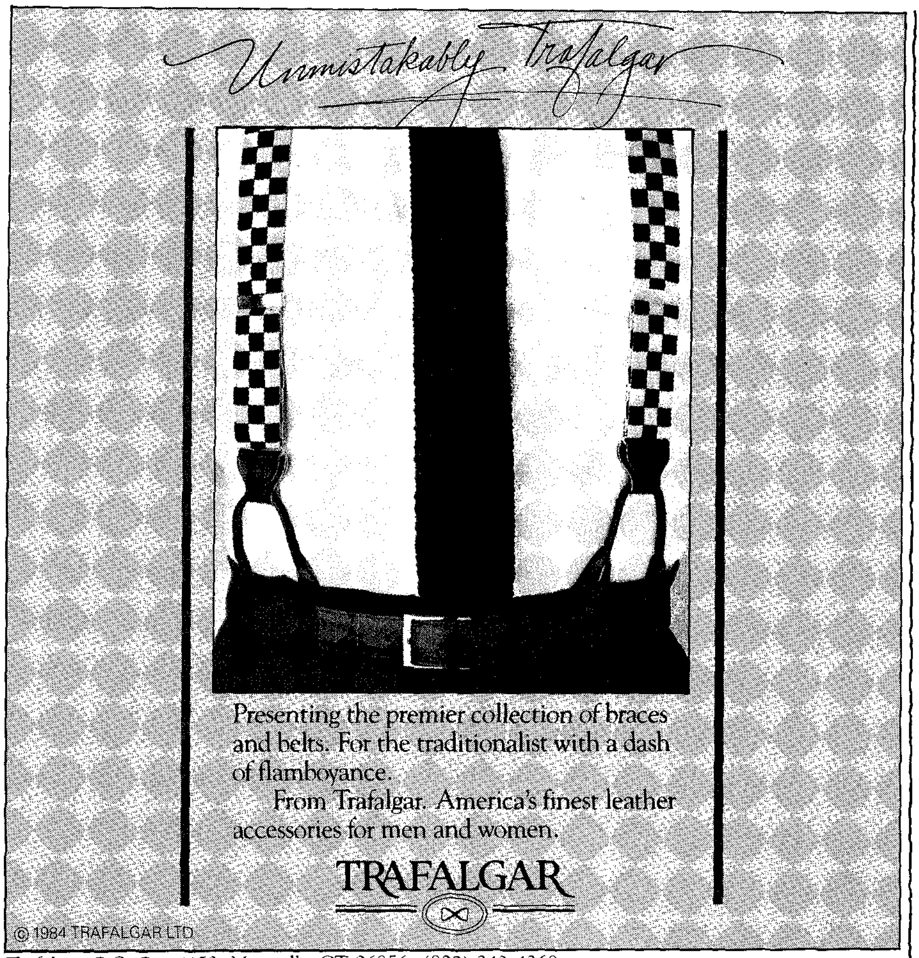
cause it could provoke a direct confrontation with neighboring Albania, thus threatening the peace and stability of the whole shaky Balkan region.

Albania was created as a nation following the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 and the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, under which the Albanians had endured four hundred and fifty years of harsh Turkish occupation. A largely tribal people, mostly Muslim, they survived precariously between the two world wars as a combination of loose mountain tribal fiefdoms, ruled from 1925 to 1939 by the colorful Ahmed Bey Zogu, or King Zog, as he was known. The Italians occupied Albania during the Second World War, and from 1944 until 1948 it was in tenuous alliance with Yugoslavia. When the Yugoslavs broke with the Soviet Union, Albania became the most Stalinist nation in Eastern Europe, until 1961, when its own split with the Russians took place. The Chinese, having themselves just broken with Moscow, moved into the vacuum, and their Cultural Revolution had its counterpart in Albania, but by the seventies the Chinese influence had waned. Recently, Peking has been making fresh overtures to Tirana, but the Albanians seem determined nowadays to go their own way, as a nonaligned country. Under their enduring dictator, Enver Hoxha, they still boastfully claim to be the only totally atheistic and truly Marxist-Leninist state in the world. Albania has a population of two and a half million, but nearly eighty per cent of Kosovo's million and a half people are Albanians, and so are four hundred thousand people who live in the neighboring Yugoslav republics of Macedonia and Montenegro. Thus, about two-fifths of all Albanians live in Yugoslavia, and proportionately they form the world's largest group of irredentists. The Hoxha government either wants them to be incorporated outright into what it calls Greater Albania or wants Kosovo's status to be changed from an autonomous province of Serbia to a full republic of Yugoslavia, which would give it the legal right to secede. It could then join Albania on its own. The Yugoslavs, given their delicate geopolitical balance, tend to regard Kosovo as an Achilles' heel that, with Soviet encouragement, could conceivably lead to the federal government's disintegration. To complicate matters further, the Serbs and the Montenegrins, who are ethnic and political "cousins,"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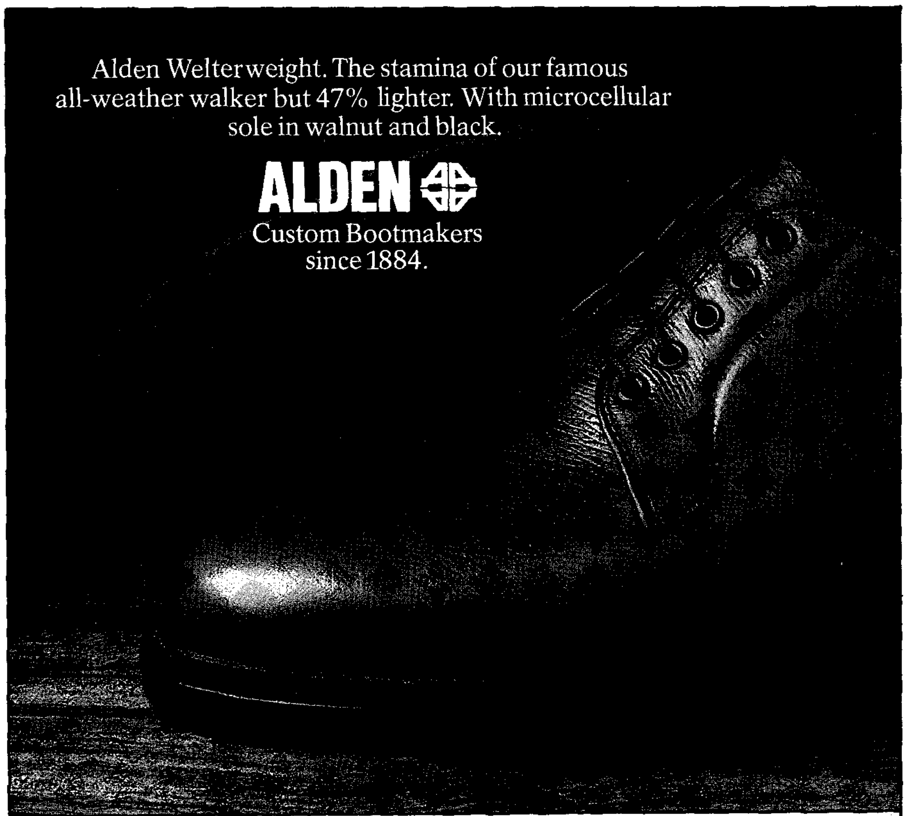
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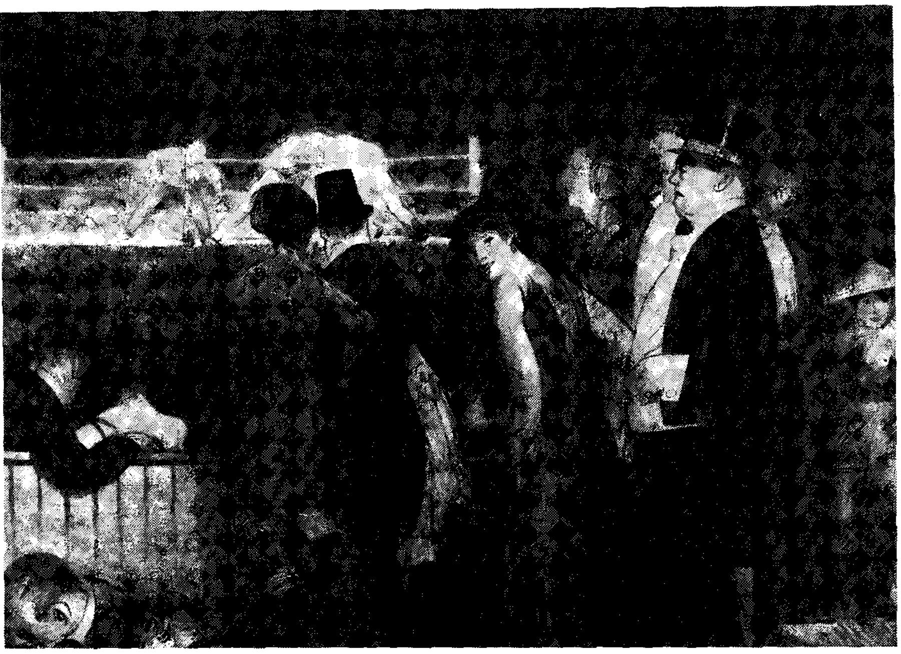
would like to reëstablish control over Kosovo, which they dominated for centuries. At least twenty thousand people, mostly Serbs, have voluntarily left or been forced to leave Kosovo in the past few years; many have been subjected to economic and political pressures by the increasingly dominant local Albanians, who, among other things, have forced the emigrating Serbs to sell their property for less than its value. The desire of the Serbs to regain their hegemony in Kosovo, coupled with the Greater Albania thrust, produces a contending irredentism. Belgrade is also concerned over a recent increase in anti-Serbian Islamic nationalism in Bosnia-Herzegovina, where the Muslims—forty per cent of the population—are predominant and have enjoyed a special status since 1963, when Tito accorded them recognition as a distinct national entity. While they appear to have no ties to the Muslims in Albania, their movement is a reflection of the fundamentalist Islamic revival generated in Iran and could constitute another threat to Yugoslav unity. After a long trial last July and August, a dozen Muslim activists were found guilty of counter-revolutionary activity and were sentenced to terms ranging from six months to fifteen years.

DURING a visit some months ago to Priština, the capital of Kosovo and a city of two hundred thousand people, I saw few signs of tension or trouble; however, in talking with provincial officials, and in watching the crowds on the Corso, Priština's main street, I had the feeling that beneath the seeming calm was a latent explosiveness that could easily again be triggered, either spontaneously or by a planned incident like the Albanian student demonstrations at the University of Priština which set off riots in the spring of 1981. Ensuing demonstrations and strikes throughout the province were accompanied by sporadic acts of violence, which included the desecration of Serbian graves and monuments. Territorial troops and police reinforcements from other areas had to be summoned, and eventually Army units with tanks were sent in. It was the first time in the history of the Yugoslav Socialist Federal Republic that a state of emergency covering a whole federal unit had been declared. Most of the provincial leaders, among them the Party boss, an Albanian named Mahmut Bakali, resigned or were forced to quit, because of their



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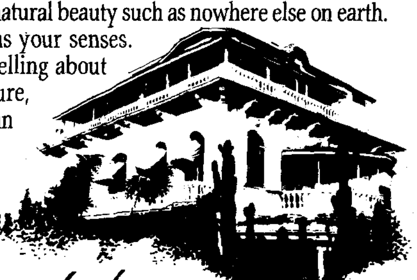

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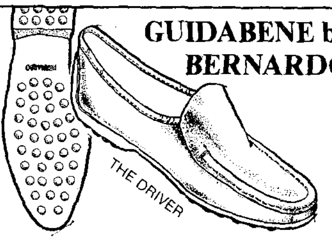

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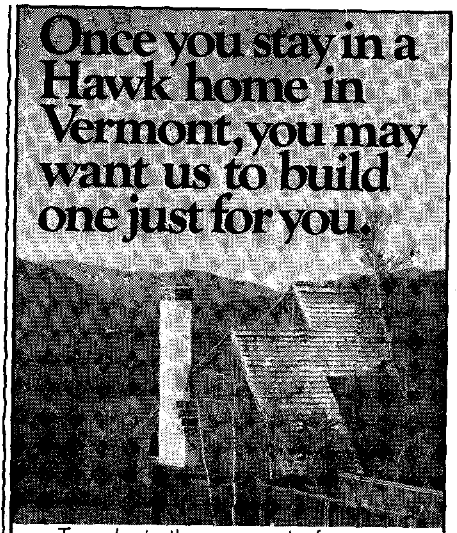
failure to alert Belgrade to the growing nationalist problem and to the flagging, mismanaged economy. The press in Albania reacted quickly, trumpeting the nationalist cause and decrying the "exploitation" of the Albanian majority by a "despotic Serbian minority." What puzzled and worried the Yugoslavs most was the welcome that Albanians in Priština and elsewhere in Kosovo accorded the demonstrations. The central government, having prided itself on its ability to bring together disparate ethnic and religious groups, now wondered what might happen next to disrupt national unity, given the display of enthusiasm that the unappealing Hoxha dictatorship, with its near-total deprivation of liberties, had evoked.

On the Corso at dusk—motor traffic is banned along the avenue each evening between six and eight—the Albanians and the Serbs kept pretty much to themselves, though it was not true, as I had been told, that they moved up and down separate sides of the street and left the middle a no man's land. It was not hard to detect the differences in dress—many of the Albanian men wore the traditional white felt skullcap—or in language. For the most part, the drifting crowd seemed to occupy itself as similar crowds do all over the world, gossiping, gazing at store-window displays, and buying snacks or trinkets from street venders. Like other faraway cities in the same obscure historical time frame, Priština is undergoing a burst of modernization: half a dozen new, high-rise buildings dominate the downtown scene, and gleaming shopping malls and supermarkets mix incongruously with the old frame houses and the pushcarts selling steamed chunks of mutton. In the noisy lobby of the six-year-old Grand Hotel, teen-agers in tight-fitting jeans and decorative shirts hold forth until well past midnight, as they might almost anywhere else in the world.

The provincial officials I spoke with, including the head of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, stressed that Kosovo was eager to reach an agreement with Albania on scientific, cultural, and educational exchanges as well as on increased trade (Albania's main export to Yugoslavia at present is electric power). So far, however, the Albanians have kept their distance, and have also refused to discuss larger questions of mutual concern, such as whether Albania will formally join the group of nonaligned nations. Some of-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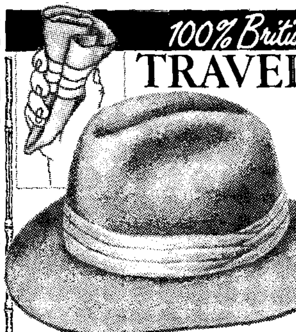

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ficials acknowledged that Albanians in Kosovo, urged on by Tirana, were still distributing nationalist propaganda leaflets and scribbling graffiti on buildings. Ilija Vakić, the president of the Executive Council, which is the province's cabinet, told me, "We have accepted Albania's challenge to our internal affairs and we are warning our public about the intentions of the Hoxha government. The situation is stable, though we still have problems of underdevelopment and unemployment, and our birthrate remains much too high. But we are improving our educational and health facilities and opening up some new industrial plants, including one for thermal power and one for processing our ferronickel deposits. We have many other valuable mineral deposits, but we need time and technology to develop them." Vakić, who is himself a Serb, claimed that the rate of Serbian and Montenegrin emigration from Kosovo was diminishing, but this was contrary to reports I heard in Belgrade both from Yugoslav and from American sources. All in all, if things seemed somewhat quieter than they had been in 1981, it was apparent that Albanian nationalism was still very much an issue in Kosovo, especially among students and intellectuals, and that the economic situation, while it had also improved, had not yet reached the point where the local Albanian population was convinced that it was better off under the Yugoslavs than it might be under the Albanians.

MACEDONIA, the most Eastern-oriented and in some ways the most unusual of the eight components of Yugoslavia, lies just south of Kosovo and borders on Greece, Albania, and Bulgaria, each of which at one time or another has laid claim to some or all of it. The Macedonians are probably closer in racial or tribal ancestry to the Bulgarians than to any other people, but they don't like to admit it, and they regard the Bulgarian threat to their territory as the most serious. Having suffered three centuries of Byzantine and six centuries of Turkish rule, the Macedonians have made up for whatever they may lack in national, cultural, and linguistic identity by a strong, carefully nurtured pride and independence, which have led them—especially over the past hundred years—to develop their own institutions and to revive their dormant language and literature. Their majestic mountains and valleys and beautiful

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rivers and lakes seem to enhance this patriotic faith in themselves, but at the same time—more than any of the other members of Yugoslavia's polyglot population, with the possible exception of the Serbs—the Macedonians are staunch supporters of the Yugoslavian federation. They have benefitted from it economically and in other respects, but, most important, they realize that if Yugoslavia should fall apart they would almost surely be swallowed up by their hungry and contentious neighbors. Macedonia is a linchpin in the southern Balkans, close to outlets to the Aegean and the Mediterranean and situated athwart the ancient trade routes to the Middle East and South Asia, and the Macedonians are well aware that they have persevered along one of the world's most dangerous political fault lines. It seems in keeping with their character that they have also survived on top of an equally dangerous network of geological fault lines.

Skopje, the republic's capital, is a new, attractive city of more than half a million, the third largest in Yugoslavia; it stretches for fourteen miles through a valley along the banks of the Vardar River, at the foot of Black Mountain. Skopje is twice the size it was twenty years ago, when a severe earthquake destroyed eighty per cent of its buildings. Eleven hundred and seventy people were killed and thirty-five hundred were injured in the quake, which occurred shortly after five o'clock on the morning of July 26, 1963; had it not been summer, with much of the population away on vacation, the death toll would have been far higher. Since then, the city has experienced about three thousand tremors, some of them severe—a bad one occurred a fortnight before my arrival—and there exists among the city's residents the same quiet fatalism that one notes in other earthquake-prone places, such as Tokyo. Stoically accepting the fact that a quake could take place at any time, they point with pride and awe, if with a certain trepidation, to tall new buildings that are supposed to be earthquake-proof in foundation and framework. Hundreds of millions of dollars were spent on the reconstruction of Skopje—a reconstruction that not only changed its whole appearance but turned it into a modern industrial city. Most of the money came from within Yugoslavia, but eighty-three nations in all, including the United States, made contribu-

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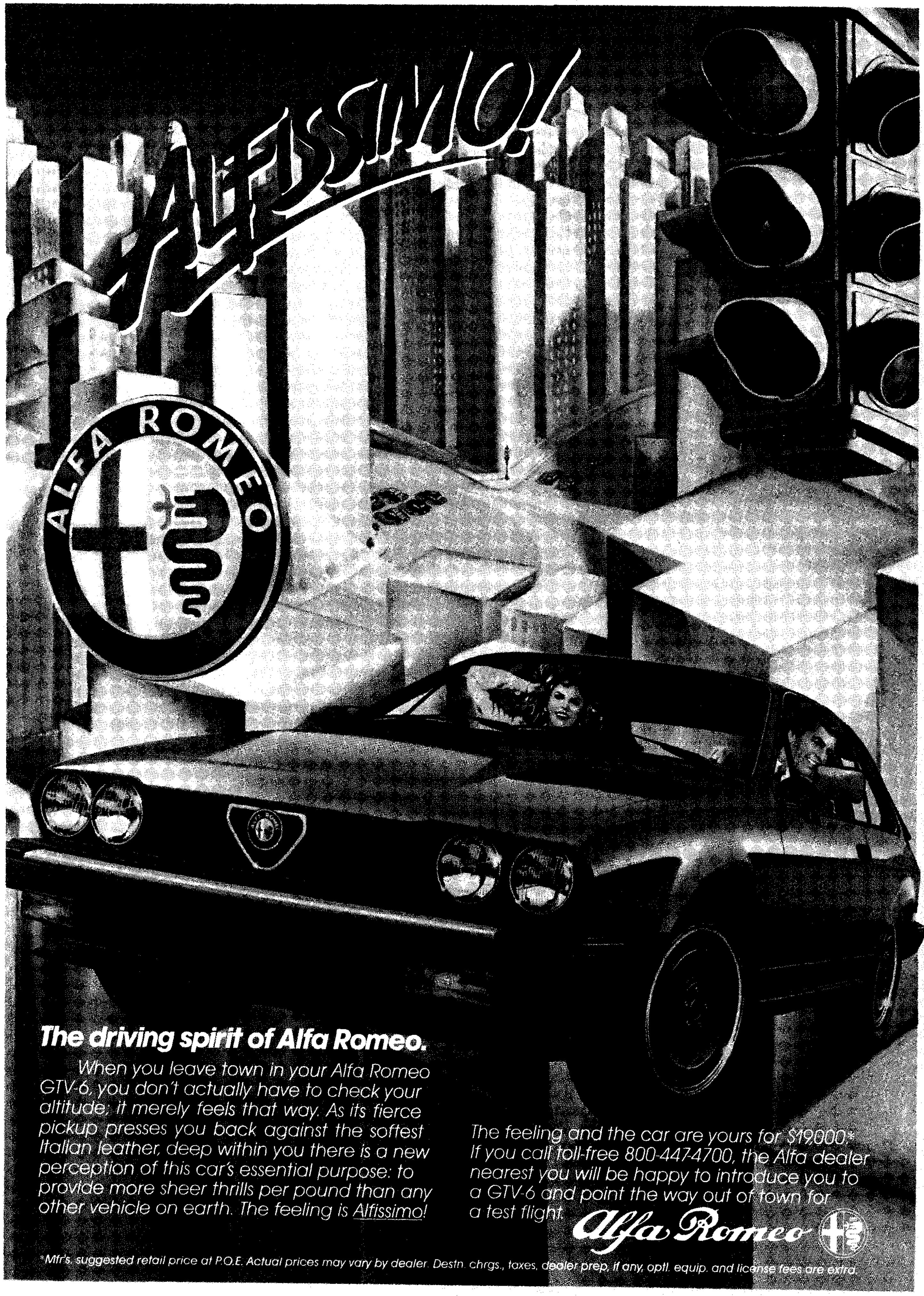

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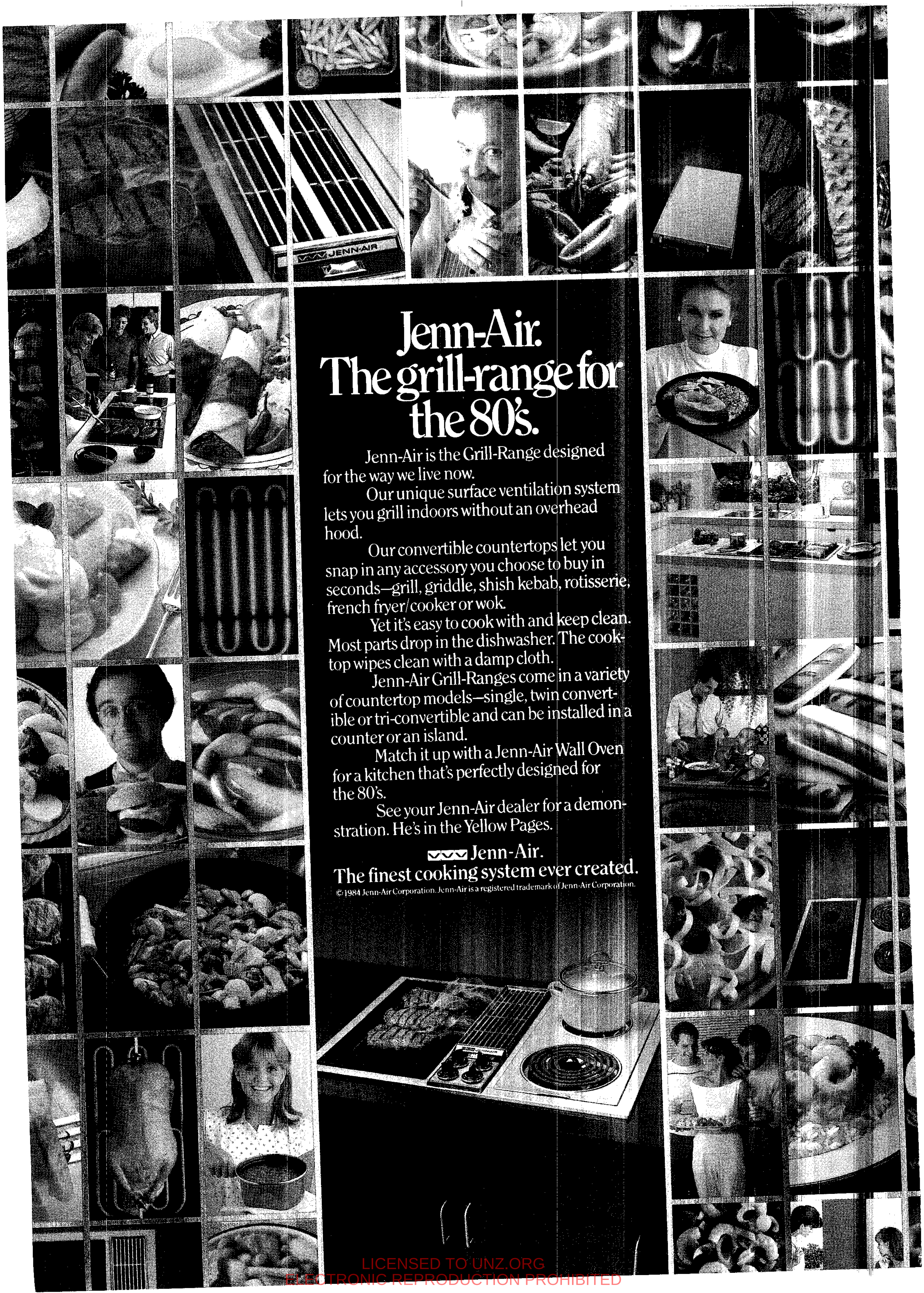

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tions. An Institute of Earthquake Engineering and Seismology has been established in the center of town, and the Macedonians consult regularly with the Japanese and others on seismological matters. A Japanese architect, Kenzo Tange, helped supervise the urban planning after the earthquake and designed a striking new open-air railway station at the top of a long slope. The old station below it was turned into an earthquake museum, though only one wall is left standing. Photographs and drawings show the city before and immediately after the quake, and its growth over the past two decades.

About a third of Skopje's population now works in new industrial enterprises, which include steel, nickel, tin, chrome, and chemical plants; textile, furniture, and leather factories; a food-processing unit; and an oil refinery. Long blocks of apartment houses have been built for the workers, though some emergency prefabricated homes erected just after the earthquake are still in use. All in all, the city has a bustling air of prosperity, but the appearance is somewhat misleading. Stojan Andov, Macedonia's vice-president for economics, summed up the situation: "Energy and technology are our two big problems," he said. "We don't have enough of either." Macedonia hopes to coöperate with Serbia, which borders it on the north, in developing coal resources and building thermal power stations, and it wants to construct its own hydroelectric power grid; but all this costs money. Obtaining technology from competing countries poses another difficulty, and so do restrictions imposed by those countries on Macedonia's exports. "Thirty-five per cent of our exports still go to the Eastern-bloc countries and the Soviet Union," Andov said. "This is about the national average, and, of course, it's too high. It doesn't bring us hard currency. But we don't have much of a choice, because other markets are virtually closed to us, and we import a lot from the East. Much depends on how our products are accepted in the West in the future. We also have to develop smaller markets as alternatives and build small enterprises along with the large ones. Traditionally, we've concentrated on agriculture, and now we have to improve and modernize that as well, and not just depend on industry. We have to protect our manpower, including our educated workers coming back from abroad. That means making room for

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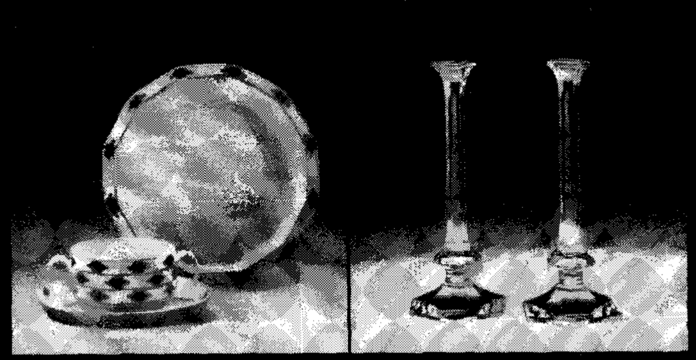

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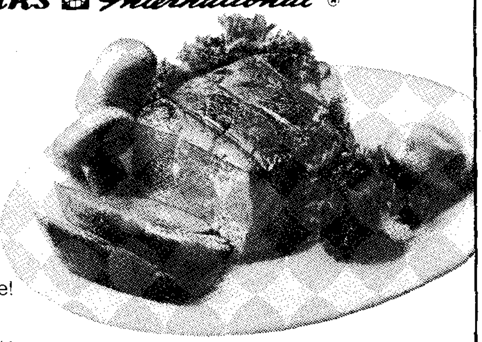

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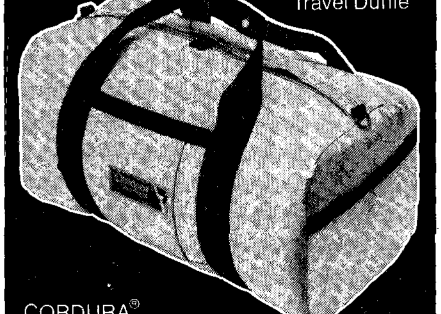

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Per-capita income in Macedonia in 1982 was only one thousand dollars a year—fifty per cent higher than Kosovo's but only a quarter of Slovenia's. This sort of inequality continues to be one of Yugoslavia's biggest problems. Another is the funding of development programs. The richer republics supply most of their own funds for development and are now starting joint projects with foreign companies, but raising money is much harder for poor areas like Macedonia and Kosovo, which must depend heavily on foreign loans and on a federal funding program, whereby the better-off republics and the federal government allocate funds on a percentage basis each year for development of the poorer regions. Last year, Macedonia and Kosovo together received more than five hundred million dollars—about half of the program's total. Slovenia, Croatia, and Serbia, the three most prosperous republics, resent extending any aid to their less fortunate neighbors, so the arrangement heightens nationalist antipathies, though such coöperation and mutual support are supposed to bind the country together. "When it comes to money, the idea of brotherhood and unity doesn't always work," a Macedonian journalist named Slobodan Čašule told me.

Čašule's father, Kole Čašule, is one of Macedonia's best-known novelists and playwrights. A retired diplomat of sixty-two, who has managed to divide his time between writing and diplomacy, he was one of twelve young Macedonians who started the partisan movement in the area, in the fall of 1941, and he has remained an ardent nationalist; much of his writing deals with Macedonia's bitter fight for freedom against the Turks. "The Macedonians have the longest history, and the longest record of slavery, in Europe," he told me as we sat in his apartment in Skopje, over bowls of delicious local raspberries soaked in plum brandy. "After we were finally liberated from the Turks, in 1912, Macedonia was divided into three parts. The two largest parts went to Greece and to the kingdom of Serbia, and the smallest went to Bulgaria. The Serbian part later became the republic of Macedonia, and we exist now only in the context of Yugoslavia. If Yugoslavia disappears, we are bound to be faced with genocide. Two parts of our republic are outside Yugoslavia today, in Greece and Bulgaria, and

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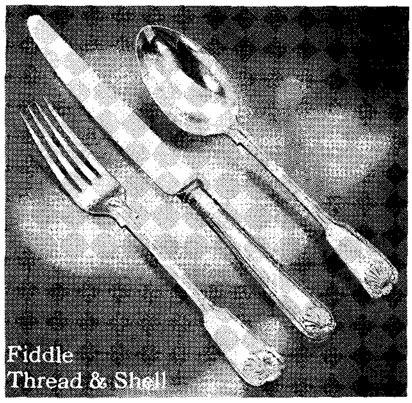

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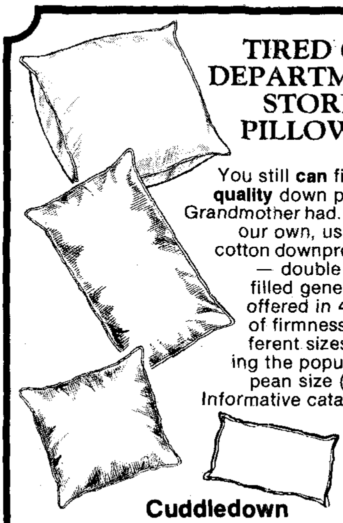

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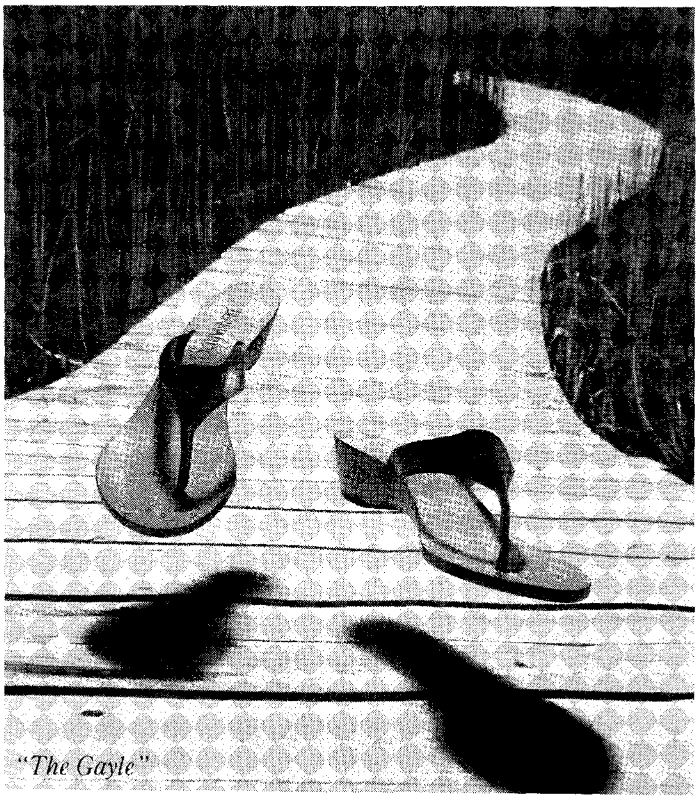
scores of thousands of other Macedonians are scattered all over the world, many of them in the United States, Canada, and Australia. We're probably the most odd-man-out member of the Yugoslav federation, but we're also the most optimistic, and maybe that's the best proof that the idea of federation works. We have many good writers and painters and composers. They're known everywhere in the world, not only as Macedonians but as Yugoslavs."

After my visit with his father, Slobodan Čašule and I took a walk around town. Macedonia's population of two million is two-thirds Macedonian and only one-fifth Albanian, so Albanian nationalism is a relatively minor issue, and the Albanians are far less obtrusive than they are in Kosovo. Most of the Turks in Yugoslavia are in Macedonia—about eighty-five thousand, or five per cent of the republic's population—and the majority live in or around Skopje. They are concentrated in a neighborhood of cobblestoned streets near the city market, where they have their own shops, restaurants, and mosques. Despite the historic enmity among the Turks, the Albanians, and the Macedonians, relations are generally peaceful, though occasionally arguments and fights break out. Macedonia also has some forty thousand gypsies—almost a third of the total in Yugoslavia—and it is the only republic that has officially recognized them as a minority ethnic group. They attend their own schools and speak their own language—Romany, called Rom for short—and they have their own newspaper and their own theatre. The gypsies tend to circulate more than the Turks, but since the 1963 earthquake most of them have been living in a pleasant wooded area north of town called the Valley of Happiness.

THE republic of Croatia, in western Yugoslavia, is shaped like a fishhook. The long, dangling hook is the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic Sea, and its southernmost point is not far from the Albanian border and lies parallel to Priština, in Kosovo. Zagreb, Croatia's capital and Yugoslavia's second largest city, is in the head of the hook, in the far north, close to the Hungarian and Austrian borders. The Croats constitute three-quarters of this republic's more than four and a half million population, half of the rest being Serbs; they have had a mixed history. The northern



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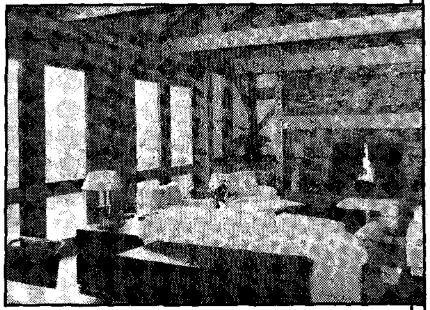

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region was initially Frankish and was for centuries under Hungarian rule and influence, while Dalmatia at one time or another has been Byzantine, Hungarian, Venetian, Slavonic, French, and Austrian. In the heyday of Croatian power, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, a Dalmatian king, Tomislav, and his heirs ruled not only Croatia but much of Bosnia under a papal blessing. Dalmatia's annual tourist influx is as multinational as the region's background, and Dubrovnik, its centerpiece, remains one of the world's loveliest vacation spots. Last year, some ten million visitors went to the Dalmatian coast, of whom about two-thirds were Yugoslavs.

I visited Zagreb after I had been to Priština and Skopje, and my first reaction—a not untypical one—was of having crossed into another country altogether. The principal features of the upper part of the city are two medieval fortresses: one of them was erected in the thirteenth century against the Turks, and the other, an ecclesiastical fortification, was erected in the sixteenth century by the Roman Catholic Church. (Eighty-five per cent of the republic's population is Roman Catholic.) Many well-preserved buildings in the upper city date back to the Middle Ages and are now museums and galleries, or academies of art, theatre, and music. The view from the topmost hill down to the new city and its many squares and parks, and beyond to the expansive floodplain and farms of the Sava River valley, is one of the most magnificent in Yugoslavia. The city's lower half was built in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and its architecture is mostly German and Austrian baroque, or neo-Gothic. The whole appearance and tone of Zagreb—its restaurants and coffee houses, its outdoor market and flower stalls, its fashionable shops —is Western European and bourgeois. Despite the economic pinch that everyone complains about, the streets and shops when I was there were all crowded. Zagreb is one of Yugoslavia's principal manufacturing centers, producing everything from heavy machinery to pharmaceuticals and processed foods, but the prosperity of the place bespeaks more than that. A friend of mine who is an American diplomat commented, "There's a lot of fat here and a huge safety net of supplementary income. A lot of wives work, and many of the men moonlight, especially those who have returned from abroad with mechanical

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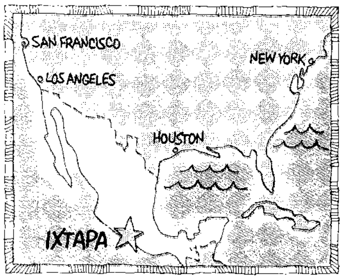

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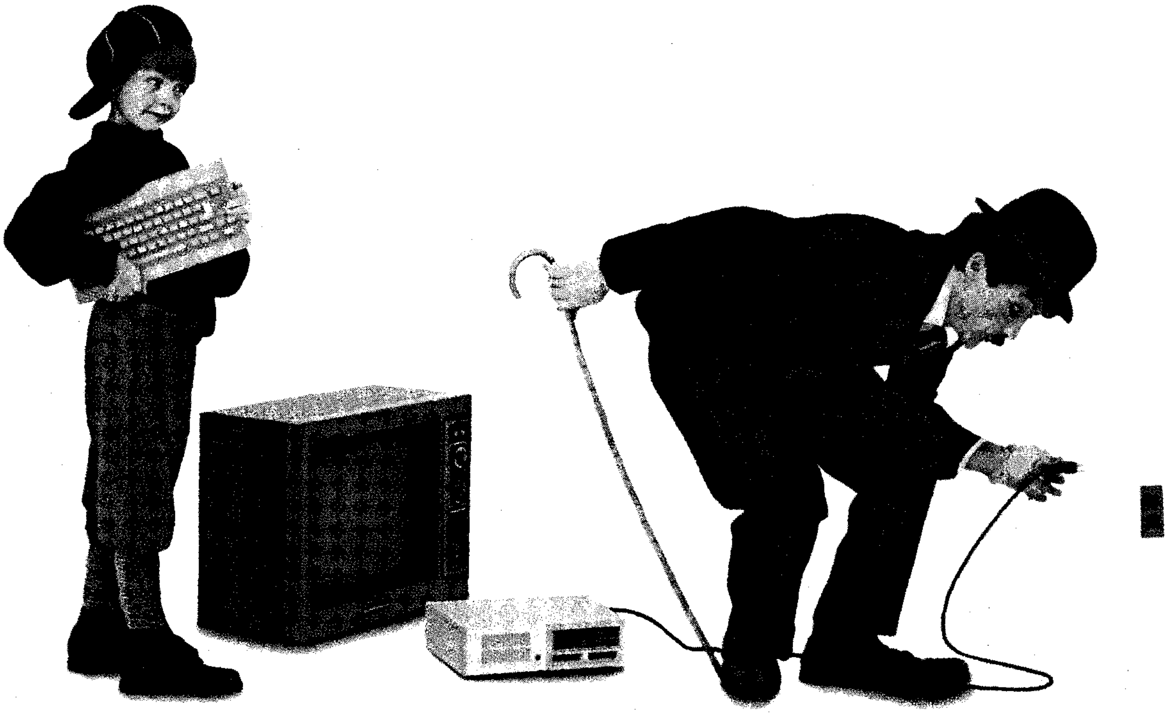

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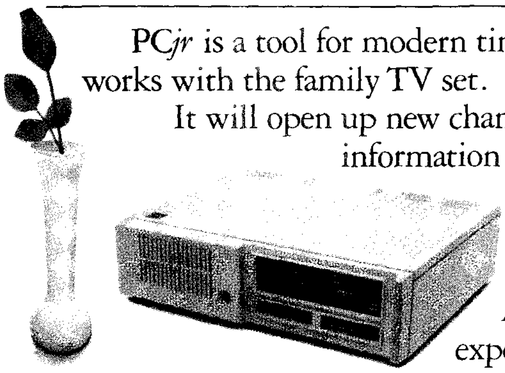

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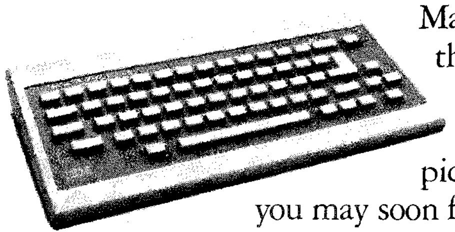

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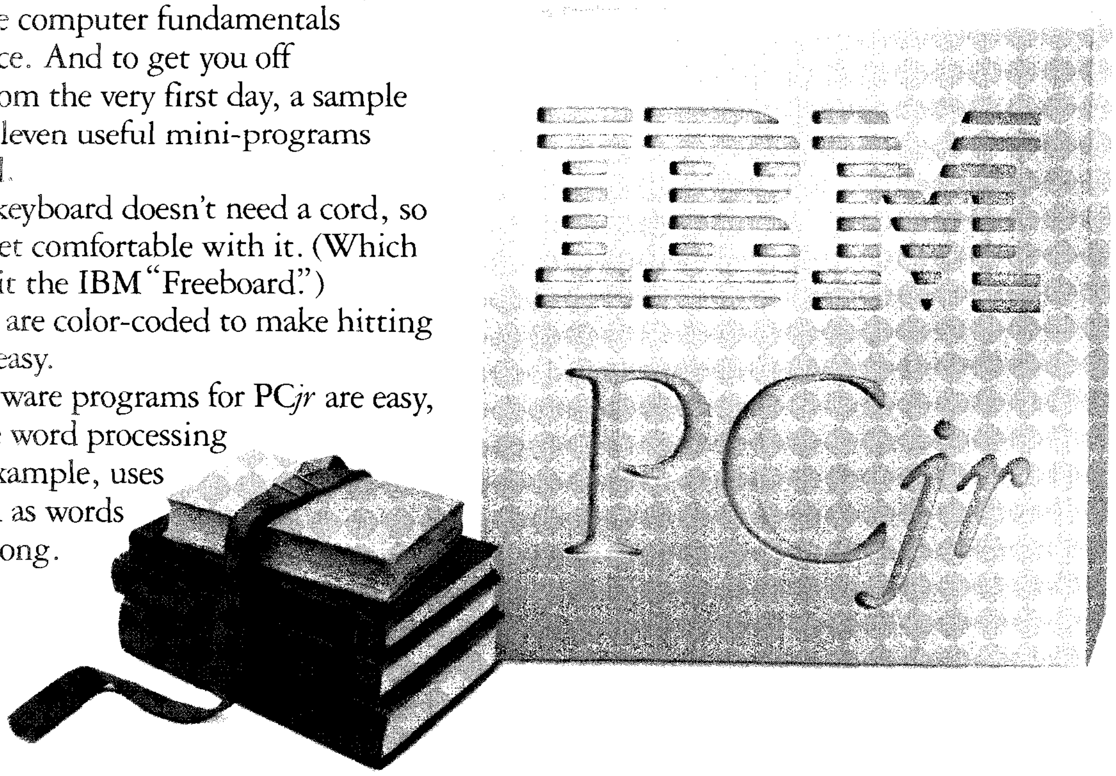

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and other skills—and you'd be surprised how many university professors and doctors and dentists are moonlighting, too. People quit their regular jobs early in the afternoon, rest up, and then start their second jobs. It hurts efficiency, and a lot of bribery and corruption and economic crime go with it, but there's a whole new generation now that believes you have a right to a job whether you work at it or not. Rents are controlled, so they're low despite the housing shortage, and interest rates have remained lower than inflation, though that's supposed to change with the new reforms the Kraigher Commission has recommended. We'll see. A lot of ideas have to be changed first, including the one that individuals and companies that lose money will be bailed out by the government or by local banks. There was a major bank collapse in 1982 resulting from mismanagement of oil-import debts. That shook people up, but not for long. Tourism is another source of income—it brings in about a billion dollars a year, a lot of it under the table. Many people either own houses along the coast or have access to them, and they rent them out for whatever they can get, whether it's more or less than what the government hotels and inns charge. One way or another, families build up their savings and then take their generous pensions and retire early. At some point, the well will run dry, but meanwhile it will take more than just government reforms and speeches to change these habits."

The Croatian "mass movement" of the early seventies, with its heavy overtones of nationalism, separatism, and what some historians refer to as "anarcho-liberalism," was prompted by economic factors, among them the Croats' belief that the republic wasn't receiving a fair share of the nationally apportioned foreign-exchange revenues from tourism and other enterprises. At the height of the disturbances, in November of 1971, several thousand students called a strike at the University of Zagreb and closed the campus, demanding economic and cultural autonomy for Croatia. Though no one was killed, hundreds were arrested, and some of the leaders of the rebellion, many of whom were students, served as much as seven years in prison. While the Croats may be the most difficult and disputatious people in Yugoslavia, the erratic pattern of their nationalism and their capacity for violence, or for simply going hay-

Illustration by Evelyn Hofer

"Baron Thyssen: He has a one-man exchange program with the Soviet Union. And his 1400-painting collection puts galleries to shame." –Thomas Hoving, Editor

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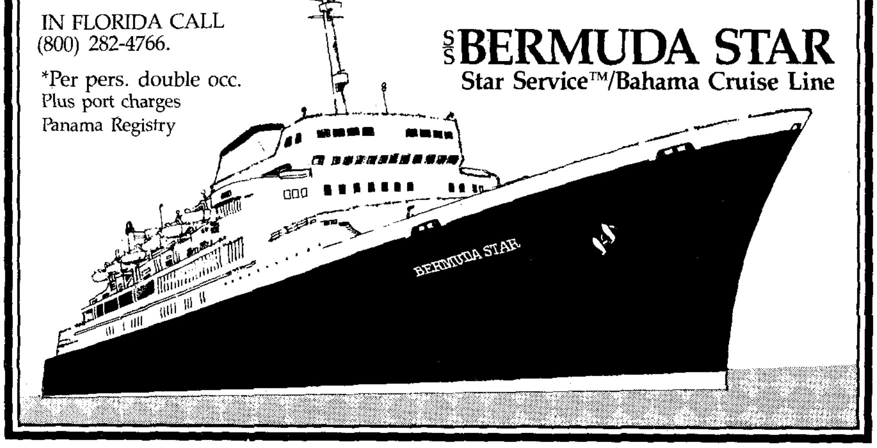

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wire, has invariably been goaded by the domineering behavior of the Serbs, Yugoslavia's largest population group, whose own republic is twice as populous as Croatia. Although nationalism is still latent in the republic, there have been no noisy manifestations lately; the students are not as active as they were, and the Croatian government is more vigilant. There are quick crackdowns on any sort of nationalist behavior, such as singing Croatian songs in public, and there have been rumors of swift retaliation against alleged bomb attempts. Although the Catholic Church remained officially aloof from the separatist movement, relations between it and the republic's government have never been very good. During the Second World War, a puppet Croatian state under the Axis powers was situated in Zagreb, and the Church hierarchy supported it. "People haven't forgotten that," a Zagreb journalist told me. "And in any case the Church is old-fashioned and can't cope with the changes that have taken place in society. Urbanization has brought a new breed of young men and women to the city, and has created a more independent intelligentsia, too. A lot of the younger people go to Mass on Sundays and then gather in the main square to talk about the new movies, soccer, and sex. Except in some rural areas, the Church is not as important as it once was. What seems more important is that we're passing through our own sort of cultural revolution, though it doesn't appear to have much direction. We're open to all sorts of Western European and American influences, good and bad." He showed me a cartoon from *Vjesnik*, the leading paper in Zagreb, comparable to Belgrade's *Politika*. Two old men are observing a group of youngsters, and one remarks to the other, "It seems to me there are more punksters and fewer rockers."

THE train ride at night on the Athens-Frankfurt express from Zagreb to Ljubljana, the capital of the republic of Slovenia, takes only two and a half hours. Arriving in Ljubljana near midnight, I discovered that there was a mixup about my hotel reservation, and it took me another hour to find a room—a small one, with a single weak light bulb dangling from the ceiling, in a third-rate hotel. There was, I thought, a certain poetic justice in this comedown from my large, comfortable room in Zagreb (the best I had had in Yugoslavia),

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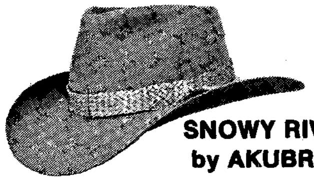

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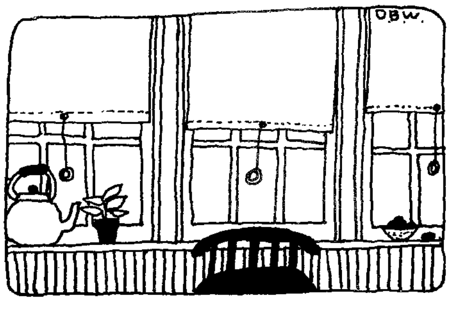
since I had been told that Ljubljana was the most luxurious and "European" city in the country. The next day, I discovered that the shortage of rooms stemmed from the malady that a traveller confronts in many supposedly sophisticated cities of the world—overbooking. Ljubljana was playing host to several meetings of commercial and civic organizations of the type that could conceivably have been held anywhere in the United States—in Cleveland, perhaps, which has a large Slovenian population and happens to be the "sister city" of Ljubljana. There are considerable numbers of Slovenians in the United States, as there are in Italy, Hungary, and Austria, and lesser numbers of nationals from those neighboring countries live in Slovenia. The movement of trade, money, and people back and forth across the Slovenian border is heavy and constant, and the republic not only countenances but encourages this exchange, though the flight of capital in the past two years of economic decline has led to some restrictions on the amount and types of goods that can be taken in and out, and on the outflow of money as well. Even so, Slovenia's high rate of industrial growth—three times that of Yugoslavia as a whole—enables it to export one and a half billion dollars' worth of goods and services a year to Western hard-currency countries.

Slovenia's success, in sharp contrast to the backwardness of Kosovo and Macedonia, underlines the inherent anomalies of the Yugoslav political and economic system. The structural changes of 1965 and 1974—the first decentralizing the economy, and the second correcting what Tito saw as the excesses of liberal democracy and "bourgeois" practices—did not solve the basic contradictions in the society. The Kraigher Commission's still untested reforms deal with some of these contradictions, but not with political institutions per se, or with such questions as whether decisions should be made by consensus or by majority vote and whether republics, provinces, and communes have the constitutional



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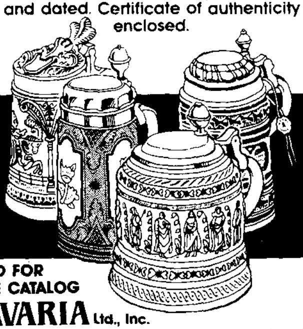

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right to adopt certain practices on their own, such as the rationing of goods in short supply. Unless these matters are dealt with realistically and on a nationwide basis, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to determine whether or not a genuine free-market economy can operate, even in a cosmopolitan region like Slovenia.

NAJDAN PAŠIĆ, the president of the Serbian Constitutional Court, is the chairman of a commission that some observers feel is as important as the Kraigher Commission. The Pašić group is studying, among other things, the constitutionality of many of the laws and regulations enacted below the federal level of government, to determine whether constitutional amendments are necessary to put an end to what Pašić has described as their "stultifying" effect. The net result of these myriad and varied rulings, he says, has been "unbelievable bureaucratic clogging and inefficiency," to the point where "nothing gets done." One of the country's most outspoken and respected economists, Branko Horvat, agrees that market forces are being strangled by thousands of local regulations, and says that "sheer economic chaos" has taken over. The country has, in effect, been divided into eight separate markets, with the result that the right of workers' councils to conduct their own affairs has been usurped by local bureaucrats in the name of "institutionalized nationalism." One of the members of the *Praxis* group of dissidents, a Marxist philosopher named Ljubomir Tadić, in a recently published interview in a Serbian quarterly, similarly declaimed against "the evolution of the federal system into a confederation that no longer has a single element of positive integration." What has taken place, Tadić said, is "anti-democratic decentralization and a peculiar refeudalization of the system," which has led to the "Protestantization of Bolshevism" by the League of Communists. (These are pretty big mouthfuls, but they are the typical expressions of those Yugoslavs who have been through the ideological mill for decades.) Experienced Western diplomats in Belgrade have raised the somewhat more practical question of whether the development of small-scale industries—now one of the federal government's chief goals—is possible under the rigid self-management system. Pašić and his colleagues on the commission have not yet reached the

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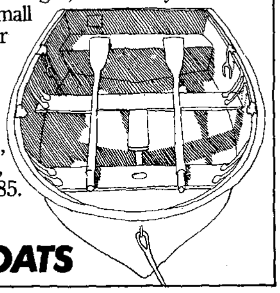

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point of voicing such doubts, and the chances are that publicly they never will. The government is oversensitive to the danger of allowing constructive criticism of the regime, being at least as much afraid of social unrest as of the weakening of the somewhat rickety underpinnings of self-management. It is interesting to note that, while unemployment and shortages are causing the greatest discomfort in the underdeveloped regions, strikes have been much more prevalent in the past couple of years among workers in prosperous Slovenia than anywhere else. And, to make things worse, Slovenia has taken an interest in such political heresies as the secret ballot and multiple candidates in republican elections. These matters are being taken seriously by the Central Committee of the League of Communists.

There is concern, too, about the continuing threat of ethnic conflict in Kosovo and elsewhere, and about the impact this may have on the demand for more "democratization" of the society in other areas. The move toward decentralization and liberalism in 1965 was partly a result of multinationalism; while multinationalism may now deter a return to a more centralized system, it cannot by itself prevent such a return, in view of the harsh economic imperatives that the country is facing. By delving into the bureaucratic mess that resulted from decentralization running wild, the Pašić Commission is asking whether the federal government, as it wobbles along today, can actually survive without adopting not just some new constitutional amendments but a new system of administration, which would have to include more direction and guidance by a more enlightened League of Communists. There are, in fact, some Yugoslavs—and some Western diplomats—who believe that a whole new constitution will eventually have to be promulgated, but at the moment, in the void created by the death of Tito, that is not likely to happen. Tito left no political testament as such, but in the last years of his life he did express his concerns about the country's future to a number of old friends and compatriots. According to Stevan Nikšić, who has just published a book in Yugoslavia entitled "After Tito," one of Tito's early revolutionary associates quotes the President as having remarked shortly before his death, "If we go on like this, there will be no Yugoslavia. There will be eight dwarflike economically autarchic little

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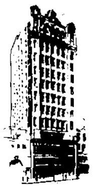

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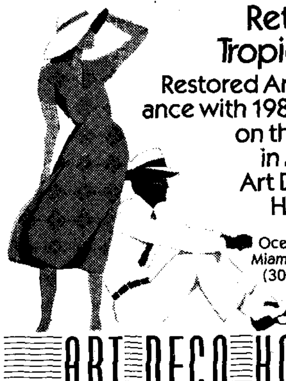

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states that can have no standing whatsoever in the world."

TITO died in Ljubljana on the afternoon of May 4, 1980, three days before his eighty-eighth birthday. He had spent the New Year's holiday at his castle retreat, Brdo kod Kranja, near the city. His health had been deteriorating, and on January 12th he was hospitalized; nine days later his left leg was amputated. The fight for life that the old partisan put up was remarkable, considering that he was suffering from a combination of diseases—heart, kidney, and liver malfunctions and, ultimately, pneumonia. His four-hour funeral in Belgrade was attended by four kings, six princes, thirty-one presidents, twenty-two prime ministers, and a host of other dignitaries, from a total of a hundred and twenty-six nations. The pomp and panoply with which it was conducted recalled the historian A. J. P. Taylor's description of him as "the last of the Hapsburgs"—a tribute to his imperial style in ruling over a disorderly multinational state that evolved in part out of the ashes of the Hapsburg Empire. Tito himself would no doubt have approved of the lavishness of the funeral, which was televised nationally and was carefully planned to the last detail.

Tito lies buried in a simple mausoleum set in the sloping garden of his Belgrade villa. The house and the grounds—which also contain a museum with his personal papers—are visited each day by sightseers and delegations of schoolchildren from all over the country, and by knots of curious foreign tourists. I went there one bleak gray afternoon toward the end of my stay in Yugoslavia, and thought, with a sudden chill, of the last time I had seen Tito—at the Sixth Summit of the Nonaligned Nations, in Havana, in September of 1979. He wore a white suit all during that conference and seemed an isolated and somewhat sad figure. He was already ill, and limped slightly when he walked. But everyone attended to him and listened to his every word, for he was the sole surviving founder of the nonaligned movement and the last of the formidable group of Second World War leaders that had included Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill. I had the feeling that he knew this might be one of his last appearances on the world stage and that he was determined to play out his role and leave his mark on history. The mark is surely there, even though its meaning is still

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unclear and the future of Yugoslavia as a maverick socialist nation is still uncertain. But there was little that was certain in Tito's tempestuous life, except death, and now, at the site of his grave, watching the procession of children passing reverently by, I felt, as I had at Havana, that he had planned his passage from one world to the other with grace and gusto, and that he had done so more successfully than most of his contemporaries.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

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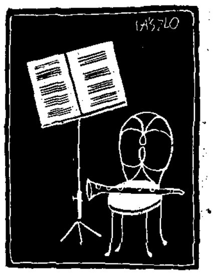
MUSICAL EVENTS

Completest Concerts

LAST week, Leonie Rysanek's twenty-five-year association with the Metropolitan Opera was celebrated by concert performances of Act II of "Parsifal" and Act I of "Die Walküre," with Miss Rysanek as Kundry and as Sieglinde. Born in Vienna in 1926, she made her début in Innsbruck, in 1949. She sang at the first postwar Bayreuth festival, in 1951; at Covent Garden in 1953; and at the Met six years later. (Her American début was made in San Francisco in 1956, as Senta, Sieglinde, and Aida; the next season there she sang Turandot, Amelia in "Ballo," Ariadne, Lady Macbeth, and Aida again.) For the first decade of her career, she was an uneven singer—very exciting when the voice poured out truly, with warm, ample radiance, but sometimes squally and wild. The terse comment of "The Record Year" on her Bayreuth début (Act III of "Die Walküre" was recorded) is "Rysanek as Sieglinde shows promise, but also a tendency to scream." When she reached New York, she had become a more disciplined and accurate vocalist, without losing the spontaneity, the womanly impetuousness, the dramatic directness that make people love her rather as Lotte Lehmann was loved.



The silver-jubilee concert was an occasion both moving and artistically rewarding. Miss Rysanek's Kundry—she first sang the role in Hamburg in 1976, did it at Bayreuth in 1982 and 1983, and brings it to the Met next season—is a serious, voluptuous, and stirring portrayal. When I heard the 1982 broadcast, I thought her voice could not do justice to her intentions. Last year, in the theatre, my reservations largely disappeared; her vivid presence made a difference, but she also seemed to have gained new force and freshness. The Met Act II was largely a Bayreuth reconstruction, with the same Parsifal (Peter Hofmann), Klingsor (Franz Mazura), and conductor (James Levine). The singers acted—with timbres, words, glances, gestures, and demeanor. And because Klingsor was not asked to cry his commands through a public-address system, because Kundry was not put through elaborate routines with maypole ribbons, the sense of Wagner's dramatic confrontations was actually clearer than it had been at Bayreuth.

The "Walküre" was also acted. Tensions between the three characters—Mr. Hofmann was the Siegmund, John Macurdy the Hunding—ran across the platform. The "décor"—the Met stage walled and ceilinged in abstract, Appiesque manner, with constructions pleasing in form and color; the orchestra onstage—was hardly further from Wagner's scenic directions than that of many a contemporary "Ring" production. Sieglinde and Hunding wore the costumes—modern dress—that they often wear nowadays. The presentation was Wieland Wagneresque in its dependence on glance, posture, and a few clearly placed, potent gestures; details of realistic action were left to the spectators' imagination, not contradicted by some director's newly invented business. Since the orchestra plays so large a part in painting Wagner's scenes, there was no distraction in seeing it do so; it suggested, rather, a new, audacious "design concept" that invites the audience to interpret sound as colors, forms, and light. If the Met chose to stage its next "Ring" in this bold way, it could save a good deal of money on designer, sets, and stage crew. Mr. Levine had ranged his strings in almost the traditional fashion: second violins on his right, and therefore properly prominent in the opening pages; cellos facing out (and wonderfully eloquent throughout the evening); violas excellently audible. Only the double-basses, clumped to one side, let us down by not providing a balanced central foundation. There were some rough brass passages (had sectional rehearsals for the brass been skimped?), and the kettledrummer banged away with deplorable loudness. Otherwise, the orchestral sound—rich and stirring, detailed in solos and glowing in tutti—made one eager for the Levine-conducted "Ring" long overdue at the Met.

Mr. Hofmann's Siegmund was less successful than his earnest, sharply focussed Parsifal. He lacked quick, generous reactions and charm of personality. During narratives, he fell into the pose of a handsome singing butler. But his line was clear and firmly molded. Mr. Macurdy's Hunding was dark, formidable, and incisive. Miss Rysanek's Sieglinde remains irresistible rather in the way that Hilde Konetzni's was—so warm, honest, and lovable. Sometimes she overdoes things. I wish she wouldn't scream with excitement when Siegmund draws the sword from the tree; if Wagner had wanted a scream he'd have asked for it. (And at each performance the scream gets louder and longer.) But one readily forgives her. In an age when some Sieglindes are Miss Mouse and others a Brünnhilde manquée, she fearlessly projects feeling and character. There was much beautiful sound—phrases that shone and soared, luminous soft notes that floated through the house. She was a Sieglinde—as she had been a Kundry—intent on each turn of the score, whether she was singing or listening. Toward the end of the evening, her voice tired: small wonder, given her assignment. (Act II of "Parsifal" is a taxing warm-up for Sieglinde.) Besides, "Die Walküre" had been preceded by an affecting presentation, of a silver tray, with repeated plaudits from an adoring house as Frank Taplin, the president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, recalled her achievements, role by role, over the years. The performance was charged with high emotion. The act—and the evening—came to a thrilling climax.

HANDEL'S "Rinaldo," an opera about strife between Christian and Muslim in the Middle East, has been playing at the Met. It was the company's first Handel production—a good choice, for it is one of his most splendid and spectacular pieces. The program note, by Brian Trowell, referred, rightly, to "unusually serious subject matter" and to the applicability of the Renaissance epic on which "Rinaldo" is based—Tasso's "Jerusalem Liberated"—to the political situation in 1711, the year of its first performance. Today, the concerns seem even more urgent: this is a drama of ideologies in mortal conflict; of the distortions that personal partialities inflict on ideals; of captains distracted from and then recalled to their great enterprises, moving through trials and adventures to a last, decisive battle. The Met, however, did not produce the piece in this spirit. The show came to us from Canada, a centenary-season loan. It first appeared in Ottawa in 1982. Reviewing it then, I remarked that there are two possible approaches to Handel opera. One was exemplified recently in the Cambridge and St. Louis productions of "Orlando" and is epitomized in Winton Dean's declarations that Handel "was not only a great composer; he was a dramatic genius of the first order" and that "the music of no other dramatic composer comes closer to Mozart in its detached but penetrating insight into human nature." The other approach is epitomized in Burney's defense of Italian opera against the taunts of Addison and Steele:

> Let it be remembered by the lovers of Music, that opera is the *completest concert* to which they can go; with this advantage over those in still life, that to the most perfect singing, and effects of a powerful and well-disciplined band, are frequently added excellent acting, splendid scenes and decorations, with such dancing as a playhouse, from its inferior prices, is seldom able to furnish.

It was as a "completest concert" that the Met "Rinaldo," designed by Mark Negin and directed by Frank Corsaro, delighted its audiences. The settings and costumes were rich, gorgeous, and entertaining. A bright-eyed chariot-drawing dragon flew through the air, snorting smoke from his nostrils. Mermaids wagged their fishy tails. Stage magic held sway. The final battle was fought between golden boys (clad, here in New York, whereas in Ottawa they had been all but Greek-nude) and blue-armored paynims, with cartwheels and somersaults, while Rinaldo, aloft on a watchtower, sang his heroic "Or la tromba" against the pealing trumpet obbligatos.

This was not the opera Handel composed but a selection of numbers from it shuffled and reordered. Of the thirty-one arias in the 1711 score, only fifteen were done complete or nearly complete (one more than in Ottawa, for here Rinaldo regained his celebrated "Il Tricerbero humiliato," which had there been replaced by a piece from "Partenope"). Two great Handel sequences that are tonally coherent and dramatically overwhelming had been dismembered and were scattered through the evening. Two great arias, Rinaldo's "Cara sposa" and Armida's "Ah! crudel!," were sung out of context—the latter in two, divided installments. Act III, in particular, bore little relation to the act Handel composed: one of its arias was moved to Act I, three pieces from Act II were dropped into it, four arias were omitted, its duet was shortened, and a second duet, from "Admeto," was added. I gave details of the damage in the Ottawa review and hoped—in vain—that it would be put right before the show came to New York. If the Met offered a "Tosca" in which Cavaradossi sang "E lucevan le stelle" (or perhaps "Che gelida manina") as his entrance air, "Vissi d'arte" brought down the second-act curtain, and the love duet from "Butterfly" enriched Act III—or if Susanna sang "Deh vieni" in Act I of "Figaro," the Countess's "Porgi amor" became a finale, and Barbarina and the Count added "Là ci darem" to the last act—there might be some protest, however enjoyable the music was to hear.

Three of the Ottawa principals—Marilyn Horne (Rinaldo), Benita Valente (Almirena), and Samuel Ramey (Argante)—reappeared in the Met production. I heard some of the broadcast (Miss Horne was not in her best voice); when I attended the show there were new soloists. Ewa Podleś, a Polish mezzo, was a passable hero. Her voice was accurate and fluent, if a shade small for the house. Her acting was plain. (Addison called Nicolini, the first Rinaldo, "the greatest performer in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared on a stage," and Steele declared that "every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts.") There was a pleasing, poignant timbre in Gail Robinson's Almirena; a pity that, like her predecessor, she sang not a delicately varied da capo in the exquisite "Lascia ch'io pianga" but a dull descant. (Much of the vocal ornament seemed rote-learned.) Terry Cook's Argante was unimpressive. Carol Vaness, the Armida, was commanding and vivid enough (even though she sang "Ah! crudel!" lying down) to make the fragmentation of her grand scena doubly distressing; occasionally she sacrificed forwardness and precision to "richness" and volume. Dano Raffanti's Goffredo was a little raw but brought the pleasure of clear Italian sung as if it meant something. (Handel composed the role for a woman but twenty years later, in an unhappy rehash of "Rinaldo," recast it for a tenor.) Most of the recitative was slowly and heavily delivered, against an almost non-stop harpsichord fantasia of arpeggios, figurations, and trills. Mario Bernardi's conducting was not unmusical but showed no special Baroque skills. Could any true Handelian have agreed to conduct this edition?

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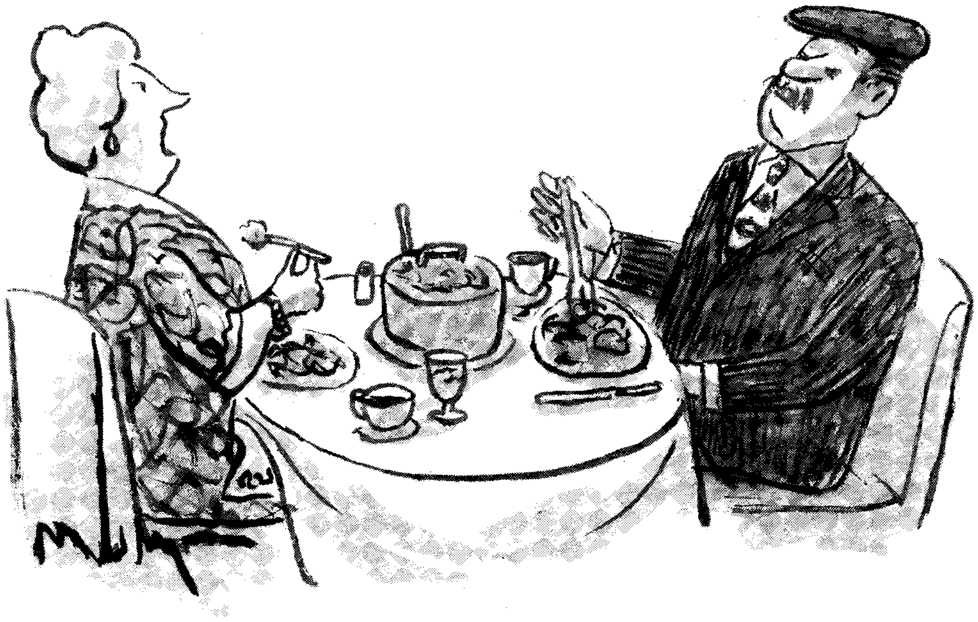

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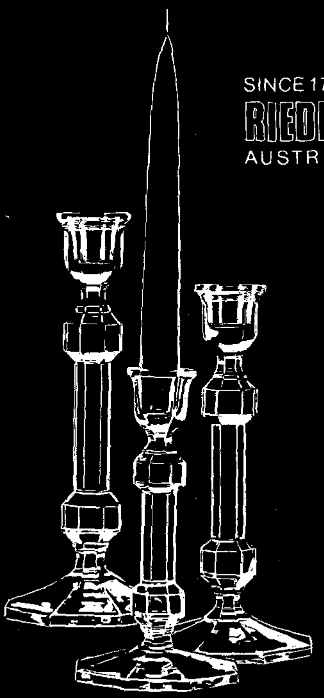

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attended. The program began with Shulamit Ran's clarinet monologue, "For an Actor"—a near-success, imaginative but slender. There was a première, Edward Cohen's Clarinet Quintet, but the evening was more notable for performances of three earlier works that have deservedly entered the modern repertory. Premières draw the critics, but deuxièmes, cinquièmes, dixièmes show that musicians continue to find the compositions in question worth performing.

I admired Robert Beaser's song cycle "The Seven Deadly Sins" (1979) when Paul Sperry sang it at a Musical Elements concert in 1982, and admired it again here—for its incisive word setting, its command of vocal gesture, its bold, sure piano writing, and its formal precision. The text is seven mordant, Blakean epigrams by Anthony Hecht. The singer was the baritone Richard Lalli. (The vocal line is "pointed" to make it compassable by either a tenor or a baritone.) His voice is not great, but he is a more cogent interpreter than many with better voices who put resonant vocalism before sense. He knew the music and did not read it off a score. He made much of the text. He was fearless. Where the composer wrote "freely," Mr. Lalli sang freely, adjusting note values to the length and stress of the words. The cycle is published by European-American Music; a version with orchestral accompaniment has been billed for the Philharmonic's forthcoming Horizons '84 festival. There followed George Perle's Ballade, composed in 1981 for the pianist Richard Goode—a modern barcarolle, rhapsodic yet shapely, which Mr. Goode, who played it again here, plays ever more poetically. (The score has been published by C. F. Peters.) And then Yehudi Wyner's Concert Duo, for violin and piano, dating from 1957. There is a twenty-year-old recording, on CRI, played by Matthew Raimondi and the composer—a fine performance but an odd recording, with the violin down one channel and the piano down the other. (It sounds better when the mono switch on one's hi-fi is engaged.) The Duo is a terrific piece—rich, passionate, Brahmsian in its compound of lyrical ardor and constructive intelligence. Daniel Stepner and the composer gave a fiery performance.

PARNASSUS' February concert, in Merkin Hall, was also largely retrospective. Robert Hall Lewis's

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"Combinazioni I" (composed in 1974; recorded, on Orion, in 1978) had its New York première, and was followed by Lukas Foss's "Echoi" (1963; twice recorded). I felt that quartets of Parnassus players had worked hard at compositions that barely rewarded their industry. Then Frank Hoffmeister, with Edmund Niemann as pianist, sang Elliott Carter's early "Voyage" (1943), a broad and beautiful Hart Crane setting. But Mr. Hoffmeister had not mastered the song. On the simplest level, he had—unlike Mr. Lalli at the Guild concert—disobeyed that Golden Rule in Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song": "The interpreter must memorise his work. . . . There will be no senses to spare for effect, or lilt, or magnetism, or illustration or anything else, if the eye is on the printed page."

In the second half, Stravinsky's "Ragtime" (1918) and "Reynard" (1917) were done, conducted by Anthony Korf. Parnassus players, as I have remarked before, are expert, earnest, dedicated musicians. That they came to what could have been a relaxed Sunday-afternoon concert dressed all in black, as if for a funeral, is unimportant. But that they played "Ragtime," an unsolemn work, in stiff-collar-and-tie fashion mattered musically. "Reynard" was happier. It is a wonderful composition—hardly worth staging, for the libretto is a bore, but well worth playing and singing, for the score is a Cubist masterpiece. The Parnassus performance was beautifully bright, exact, and balanced. In the vocal quartet, Douglas Perry, the second tenor—bearer (most of the time) of the title role—was outstanding. The work was done in Russian. Afterward, I overheard a member of the audience say "I wish they had sung in English" and "I wish the singers hadn't kept their noses in their scores." I agreed.

—Andrew Porter

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DANCING

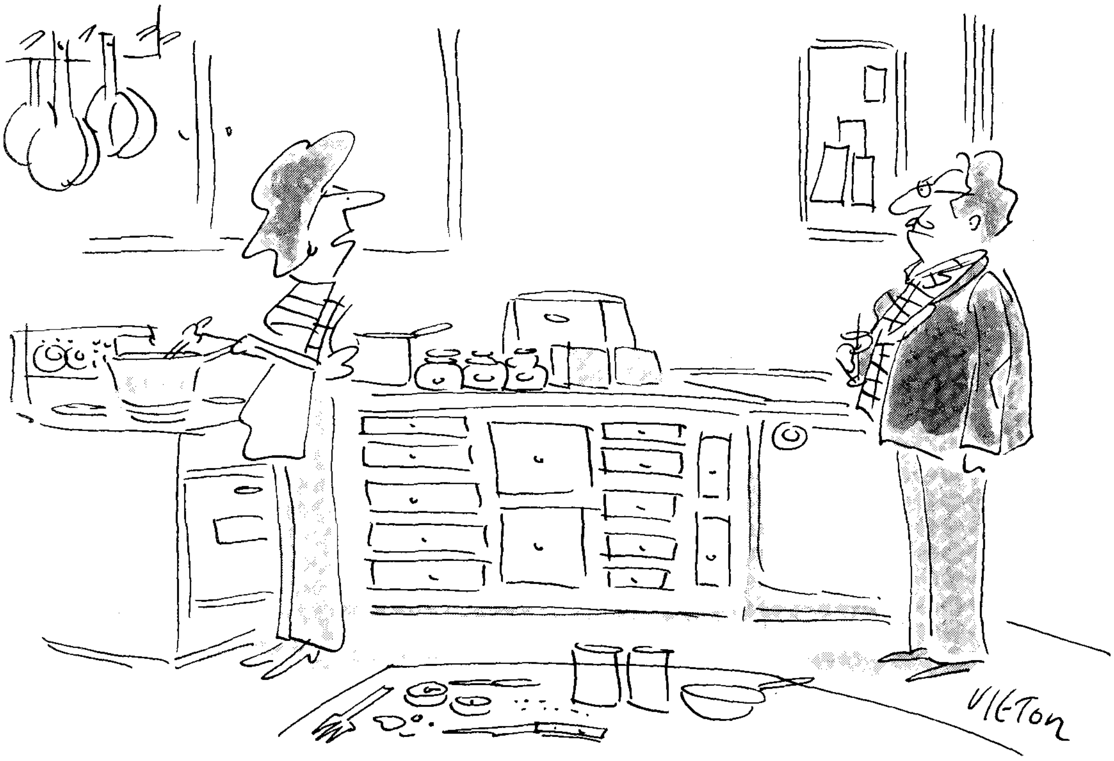
Visualizations

IN Alwin Nikolais's new piece "Persons & Structures," the curtain goes up and you see at the right of the stage what looks like a phone booth covered in white cloth. The cloth goes up and there's a two-story glass box mounted on metal legs about a foot high. Inside the two cubicles are two men, one up and one down, who look completely naked and who squirm uncomfortably. The cloth comes down and a moment later goes up again, and this time two men are crammed together in the top box and two women are below. The cloth cover keeps rising and descending all through the piece, which is set to one of Edgard Varèse's most disquieting compositions, the "Poème Électronique," and we never lose our dread of what we will see stuck and writhing in there. The content is always different; once it's just one man on top with an empty box below him. Inside the boxes, the people are either desperate to get out or determined to perform; they do slow tumbling acts, displacing each other with enormous difficulty. In the meantime, the stage is full of background and foreground motion. Numbers of dancers are constantly crossing behind the box, which is open at the back, and, of course, some of them get in and out while it is draped. Perhaps to divert us, the foreground action consists of a sequence of dances. I shall have to see the piece again to say what these were like; after the first one, a pas de trois in which two men lifted a woman between them by pressing their heads against her rib cage (her feet dangled in the air like a doll's), I stopped looking. That box was too fascinating.

Nikolais has often shown a flair for the freak show, but these spectacles of his seldom sustain themselves beyond the first few minutes. A good example is "Gallery" (1978), which the Nikolais company was also presenting this season (at the City Center). It's "gallery" as in "shooting gallery." A row of fluorescent green skulls floats in black air. Pop, pop, and they disappear. They rise and sink, they change places, they appear in clusters, but soon enough we've seen it all, and Nikolais isn't able to renew our interest. He also is surprisingly careless with the mechanics of his illusions. In the same piece, two clowns come out wearing bags that have a clearly defined illuminated front and a black velvet back. This makes convincing two-dimensional plastic shapes in the dark, and when the clowns take their feet off the ground the shapes contract to squiggling blobs in the air. But if Nikolais is so concerned to keep that two-dimensional front before us why does he have the clowns turn sideways again and again, exposing their "nonexistent" rears? Although the dance goes on and on, we never again can see the original illusion. Some essential part of the Nikolais spectacle is constantly being undermined by imprecision or by laxity in planning and development; we wonder why he is showing us these things. And sometimes in the more horrific numbers there seems to be a reluctance to go the route—an emotional holding back, as if the dispenser of these grim and grisly treats wanted us to see him as really a harmless old fuff who wouldn't hurt a fly. In another of the new pieces, "Liturgies," two men carry a third (Joy Hintz, the shortest woman in the company, made up as a little bald man), who hangs between them on a pole. There are ropes tying the third figure to the pole, but if you think you're going to see anything made of that you don't know Nikolais. The whole apparatus drags its unexamined possibilities around the stage a few too many times and vanishes. In another section, he experiments again with a rope and a hanging body and again goes nowhere. The man is either a terrible tease or a self-satisfied conjurer whose least soap bubble must be preserved for posterity.

The boldness and the succinctness of "Persons & Structures" therefore come as a surprise. Nikolais doesn't shrink from the logic of the pattern he has set in motion, and he even dramatizes it. When the people outside the box rush to it and flatten themselves against it while the ones inside peer out, they instantly double the emotional power of the image, which has been steadily rising. It's as if they, too, were helpless animals. The dancers don't act this moment; they state it and trust us to respond. This trust is something I'm not used to in Nikolais's work. The lack of drama in so many of his pieces had made me see him as a displaced person—a fine-arts designer with no great theatrical appetite. Infinitely delicate and painstaking with his designs, he has often directed with a heavy touch. His dancers not only act, they overact. Not content with being clever, they are also cute, forever capping some tricky bit with a dead stare out front, prompting our reactions. When they play for laughs, they play for keeps. (The same pedantic humor was seen in Debra McCall's recent revival of the dances of Oskar Schlemmer, the director of the Bauhaus theatre workshop and a forerunner of Nikolais. Form followed function, all right, and fun *had* to follow form.) In the new piece, the pathos is greater for not being pushed out at us. Nikolais's theatre sense has a leaping, charged quality I'm also not accustomed to. Maybe his using another composer's score instead of having to compose one of his own helped him find a dramatic focus. The costumes, too, which effectively imply total nudity, were inspired by another designer, Lindsay Davis. "Persons & Structures" is a most untypical Nikolais production, yet it's the production many of us have long wanted from him—the piece he has often promised but never quite delivered. He builds it to an unforgettable climax. The last time we see them, both of the boxes are filled to bursting with bodies—a jumble of hands, feet, faces. The rising cloth that reveals this horrid sight keeps on rising and uncovers a man standing erect on top. Before we can decide how he got there and who he is, the scene blacks out and the piece is over.

NIKOLAIS's theatre has lately become less illusionistic—concerned less with costumes and props than with the exposed bodies of dancers dancing. When he makes a nifty piece of choreography these days (like the opening of "Liturgies," which churns out a great froth of insect visualizations, from beetles to centipedes), his conceits are likely to be purely anatomical. The company is trained to this kind of expression, and it's no



"Why don't you just take your Martini and your rankling suspicions elsewhere?"

• •

longer as good at disappearing into the décor as it used to be. An old piece like "Noumenon" (1953) loses its point, because the dancers, who are completely enclosed in stretch fabric, let us see, in between the triangles and pentagons and trapezoids and whatnot, the outlines of *persons*, and the intent of the choreography is that we not see this until the very end, when the fabric falls about the heads and shoulders of those within, defining them as so many draped but unmistakably human statues. Looking at the older pieces in the current repertory—three out of four were revivals from the fifties—I was struck by how often they seemed to require (as much of their audience as of their maker) a hermetic concentration on form and no interest in the real world. We are seldom taken beyond the manipulation of design elements into an understanding of where the design impulse comes from. In Nikolais's work then and for a long time to come, a decorative object that looked like an onion or a trumpet was never used to remind us of onions or trumpets, because, I suspect, references of that sort were thought to be at best utilitarian and at worst anti-art and just too Disney. Though Nikolais's abstractions may have corresponded to the mood of the fifties—particularly to the ethos of some Abstract Expressionists—their lack of resonance makes them look pointless and trivial today. Whereas Disney, to invoke the arch-fiend of those years, has started looking really bright and consequential. Right after a Nikolais matinée, I saw "Fantasia," which was playing just across the street, and I kept thinking of Nikolais—of his affinities with Disney and his lack of interest in them. In the Chinese dance in Disney's "Nutcracker" episode, the dancers are mushrooms with coolie hats. Everything you see and think about because of what you see is intended to be there, and the impudent associations (China, dope, mushrooms, trance) are sweetly sent up by the innocence of the music. The same thing happens on a slightly lower level in the Arabian dance, only here it's the visual image that sends up the music. The parody of the classic belly dancer (she appears in both the Ivanov and the Balanchine productions of the ballet) in the form of a guppy wearing lipstick and mascara is not apparent unless you know "The Nutcracker," but you don't have to know it to enjoy the ineffable rightness and silliness of the image and the brilliance of the choreography, which in a series of fishtail twists and turns captures amazingly the slumberous and sinuous movements of belly dancing. It even adds an exit no dancer on any stage could duplicate—a zigzag flick too fast to be seen as more than a blur that leaves a dazzle of bubbles behind.

The worst part of "Fantasia" is the dull opening—a display of fireworks and some wisps in the sky which look like U.F.O.s, set to the Bach-Stokowski Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. This is a watered-down version of designs submitted to Disney by Oskar Fischinger, the German avant-garde filmmaker. The compromise seems to have dishonored everyone concerned. As music visualization, this overture to "Fantasia" is surpassed by the Waltz of the Flowers, with its whirling leaves, its glistening, pollen-skirted Toumanovas, its snowflakes, and its ice-skating Tinkerbell. The sections of the movie that work best are, as one might expect, those that are set either to ballet music or to music that has a visual conception built into it, like "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" or "Night on Bald Mountain." The Arcadian clatter that goes on to Beethoven's "Pastoral" was originally meant to be accompanied by Gabriel Pierné's "Cydalise et le Chèvre-Pied," a two-act nymphs-and-satyrs ballet first presented by the Paris Opéra in 1923, with choreography by Léo Staats, and starring Carlotta Zambelli. Extracts from "Cydalise" became a staple of the light-concert-music repertory. Had Disney gone through with his plan to use this score, he might have made a more seemly spectacle, but then generations of schoolchildren might not have been introduced to the Beethoven who is reflected in the lordlier aspects of Disney's creation. That business of Zeus rolling over in his cloud blanket after his thunderstorm of a tantrum has died down is wonderful, and the further business of his fishing out from underneath him a stray lightning bolt and tossing it casually to earth (where it detonates, an echo of the dying storm) is *really* wonderful. I venture to say Beethoven would have loved it.

I last saw the film, which was first

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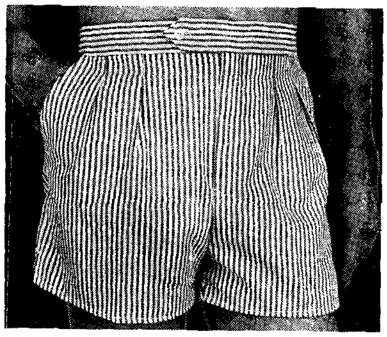

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released in 1940, about twenty years ago. It seemed to me not nearly as bad as people said, and I thought the Stravinsky episode was actually exciting; but on the whole "Fantasia" impressed me as a film made for children by children. It used to be fashionable to praise the comedy portions—especially the still hilarious ostrich-hippo-alligator-elephant ballet to Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours"—and deplore everything else. Stravinsky's animadversions on the use of his "Rite of Spring" seem to have been more anti-Stokowski than anti-Disney. Leopold Stokowski, who not only conducted the soundtrack of the film but collaborated with Disney on the production, made some cuts in the "Rite" and changed the order of some of the sections. The scenario, of course, was completely different, but since the original scenario is regularly abandoned in productions of the ballet nowadays, that seems no great violation. Between them, Disney and Stokowski almost manage to persuade us that Stravinsky's music is about the creation of the planet Earth, the emergence of sea and animal life, the appearance and disappearance of the great reptiles (the tyrannosaurus seems to have been inspired by King Kong), and the formation of the continents and the topography of the earth as we know it. The real problem is that this story has no place for the final cataclysm that in the ballet accompanies the Sacrificial Dance of the Chosen Victim, so Stokowski cuts this music and substitutes an ending of his own, for which Disney's artists provide some rather inconclusive, dun-colored views of the planet. (Too bad they didn't know about the blue-and-white marble.)

The strength of the "Rite of Spring" sequence—the strength of the film as a whole—is the appositeness of the music and the movement. The visualization of the "Rite" is apposite in *scale* to the music; the visualization of the "Pastoral" is not. Part of the enduring charm of the "Dance of the Hours" is that Disney murders music that deserves to be murdered. (And probably had been already. Burlesques of Ponchielli had to have been standard practice on the vaudeville circuits for years.) He murders ballet preciousness and ballet conventions right along with it, and for accuracy's sake he employed Irina Baronova to model the steps. For some of the choreography and at least one of the sets he was indebted to Balanchine's staging of the

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"Water Nymph Ballet" in the film "Goldwyn Follies." In December, 1939, while Balanchine was in Hollywood (probably for "I Was an Adventuress"), he visited the Disney studio along with Stravinsky, and the two men had their picture taken with Walt Disney and T. Hee, a director of the Ponchielli sequence. In the picture, they are handling small plaster models of the stars of that sequence, and Balanchine is grinning like a boy. Though Disney never had him under contract, it's likely that he did have Balanchine's support for the project as well as some indirect assistance.

What appears appallingly out of scale in "Fantasia" is the treatment of the conductor. Stokowski is most often seen silhouetted against the blaze of a thousand suns. Conducting, as always, without a baton, he subdues his legions of musicians and molds music out of thin air. It's the Führer conception of the conductor, but in the end "Fantasia" transcends this unwelcome reminder of thirties cultural propaganda. It gives us Mickey Mouse conducting the elements in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"—a deliberate satire of Stokowski. Then it gives us a less ingratiating and possibly less conscious parody in the towering bat-winged devil who dominates the revels in "Night on Bald Mountain." "Fantasia" is a big enough movie not to be dragged down by its inequalities and its gaffes in taste. It is big enough to parody itself—to suggest that the play of forms within forms is, after all, finite, but that it is anarchic, too. Thus, an omnipotent conductor is both Mickey Mouse and Satan, and the lascivious alligators who swoop down on the hippos in the "Dance of the Hours" are the pterodactyls of the "Rite" in disguise.

"Fantasia" is now being shown with a completely rerecorded soundtrack, synchronized to Stokowski's and conducted by Irwin Kostal, and with the addition of a foreword dedicating the reissue to Stokowski's memory. It is not at all the naïve movie I remembered.

—Arlene Croce

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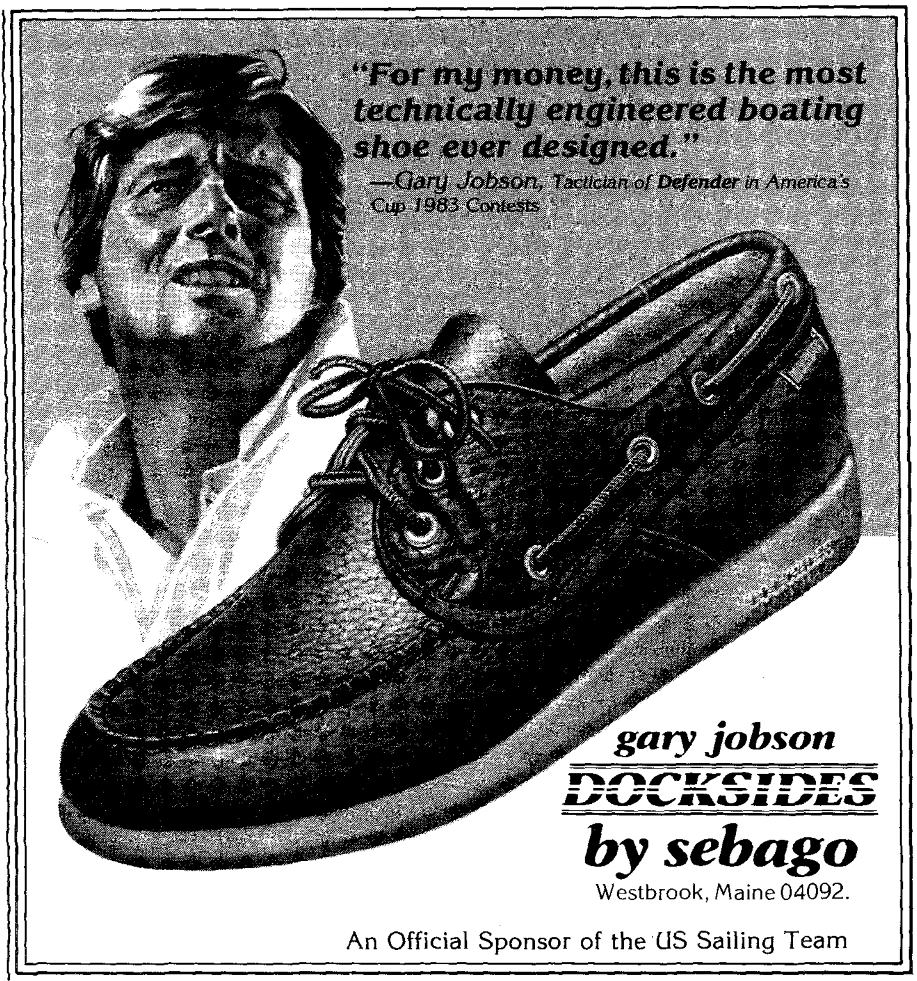
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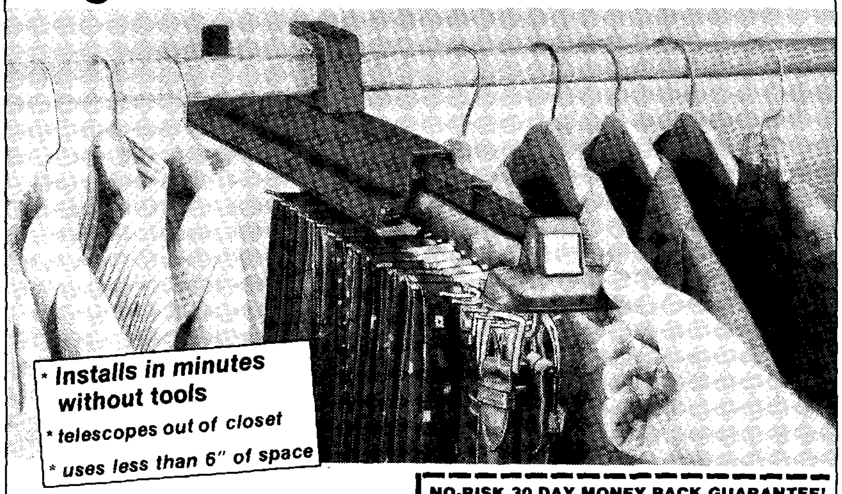
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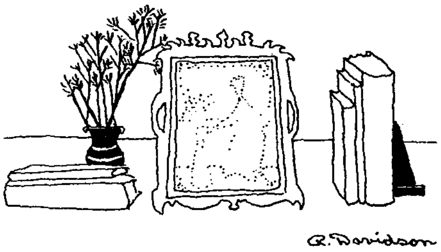
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

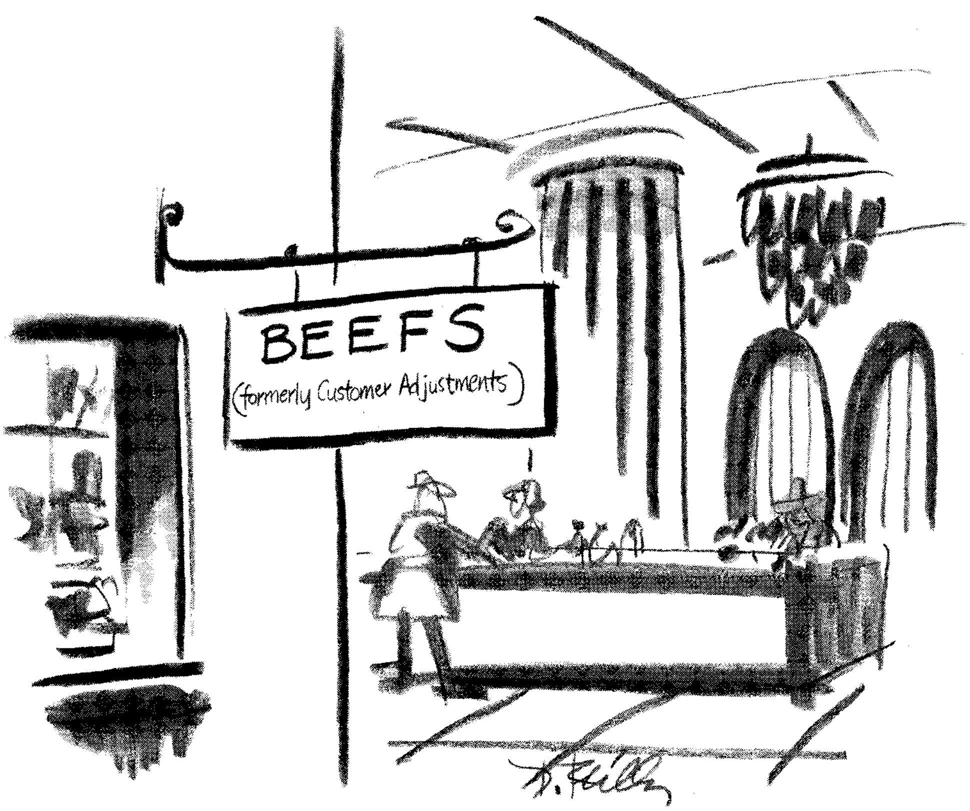
FEBRUARY 13

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Once again, in defiance of all logic or proportion, the New Hampshire primary has assumed a position of great importance in the Democratic contest for the Presidential nomination. The Democratic Party tried to push New Hampshire back and make it take its place among other contests, where it would matter less, but the state, protective of its momentary prominence and mindful of the lucrativeness of holding a contest to which so much attention is paid, resisted. And so, two weeks from tomorrow, on February 28th, the state will hold the second contest for the nomination, following the Iowa precinct caucuses by eight days. At long last, the voters will be heard from. Walter Mondale and his campaign aides will find out whether, after more than three years of planning, thousands of meetings, uncounted phone calls and miles on the road, they have been right. As of now, Mondale is comfortably ahead of his opponents in the polls, and his people are expecting a very large victory in Iowa, and a victory here—but they are tense. Part of it is simply the fact that reality is upon them; part of it is the skittishness that comes from knowing that, no matter how many things they have thought of, how many eventualities they have anticipated, how many resources they have thrown into assuring the first two victories, something could go wrong. The attacks on Mondale by the other candidates, which have increased in frequency and stridency and have been directed at his character rather than at differences on the issues; the possibility of something going off the rails in the debates; the approaching "expectations" game, in which the results are judged not as facts in themselves but in terms of the expectations, mysteriously arrived at, of how the candidates should have done—all these are beyond the Mondale people's control and could waylay their plans.

New Hampshire is the kind of state that makes people—especially front-runners—nervous. In 1952, when New Hampshire first put the candidates' names on the ballot and thrust itself into the big time (this was also the first year of television coverage of political campaigns), Estes Kefauver upset President Truman here. In 1968, Lyndon Johnson won the New Hampshire primary—with a write-in vote, at that—yet Eugene McCarthy, who received forty-two per cent of the vote, was deemed the "winner." In 1972, Edmund Muskie won it, with forty-six per cent of the vote, yet George McGovern, who received thirty-seven per cent of the vote, was deemed the winner. New Hampshire is the progenitor of what might be known as the "B.T.E. factor"—a candidate's doing "better than expected." A kind of circular process goes on here: the results of the New Hampshire contest receive disproportionate attention because of where it comes in the calendar, and, because of that attention, the candidates put a disproportionate amount of their energy and resources into the contest. New Hampshire sends only twenty-two delegates to the Democratic Convention, or about one-half of one per cent of the total, and has a tiny Democratic Party (there are about a hundred and thirty-four thousand registered Democrats), which is unrepresentative of the Democratic Party as a whole—it has a higher income and far fewer minorities and is more conservative. (An unpredictable number of independents also vote in the Democratic primary.) Moreover, New Hampshire has the lowest unemployment rate in the country. Many of the people in the more populous southern part of the state work in the high-tech companies in Boston but live in New Hampshire, because it has no state income or sales taxes. High-tech industry is also growing in the southern part of the state itself. New Hampshire's place in the calendar and the attention given it are presumed to have an overflow effect on subsequent contests. Whether the presumption is parent to, or coincidental with, the reality that since 1952 no one has become President who did not win the New Hampshire primary, no one can be sure. In 1976, Jimmy Carter won the primary here (barely) and was propelled to the nomination because twenty-three thousand people voted for him. New Hampshire is a difficult state to campaign in: Its voters have come to take it for granted that they will be wooed on a virtual one-to-one basis by the candidates and tend to be diffident; they hold back on their commitments, producing a large, and nerve-racking, undecided vote until very late in the game. The voters are scattered in a number of medium-sized and small towns throughout the state—places that are often not easily accessible in the winter. The state is so conservative and Republican that the Democratic nominee, who probably spends more time here than anywhere else during the fight for the nomination, doesn't bother to come back for the general election.



THE Mondale people are leaving as little to chance here (and in Iowa) as possible. Every night, the campaign makes about fifteen thousand telephone calls in the two states combined, to see how its candidate is doing, how the other candidates are doing, what sorts of changes in the candidates' relative support are occurring. From the phone calls, it is determined where foot canvassers should be sent. While Mondale is doing well in the phone canvassing (and did well in the Mondale campaign's recent poll in New Hampshire), one thing the campaign finds perturbing is that the number of people who say they are undecided or refuse to cite a preference is very high. The most recent Boston *Globe* poll of New Hampshire had Mondale at forty-two per cent, John Glenn at nineteen, Jesse Jackson at ten, Gary Hart at eight, and the rest—Alan Cranston, Fritz Hollings, George McGovern, and Reubin Askew—behind them. The Mondale campaign's most recent private poll has Mondale at thirty-seven, Glenn at eighteen, Jackson at eight, and Hart at four. Still, in Iowa the campaign believes it has identified about sixty thousand people who are definitely for Mondale and plan to go to the caucuses. So the Mondale people believe that they are approaching a very big victory there, and their only concern is that the turnout will be low and the press will discount the victory as having taken place amid apathy. The campaign is planning a new ad, stressing the importance of attending the caucuses. The plain fact is that there are no searing issues within the Democratic Party this year; the policy disagreements are marginal. This year is not like 1968



or 1972, when the Vietnam War divided the Party; it is not like 1980, when Edward Kennedy, a major force within the Party, tried to unseat Carter. Even in 1976, a relatively peaceful year, there were stronger divisions within the Party than there are now. Part of Mondale's strength thus far is that there is more consensus within the Party than in a very long time and that he appears to represent that consensus. (It had been one of the assumptions of his strategists all along that this consensus would exist.) The other candidates' failure to find a big issue, or to catch on as yet, has driven most of them to go after Mondale in a personal way that seems without precedent. Glenn, who has been running second to Mondale but whose position in the race has been slipping and whose campaign has been floundering, has led the attack, but some of the others—in particular, Hart and Cranston—have recently joined in. Hollings and Askew have taken their whacks at Mondale as well. Jackson has been off in his own universe, but in attacking as he has the rules of the nomination contest he is challenging the legitimacy of the process by which Mondale is leading. Only McGovern has tried to play the role of pacifier. "Sometimes front-runners get nominated," he cautioned his colleagues during the debate at Dartmouth on January 15th.

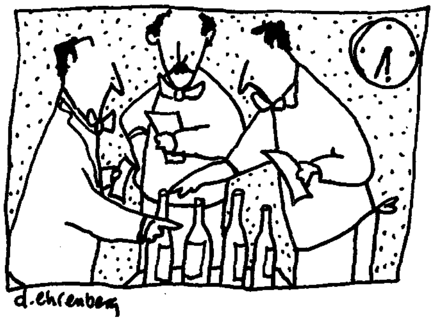
The gist of the collective criticism is that Mondale is the tool of the "special interests," and has made more promises than he can keep. Hart gave a speech in Council Bluffs, Iowa, last week in which there were a number of targets—Reagan, the press, the Democrats in Congress, the "political establishment"—but the biggest blows were aimed at Mondale. Attacking Mondale, though not by name, for offering "a leadership based on calculation and caution," he criticized him for caution on Lebanon, on Grenada, and on the Vietnam War: "The pattern is always there, caution until consensus forms." And he criticized him for citing disagreements with Jimmy Carter only on unpopular policies. He also attacked the Party "establishment" for "dictating" rules that favored Mondale (they would also have favored Kennedy or any other strong contender, and the Hart people have a theory on how they could actually help Hart); the "special interests" for throwing resources behind Mondale; and all those who say the race is already over. Today, in Atlanta, Glenn, referring to the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., said, "What does Lane Kirkland think he's buying with his twenty million dollars—a President who will never disagree with the A.F.L.-C.I.O.?" (The twenty-million-dollar figure is one that the Glenn people have put out; the A.F.L.-C.I.O. isn't saying how much it is spending on the Mondale campaign, and neither are the Mondale people.) Glenn was shown saying this on television tonight, and two networks ran stories about Mondale's continuing to "duck" the question, posed by Hart in Saturday's debate, sponsored by the Des Moines *Register*, about when he had ever disagreed with the A.F.L.-C.I.O., or organized labor, on an issue. Mondale's response then was not particularly deft (he said, "As a matter of fact, they came to me in support of my proposals . . . This was not the case of a deal, of my agreeing to do something for them"), and his evasion of the question was noticeable. Last fall, in an interview with me, he cited his opposition to the B-1 bomber and the MX missile, both of which labor supported, but he has taken the general position that he is not going to go around pointing out his differences with the groups supporting him. The "promises" issue is not so clear-cut—his opponents don't actually cite many specifics, and most of them have pledged to do good things, too—nor is the "special interests" issue. Many of his opponents sought the same endorsements that they now criticize.

Yet Mondale has invited some of the problems. He *is* cautious, which has its advantages and disadvantages; he is disinclined to take a step until he is certain he knows the terrain very well, and has had the advice of experts. Mondale is a great admirer of expertise, which can cause him to be knowledgeable, make sound proposals, and all that, but which can also suffocate instincts and blur the focus. He hasn't seemed to give people enough to hang on to; he seems at times to be coasting through because the polls indicate that he can. Perhaps if he had shown more edge on something, he wouldn't be under attack on so many other things. His ads have no bite; they are designed to assure that Mondale is experienced. The special-interests/promises criticism might have been tempered not by any great strategic change (or by, as some urged, a stagy going before a group that supported him and saying he disagreed with it) but by subtle shadings of style. Mondale's natural, long-honed political style is to persuade people to believe that he agrees with them, and he may now be paying a price for that. He has responses to the criticisms, but he hasn't got them across. He has, as he has said, told some of his supporters things they didn't necessarily want to hear, but it has been sotto-voce, and so surrounded by agreeable things that the point of difference hasn't come through. He is proposing to raise taxes, but, rather than make a virtue of this facing up to reality, he has approached the campaign thus far as if he were not going to do anything that would be difficult on anyone—except the rich. (In fact, his tax program would affect everyone with an income over twenty-five thousand dollars.) Mondale's approach is to build the support now—get a "mandate"—and, using the support he has built, conduct the hard transactions later. And, unlike most people who run for President, he has a theory about carrying the campaign into governing. The question is whether it is in him to conduct those hard transactions; he firmly believes that it is, and he has been too close to a paralyzed President to want to have a similar experience. But gathering the support of groups on the ground that you will protect their interests can make you a hostage to their next demands. Mondale has understood all along that the special-interests issue is really a question about his strength.

Mondale's campaign strategists have been preoccupied with a large number of matters, in addition to deciding how, or whether, to respond to the attacks. When I visited James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman, in his Washington office last week, one of the decisions that had just been made was to ignore Hart's Council Bluffs speech, so as not to build him up. Last year, before the shape of the campaign became at all clear, the Mondale people were somewhat concerned about Hart—worried that he could make his "old generation–new generation" and "old ideas–new ideas" argument stick, and could build strong grass-roots organizations for the early contests. But the Mondale people believe that they succeeded in forcing Hart into a national contest, in which he seemed to be going nowhere, and only lately has there been a bit of a flurry in the press suggesting that he was on the move in New Hampshire. (The recent poll taken by the Mondale people in New Hampshire indicated that this was not the case.) For a number of reasons, the Mondale people prefer Glenn as a target: Glenn has not proved himself a very adroit combatant, and in taking him on one is not taking on any of the activist segments of the Party; going against Glenn is best suited to the appeal that Mondale is trying to make, and, moreover, the Mondale people value the fact that in many instances they can take on Glenn and Reagan at the same time. Besides, all the polls have Glenn in second place.

Characteristically, Johnson was thinking about a great many short-range and long-range strategic questions at once: how to assure a sufficient turnout in Iowa, and how to build the impact of the expected victory there; how to refine Mondale's message for New Hampshire—to make it clear he will stand up for the average family, and protect it on taxes, the environment, and retirement, and to attack Glenn's tax program on the ground that it would cost middle-income people more than Mondale's would, and that it was not as progressive as Mondale's, and would not take as much from corporations or the wealthy. I asked Johnson, an unusually calm person, whether there was anything in particular he was worried about. He replied, "Sure. I worry about everything. But I can't say how I think it can go wrong. In Iowa, we look stronger and stronger. New Hampshire looks stable, but I don't rule out a loss there; you can't rule it out."

The strategy of seeking endorsements is still proceeding. Mondale recently received the endorsement of Robert Strauss, the former Party chairman, and of House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, who departed from his prior practice in making the endorsement. These endorsements were taken as a sign that major Party figures thought the race was over—which was the intended effect. Mondale was also endorsed by Wilson Goode, the mayor of Philadelphia, and a black; Mondale is trying to gather all the black support he can, to counteract Jesse Jackson. Mondale had helped Goode raise funds for his mayoralty race, last November. He was recently endorsed by Joseph Brennan, the governor of Maine, and by George Mitchell, Maine's Democratic senator. The Maine caucuses will occur on March 4th, and these endorsements were intended to solidify the lead the Mondale people assume that they have, as a result of their successful efforts in a straw poll there last fall. Mondale was also endorsed recently by Governor William O'Neill, of Connecticut, which holds its primary on March 27th. And in late January Mondale won public commitments from seventy-three of the hundred and sixty-four House Democrats who were selected as delegates to the Convention, in July. (The Mondale people say they have private commitments from twenty-seven other members.) Many of these endorsements were made on the grounds that Mondale is the best candidate and a winner, of course, but it is also true that Mondale's years of travel on behalf of other politicians, and raising money for them, are paying off. From February, 1981, until November of 1982, he maintained his own political-action committee, which financed his travel and enabled him to make contributions to others—and win gratitude. Johnson spends a great deal of time studying the other candidates' schedules, which he keeps on his desk, to see what they can tell him about the others' strategies, and to counteract where he can, by placement of ads and reconsidering Mondale's schedule. Johnson says, "I spend most of my day thinking, I wonder why they did that, why they said that, why they were in Cedar Rapids instead of Ottumwa."



Long range, the Mondale campaign is focussing on what it assumes will be its eventual race against Reagan, and is consciously developing issues now that it thinks will help it in the fall. A lot of thought has also gone into the Convention, which the Mondale people feel must present a harmonious picture to the public: the 1972 Convention, where the forces backing Hubert Humphrey were still fighting George McGovern, offered a disastrous picture; the harmonious 1976 Convention gave a real boost to Jimmy Carter's campaign; the 1980 Convention, where Edward Kennedy and Carter were still fighting, was one of the many things that did not help Carter in the fall. According to Johnson, Mondale is trying to keep relations with the other candidates as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. (Mondale passed up a planned trip into Ohio, which had been designed to shake up Glenn.) The

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Mondale people keep in touch with a lot of supporters of the other candidates—people who went along with those candidates for home-state reasons but might come over when the others drop out—and have maintained contact with Jackson on the questions of the Party rules and voter registration, among other things, in order to keep a line open to him in the hope of making peace later. And, of course, they are thinking about who should be on the ticket with Mondale as the Vice-Presidential nominee. As for the criticism that the other candidates are levelling at Mondale, Johnson says that if the Democrats hold a harmonious Convention, then, once the fall campaign begins and "we get down to whether Mondale or Reagan is elected, all this will seem as from the nineteenth century." The Mondale people are also encouraged by the fact that the criticisms have caused no perceptible drop in Mondale's standing in the polls. But first the Mondale people have New Hampshire to worry about.

Charles Campion, an engaging twenty-eight-year-old Bostonian from a political family, has been living in New Hampshire since December 15, 1982, running the Mondale effort here. Campion worked for Mondale when Mondale was Vice-President. He was the first to set up shop here for a Democratic candidate. He says, "Jim Johnson knew from Day One that New Hampshire would be important in the end—even before we knew that New Hampshire would still be early. He recognized it's come down to New Hampshire many times, and the press is used to coming here." Campion continues, "To do well in New Hampshire, you have to be a presence here, become part of it. I've probably been out of the state ten days since I came here. And there hasn't been a month since the campaign began that Mr. Mondale wasn't here at least one day. And his wife, Joan, was here often, too." Joan Mondale has become an accomplished campaigner, and has been making a major effort. Campion says, "The other political point about New Hampshire is that its historic role has given people here a sophistication about the political process and the personalities of the people around the candidates, and they're very, very wary of outsiders. People think I'm from New Hampshire now." (Campion's deputy, Kathi Rogers, is an experienced New Hampshire political organizer.) Campion explains that New Hampshire has its own set of unwritten rules governing what one does and does not do when campaigning here—having to do with the way one talks to people, the amount of time one must spend listening, places one must go. One must start out in the right living rooms, with the right people gathered, or all can be lost. Campion says, "You have to let people know you're going to take them seriously and participate fully here."

Most Democratic campaigns start off with all the candidates running around the state talking to the same three hundred-some activists, signing them up. Which prominent activists have signed up with whom is very big news in New Hampshire. The fact that Hart signed up Jeanne Shaheen, a respected political organizer, who ran the Carter effort here in 1980, is one of the reasons he is believed to have a good organization here. (Mondale got some of the people who might have been for Alan Cranston by promising to help them with future fund-raising efforts.) Campion says that the Mondale campaign has reached ninety-two thousand five hundred homes by phone. Campion, coining a new term, says, "We household it. We're literally finding out how everyone in the house feels; it often takes several calls." It is now a standard campaign technique to identify voters by degree of support. The ranking goes: 1, absolutely committed; 2, committed but shaky; 3, undecided; 4, committed to another candidate. Campion says, "Now we're trying to make 2s and 3s into 1s, and we're even going after the 4s; usually you forget the 4s. It's said that our support is soft. Our opponents' support is much softer than ours—so, basically, we're out there talking to everybody."

Labor, though it is not a large force in the state, is helping Mondale here—making calls and sending mailings to its members and trying to get out its voters. For its national effort, labor has also made films about Mondale, which have been shown at meetings. Lane Kirkland has made appearances with Mondale at regional labor meetings. Labor is helpful in other ways: it leases its phone banks to the Mondale organization, thus saving the Mondale group the cost of setting them up, and, in some places, leases it office space. There have been charges, particularly by the Glenn campaign, that the Mondale camp is being charged less than fair market value for the use of the phones and the headquarters, and that therefore the election laws are being violated, but so far nothing has come of this. The labor efforts are a new factor in the nomination contest. Individual unions backed one candidate or another in the past, but this time Kirkland took a gamble that he could unite the A.F.L.-C.I.O. behind one candidate, and assure a nominee who would be sympathetic to labor—as he felt that George McGovern and Jimmy Carter were not. (What the A.F.L.-C.I.O. would have done if Edward Kennedy, who has also been close to labor, had run is a puzzle.) Labor is throwing its resources into the early contests in the hope of getting the nomination over with soon.

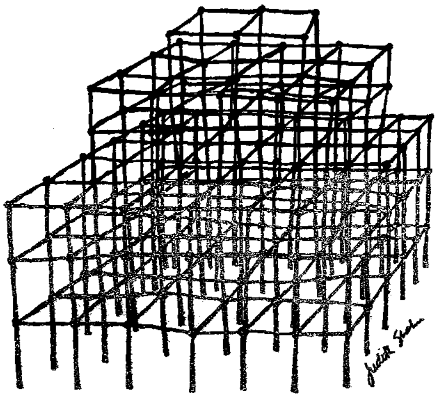
February 14

The Westside Community Center. At one-thirty, about sixty elderly people are here, playing bingo. Antoinette McNally, who is in charge of this city-run program, wishes them a Happy Valentine's Day. Fritz Hollings is expected shortly. I ask one of the women whether any of the other candidates have been here, and, eliding a few elections, she says that Hart and Barry Goldwater have. A Hollings aide arrives with a huge blue-and-white Hollings poster, some red-white-and-blue bunting, and some carnations. In a few minutes, Hollings arrives, accompanied only by an aide and the Secret Service and a couple of reporters. Hollings has been concentrating his efforts on New Hampshire, to try to show that he has Northern support, and appears to be waging a rather lonely campaign; his candidacy has been generally written off. Hollings' problem goes beyond the fact that he has a deep Southern accent and a voice that seems to go down rather than out and sometimes is difficult to understand, or that he has a mean streak that he seems unable to contain. (In the Dartmouth debate, irritated with Askew at one point, he said to Askew, who has a facial tic, "You've got a tic in your ear, too.") His problem seems to be that he has no political base and no particular strategy for establishing one. Hollings is not alone among politicians in having a high estimation of himself, or in taking a look at others who have run for, or been, President and figuring that he is at least as well qualified. He is a smart man, with a quick mind and a sharp wit, but there is a certain lack of discipline to him; one can never be sure what is going to come out of his mouth when he is riled—and he easily is. He is capable of personal kindness and thoughtfulness, and is an interesting man to talk to, but his great pride and good opinion of himself and the mean streak do not make for a warm public persona. Moreover, one cannot simply decide that one is smart and go out and run for President and get very far; one has to build a base, have a long-sighted strategy. Jimmy Carter decided he was as smart as or smarter than the rest of them, but he and his advisers had a very long-sighted strategy, which included the building of a coalition to win the nomination.

Hollings, arriving at the community center, looks ruddy and well. He has, as usual, ramrod bearing (he attended the Citadel), and his distinguished white hair is a bit in need of a cut. I ask him why he doesn't look tired. He replies, "There's some hope. People are beginning to focus in on the campaign. They're listening about the budget and the economy." Hollings has been preaching fiscal prudence, and arguing that the Democrats have lost a number of elections because they didn't convince people that they could handle the economy. Hollings' main proposal is for a freeze on all federal spending. He tells the bingo group, "I came to wish you a Happy Valentine's Day. All the candidates love you now, and we'll promise you anything." But, he continues, "we're not paying our bills." He says, "I'm the candidate who comes around and not only talks of a nuclear freeze—because we're all fearful of a nuclear holocaust—but I'm the candidate who talks about a budget freeze also." He says that his proposal would save a hundred billion dollars. He tells the group, "If we'd sacrifice a little today, we can have a much brighter tomorrow. Unfortunately, we're all coming around and talking to you, but we're not ready to do that." He tells the people here he hopes they'll be for him on the twenty-eighth, and concludes, "Happy Valentine's Day. We love you all." The audience seems pleased with this courtly-seeming, handsome man.

As Hollings starts to go around the room to greet people, Mrs. McNally asks him to call a bingo game, and declares that this is to be a "shotgun" game, meaning that all the numbers on a card must be covered. Hollings has no choice but to go along, and—interminably, it seems—he spins the wire cage again and again, pulling out the balls with the numbers on them. He does it sportingly, joking about his accent—"n" comes out as a two-syllable word ("ayun")—until at last someone gets bingo. Then Hollings, released at last from his unexpected duty, circles the room and hands out carnations.

DERRY. Gary Hart is addressing a group of about a hundred people, most of them young, at the Westside Community Center, in this town southeast of Manchester. Hart now has a substantial entourage. The singer Carole King is campaigning with him here. (Paul Newman campaigned with Mondale in New Hampshire last week.) Hart, a slim, youthful-looking man with chiselled features, a full head of brown hair, and hazel eyes, stands before the group, one hand in a pocket, John F. Kennedy-like. "This is a crucial election for this country's future," he says. On foreign policy, he says, "It is about whether this country will stand for a foreign policy that gives us as Americans something to be proud of other than just our invasions." He talks of the importance of cleaning up acid rain, of protecting the environment, of "putting millions of Americans back to work." He talks of the importance of "open and aggressive trade policies, and not protectionism." Unlike Mondale and Glenn, he opposes "domestic content" legislation, backed by labor, which would require that all cars sold in the United States contain a certain percentage of United States parts and labor. He talks about "the increasingly scandalous and corrupt tax code," and about arms control. He speaks crisply and rather quietly, making no attempt to arouse emotion. He talks about the necessity "of caring for our elderly, of caring for our young, of providing decent housing, decent education, job training, the kind of modern and growing economy that this nation desperately needs in the nineteen-eighties." He says that "we cannot balance the disastrous Reagan deficits so long as we're pouring tens of billions of dollars unnecessarily into MX missiles and B-1 bombers and nuclear weapons." Thus far, his ideas and his goals are not unlike Mondale's. But then he says, "This election is not just between the Democrats and the Republicans. It's not just between liberals and conservatives. It's between the future and the past." He is staking out a nonideological position, but this also reflects his politics. He says, "You can send a signal to the rest of this country that suggests we are tired of the politics of the past, we are tired of the politics of special arrangements and old arrangements and old deals, of special-interest groups and political-action-committee money." (Both Hart and Mondale have rejected PAC contributions to their campaigns.) He says, "We want reforms of our military institutions. We want a strong defense, but one that is effective, and not just expensive." Hart has taken as his own the idea of "military reform," which means finding ways to get more value for military expenditures, and getting more maneuverability through simpler weapons; he did not invent the idea, but he has spent a lot of time on it. "We want to take our tax dollars away from nuclear weapons systems," he says. "It is vitally important that we elect a candidate who is not beholden to a collection of special interests."



In the debates, in which Hart has done well, and in his campaign, Hart has been asserting that he is the candidate of "new ideas," but his ideas are not always particularly novel or striking. He does back an American Defense Education Act, which would provide funds to improve the teaching of math, science, languages, and technology. The proposed program was in fact drafted by the National Education Association. Mondale, who has been endorsed by the N.E.A., declined to back the program, and proposed a broader one of his own. Hart has also proposed what he calls individual training accounts, which would have workers and employers make tax-deductible contributions to a fund to provide retraining and relocation. (He has not made much of this proposal until lately, and it is not the subject of any of his many position papers.) The difference between Hart and the other candidates is less substantive than stylistic. Hart is forty-seven; Mondale is fifty-six. (Hart's official biography said he was a year younger, and when questions arose about this Hart said, "It's whatever the records say. It's no big deal.") However, Hart and Mondale are from different political generations, and different political traditions. Mondale comes from Minnesota progressive liberalism; Hart's is a more rootless heritage—he moved to Colorado shortly before he entered politics, and his political style was formed in the seventies, when the winds were shifting. He talks favorably about the liberal agenda, but it never seems to be at the core of his concerns; he is cool and deliberately modern. Hart is actually hard to locate; he seems to be inventing himself. A couple of years ago, he identified himself with a group known as "neoliberals" (Hart told me that he disliked the term), which was searching for various ways to break with the Party's past. He has been part of the group of "Atari Democrats," fascinated, perhaps excessively, with the potential of high tech for restoring the economy. (One of Hart's television ads even has digital-looking print.) Yet he cannot run for the nomination of the Democratic Party disavowing all the Party's traditions; digital politics is not enough. The questions raised by Mondale's relationship with the Democratic interest groups have been explored, but there are also questions about Hart's—and Glenn's—lack of relationship with them, and their expressed hostility to the role of those groups in the campaign. Jimmy Carter ran saying (not quite accurately), "I owe the special interests nothing," and his inability to deal with these groups was one of the reasons he couldn't govern effectively. Hart's campaign appears to be aimed at the young and the upper middle class: trendy. (Hart did have labor support in his Senate campaigns.) But these groups don't encompass the base of the Democratic Party. So his candidacy raises two questions: Can a Democrat win the election without the support of blue-collar voters, and could a Democratic President who did not have a working relationship with the Party's interest groups govern? The Democratic Party has been through class warfare before, to no good end. (In an interview I had with Hart last year, he tried to make a distinction between "special interests" and "narrow interests," and said that "the danger isn't women or labor." But he seems to have dropped the distinction.)

Hart is not in the habit of working in concert with others; like Glenn, he is pretty much of a loner in the Senate. Even those who know him best say that they do not know him well. He is a man of some charm, but not warmth. (Hart grew up poor in Kansas, in the strict discipline of the Church of the Nazarene—no movies, no dancing, a rigid dress code. His name used to be Hartpence, but he changed it in 1961, when he changed his career goals—leaving the Yale Divinity School and entering Yale Law School, headed for politics.) All politicians are driven, but some soften their edges more than others; Hart's edges show. Last year, he tried to run his campaign essentially by himself. He wavered in his themes: at one point his focus was on appealing to the women's vote. Now he is said to be more amenable to advice. A key adviser of late is Patrick Caddell, the pollster, who worked with Hart when Hart managed the McGovern Presidential campaign in 1972, but had had a somewhat strained relationship with him in recent times. (McGovern and Hart have a very strained relationship; McGovern resents the distance that Hart has put between himself and McGovern when this has seemed politically exigent—as do others who were involved in the 1972 campaign.) Caddell, who is thirty-three, has a brilliant, imaginative mind, and has his own theory, which he has tested by some polling, of what the electorate is seeking: someone not identified with the past; someone who comes across as new, with bold and innovative ideas, who will, as it happens, call for a new generation of leadership and for sacrifice, and who will run an anti-establishment campaign. And Caddell has a strong dislike for Mondale. In a long paper Caddell wrote last fall (when he was still hoping a new candidate would enter the race), he set forth a case that the Party is essentially liberal to moderate, and populist, pro-"new ideas," and anti-establishment—and that no candidate had positioned himself to take advantage of this. He also said that there is a "fault line" between the Party establishment and everyone else in the Party. And he said that the possibility that the "baby boom" generation, which has tended to stay away from the polls, would begin to vote in large numbers made it the potentially decisive voting group.

One of the reasons for Caddell's feelings about Mondale was Mondale's

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telling me in 1979, after Carter's famous retreat to Camp David to reexamine his Presidency, that he thought Caddell's diagnosis that the country was suffering from a "malaise," which led to Carter's "crisis of the spirit" speech, was "crazy." Mondale's repetition, last fall, of that point of disagreement with Carter did not help matters. (Nor did the Mondale campaign's saying it had not offered Caddell a job as its pollster.) Beyond that, Caddell is unsympathetic, to say the least, toward Mondale's political style—and was when Mondale was Vice-President and Caddell was Carter's pollster. Caddell's and Mondale's temperaments are utterly different. Mondale is linear, programmatic; Caddell is nonlinear, thematic. Mondale is contained, inward; Caddell is emotional, even explosive. Caddell shopped around for an alternative candidate to Mondale—he hoped that Senator Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas, would enter, and advised him for a while, and he was involved in the near-entry, early this year, in the New Hampshire primary of Senator Joseph Biden, of Delaware—and when no one else entered the race he decided to help Hart, who had turned to him for advice at the end of the year. At that point, Hart seemed to be going nowhere. Hart read Caddell's paper, and Caddell began to help him sharpen his themes, make new ads, and prepare for the Dartmouth debate.

During the question period that follows Hart's talk here, Hart says that he favors proposals to simplify the tax code, including one along the lines of a proposal made by Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey, and Representative Richard Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri, but says that his proposal would have more tax brackets, to make it more progressive. (Under the Bradley-Gephardt proposal, all but a few deductions would be eliminated, and people would pay according to three brackets. The plan would not increase revenues.) Hart tells the audience that under his proposal from eighty to eighty-five per cent of the people would pay no more taxes than they do now. He also mentions a form of a consumption tax, which would tax spending and reward savings and investment. (Critics say that this would put the greater burden on those who are not in a position to save.) The Bradley-Gephardt proposal and the consumption tax are utterly different approaches; Hart has wavered between them for some time. Hart speaks with clarity and intelligence, but he does not get applause unless he encourages it.

I have an interview with Hart as he is driven from Derry to Concord, his next stop. I begin by asking him how he assesses his own situation as of now.

He replies, "There is clearly a movement of some substantial proportions in our direction—not only here but in Iowa and around the country." He continues, "One thing leads to another. It's kind of a never-ending cycle. The better you do, the better the press; the better the press, the better you do."

I ask Hart why he thinks that that is happening now, and he says that this is the time when people look at the candidates intensively, and that he had always thought that it would happen at this point, and that "people began to analyze the race the way I've always felt they would—that is, between the Party's future and its past, not between its left and its right." He points out that the debates are "levelling events," putting the front-runners on the same footing as the others, and says, "I, as I felt that I would, did well in those." He continues, "The front-runners don't look extraordinarily better than anyone else, and in the case of Senator Glenn probably worse. And in the case of Vice-President Mondale—he consistently gets by by just not making a mistake."

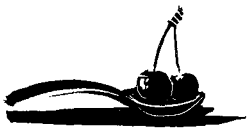
I ask Hart if there have been any changes in his approach.

He replies, "Yes, but it was all conscious, purposeful, and planned. I set out, when I announced, to lay an issues base—spend as much time as it took across the country and in the early primary and caucus states to lay out my economics, lay out my defense and military-reform policies, arms-control and foreign policies, issues on education, and the rest. That takes a long time. It's done in the living rooms in Iowa and New Hampshire. It's done in apartments in New York and back yards in Beverly Hills. It's letting people know who you are, but, first of all, in my case, laying out what I think. And as a result of that I got dubbed the candidate of issues or ideas and dismissed, almost. That's exactly what I wanted to be known as." In a dig at McGovern, he says that in 1972 the Party had a candidate "against the war in Vietnam who then tried to put the economics and other foreign policy and military policy together, to some grief." Hart says, "But I had always planned by some time toward the end of '83 and in the early part of '84 to shift to a kind of thematic summary of those ideas—having recruited what activists I could on the ideas and the issues—and then to begin to condense and consolidate the message into a set of themes having to do with the past and the future, the old politics and the new politics, the generational change, the period of transition that we're in, and how, essentially, the politics of the past of both parties is increasingly irrelevant to the problems of our time. People sort of wandered into that transition cold—a lot of observers—and, ironically, all of a sudden I began to read stories about 'Hart's only talking in generalities. He has no new ideas.' So I finally struck a balance about four weeks ago in which I delivered the thematic speech and punctuated it with specific ideas, like the individual training account or, for example, a freeze on plutonium." He continues, "The other rap on me was that I was cold and aloof, and not a good campaigner. And I kept telling people I don't know how they thought I got elected twice in Colorado if I was so cold and aloof. I meet and greet people as well as any other candidate in this race. Better than most. And I think reporters see that and they say, 'Well, this guy's not cold and aloof. He's changed.' They could not have been wrong, so they say I've changed." And he says, "And then, finally, I see Glenn and Cranston declining very quickly. That caused the vacuum to be formed among those who are looking for an alternative to Fritz Mondale, and I think that clearly I'm the best qualified to fill that. I think that's happening. I said over a year ago that this would become a contest between Fritz and myself. And I'm more convinced than ever that that's going to be the case."

I ask Hart if he is concerned that the intra-Party debate might damage Mondale in the general election if Mondale is the nominee.

He replies, "I can only account for myself. What I've tried to do is establish a contrast more of political style than of character. When I criticize Fritz's caution on Lebanon and Grenada or Vietnam, it's really to contrast approach to public policy—in this case, mostly in the foreign-policy area, but that's increasingly important. To suggest that some in this society and in politics—in public office—learned the lessons of Vietnam, others didn't."

Hart expresses some anger that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is pouring such large resources into the attempt to elect Mondale, and his annoyance is understandable. He says he did not realize that labor's endorsement would carry with it such a commitment of resources. He says, "I have an Oriental view of politics: everyone's strength is also a weakness. In this case, with labor endorsing Mondale, then turning out the troops, making phone calls for him, bending arms, it seems to me a legitimate question to ask him whether there is one area where he's disagreed with labor." It is the case that Hart, while he might not have the base that Mondale does, also does not have the negatives attached to him that Mondale does (Carter, "special interests," "old liberal"). Hart also expresses annoyance that so many people are saying that the race is in effect over and that Mondale's rivals should not criticize him. This is a hard thing for Mondale's rivals to accept before there has been any voting. He also expresses anger ("I'm sore") at suggestions on the part of Mondale's people that it would be impossible for any other candidate to overtake Mondale after New Hampshire. He says, "Mondale and his people played a critical role in stacking the deck purely for the purpose of making it in their judgment impossible—in my judgment, difficult—for a dark horse to win. And then they come back two years later, not having said so at the time, and say, 'Well, look, even if a lot of Democrats in this party want somebody else they can't have somebody else, because of the rules.' I think it's wrong. Look, I wouldn't be wasting my time if I thought it was impossible. I could spell out a scenario where Mondale could be defeated by these very rules."



What Hart and Caddell have in mind is that Hart could come out of New Hampshire with a great wave of publicity, if he does well enough here, and the subsequent bunched contests, which were designed to keep a long shot from having time to suddenly build an organization, could, in effect, turn into a national primary in which Hart, riding the publicity, could win. Caddell has believed ever since the nomination rules were established that this is how a dark horse could pull off a "jujitsu of the rules." Caddell's theory, as he explained it to me recently, is that Glenn was an excellent foil for Mondale, and the contest between them offered people a real choice, but that if Glenn's candidacy continued to collapse Mondale would be more damaged than any of the others, because this would open the way for another candidate to pick up the support of a great many of those who do not support Mondale. Caddell, who did some polling in Iowa in late November to test the theories in his paper, said, "I have thought since I looked at my Iowa poll that if no one else got in the race, Gary's the alternative to Mondale." He said, "If Glenn collapses, a lot of people will be loose, with only one candidacy to support. They'll see, if Gary's doing well, that there's no reason to support any of the lesser candidacies. If Gary comes in second in New Hampshire, then he has eliminated the rest of the field except Mondale, and then there will be some people who won't want the race to be shut down. Gary will get money and workers and free media—the media can't take a no-campaign campaign year."

Caddell has advised Hart, who has been spending most of his time in New Hampshire, to spend more time in Iowa, saying that if he comes in at least third there he will do well in New Hampshire. Caddell said to me that he could understand that the Mondale people would prefer a one-on-one with Glenn rather than with Hart, because, he says, his own polling indicates that most of the voters want a candidate who represents a new generation of politics. He said, "Gary and Mondale are yin and yang. That's why the Mondale people were worrying about him last year." Caddell said, "The Mondale people's argument now is that they'll get the delegates out of the early caucuses, which require organization. But if they lose race after race, they're dead. Gary won't necessarily be stopped by the structure of the nomination contest. There are enough delegates elected after mid-March to win this thing, and some of the delegates chosen earlier could switch. If Gary emerges and starts to win the primaries, it's all over." The "realists" say that Hart is simply not equipped, monetarily or organizationally, to fight in the Southern primaries and caucuses that will occur on March 13th, and does not have the full number of delegates filed in Florida (March 13th), Illinois (March 20th), and Pennsylvania (April

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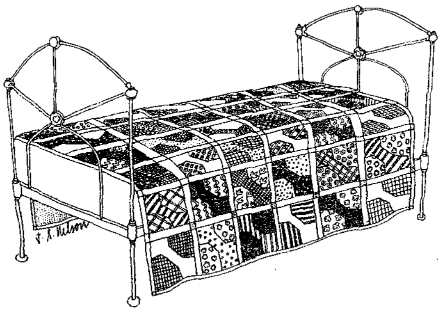
10th). By March 20th, almost half the delegates will have been chosen. (However, several contests involving large numbers of delegates will occur after that.) Moreover, Hart's campaign is in debt. Should Hart do well in New Hampshire, he would have to pick off some small victories here and there and then beat Mondale somewhere where it counts. Along the way, he would be raising, and building, a question of Mondale's legitimacy as the Party's candidate, even though Mondale may have more delegates. (Toward the end of the 1976 nomination campaign, Carter lost contests in several states as a similar question arose.) Now, in my interview with him, Hart says, "We have some major fund-raisers planned for after New Hampshire. There are a lot of phone calls going on. A lot of things are going to happen in a two-week period. I think, as I always have, that the showdown will come in the California primary, in June, and that whoever wins that will win the nomination."

In Concord, Hart addresses a large upper-middle-class group in a redeveloped shopping mall. With eloquence, he recalls John F. Kennedy as "a President who said we ought to ask ourselves what we can do for our country . . . that government service and public service was as honorable a thing as any American could engage in . . . [who] challenged this country to move into the future." (It may be remembered that Kennedy's campaign, in 1960, was pretty nonideological, too.) He says, "That President offered this country hope. He stood, in my judgment, for what is best in this country. He was not perfect—he, like the rest of us, had his weaknesses and failings. But he challenged a generation." Hart's voice is ringing out now. "He challenged us to get involved in the government and the control of our lives." Now Hart associates himself with John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy and he praises George McGovern's courage in taking on the Vietnam War in 1972. (Hart's ads also identify him with the Kennedys.) He says, "We believe the only success and the only chance for success in 1984—perhaps the only chance for this country and the world—is to have the kind of bold leadership that those individuals represented." He sets forth an idealistic view of what this nation should be, and asks for the people's help "not just for a candidate or not just for a campaign but for a cause. The cause is the redemption of this land."

FEBRUARY 15

THE Sheraton Wayfarer Inn, just outside Manchester. This is the hangout for reporters covering the New Hampshire primary (the waterfall in front of which television reporters often do their standups is on the grounds here), so from time to time candidates drop by for press conferences. This morning, Alan Cranston is holding one here. He was supposed to hold it yesterday afternoon but was unable to get here, because of fog. The fog that is covering much of the state, like the one that has been covering Iowa in recent days, has thrown off many plans. Cranston, as always, looks cheerful, grinning his big, toothy grin. His appearance is startling; he has dyed his fringes of hair orange and applied tanning lotion to his face, in order to look healthier. (He is a jogger, and has a stringy appearance.) Cranston, a distinguished, respected senator, has come to this. He is of a cheerful nature, and has great determination, and so, despite the odds against his success, he is pressing on. There is some speculation that he could come in second or third in Iowa, but it is hard to see where that would take him. His making the nuclear-freeze movement the focus of his campaign did give him a base, but not a very broad one; moreover, all the other candidates, except Reubin Askew, support a nuclear freeze. And his support of the B-1 bomber has made him suspect among some arms-controllers. Today, Cranston announces a new jobs program. Cranston tells reporters, who are more interested in how he assesses his chances than in his jobs program, that his objective in Iowa and New Hampshire is "to emerge as the alternative to Walter Mondale and John Glenn," and says, "That means I have to be victorious in the so-called second tier." With Mondale considered so far in the lead and Glenn presumed to be second, leadership of the "second tier" has, for whatever reason, become the prize that a number of the other candidates are seeking. This is new. Cranston is asked what will happen if he does well in Iowa but not in New Hampshire. He replies, "I can't conceive of circumstances developing in Iowa and New Hampshire that would cause me to drop out of the race."



Two of the other contenders for the second tier—George McGovern and Reubin Askew—will not be in New Hampshire this week, because they are concentrating on Iowa. McGovern has won an affectionate following in this campaign, based in part on nostalgia but also in part on the way he has handled himself. He comes across as dignified, relaxed, well spoken, and, thus far, realistic about the race—and therefore philosophical. In the debate in Des Moines, he won a large response by saying that many people thought that to vote for him would be to "throw away" their vote, but voting for him, he said, would be sending a message to the nominee, so "don't throw away your conscience." What doesn't seem to have been widely realized was that this, too, intentionally or not, was a way of helping Mondale, who is a good friend of McGovern's. For one thing, McGovern, in the course of his statement, good-humoredly suggested that the nominee was likely to be Mondale; more important, McGovern's presence in the race helps Mondale, because McGovern is presumed to take votes that might otherwise go to Cranston or Hart. Askew, who is running as "the different Democrat"—he opposes a nuclear freeze and wants to restrict abortions—is counting on anti-abortionists and a network of Amway distributors to help him in Iowa.

NORTH SUTTON. This afternoon, Jesse Jackson is to appear before a mock convention at Kearsarge Regional High School, in this hamlet in the central part of the state. Jackson has been stirring an unexpected amount of excitement in New Hampshire, and has spent a lot of time here. Navy Lieutenant Robert Goodman, the airman whom Jackson rescued from Syria, is from the state, but the interest in Jackson seems to go beyond that here—as it does elsewhere. Jackson has more flair than the other candidates, and, being extra-political, he isn't held to the same standards. If his facts aren't quite right, so be it—he's interesting, fun. But there is something else about Jackson's campaign: he can, on the basis of his special talents and his long experience, make a compelling moral case. He may be, as some think, on an extravagant exercise in self-promotion, or, as some think, a bit of a charlatan, or, as New York Governor Mario Cuomo has said, "cunning," but he does know how to get people's attention. Jackson has turned into more of a force than many people expected, including the Mondale people. He hasn't had to do what others have had to do to get himself across; his ability to command free television time has taken many people aback. Jackson's effectiveness thus far has given pause to some black leaders who had indicated that they would support Mondale—not so much because now they support Jackson but because they don't want to get wrong with a big proportion of their own political base. Andrew Young, the mayor of Atlanta, still shows up at the airport when Mondale arrives in his city, and says nice things about him, and is known to favor him, but he has declined to endorse him. (The Mondale people are continuing to work on this, and hope to have Young and other black leaders campaigning for Mondale by the time of the Southern contests on March 13th.) Harold Washington, the mayor of Chicago, who had been letting it be known that he would support Mondale, has now expressed a "preference" for Jackson. This had to do, it is said, with the fact that if Washington had not endorsed Jackson at least tacitly, Jackson would have backed delegates in Chicago who could have embarrassed Washington by defeating his delegates. The question that remains about Jackson is to what end he will put all this. He has said that he does not want to help reelect Reagan, and he is a subtle man, but it will take a lot of subtle moves, and discipline, on Jackson's part for his candidacy not to end up dividing the Democratic Party. He is a beguiling figure in person, but he sometimes comes across on television as threatening, especially when he's shown shouting; and there are segments of the Democratic Party—especially blue-collar workers, who are essential to victory—who will not welcome the sight of Jackson getting too much attention at the Convention. There are also tensions between Jackson and some Jewish groups, as a result of what is widely seen as Jackson's pro-Arab policy and of statements Jackson has made in the past.

Just before his appearance here, Jackson spoke to an audience of com-

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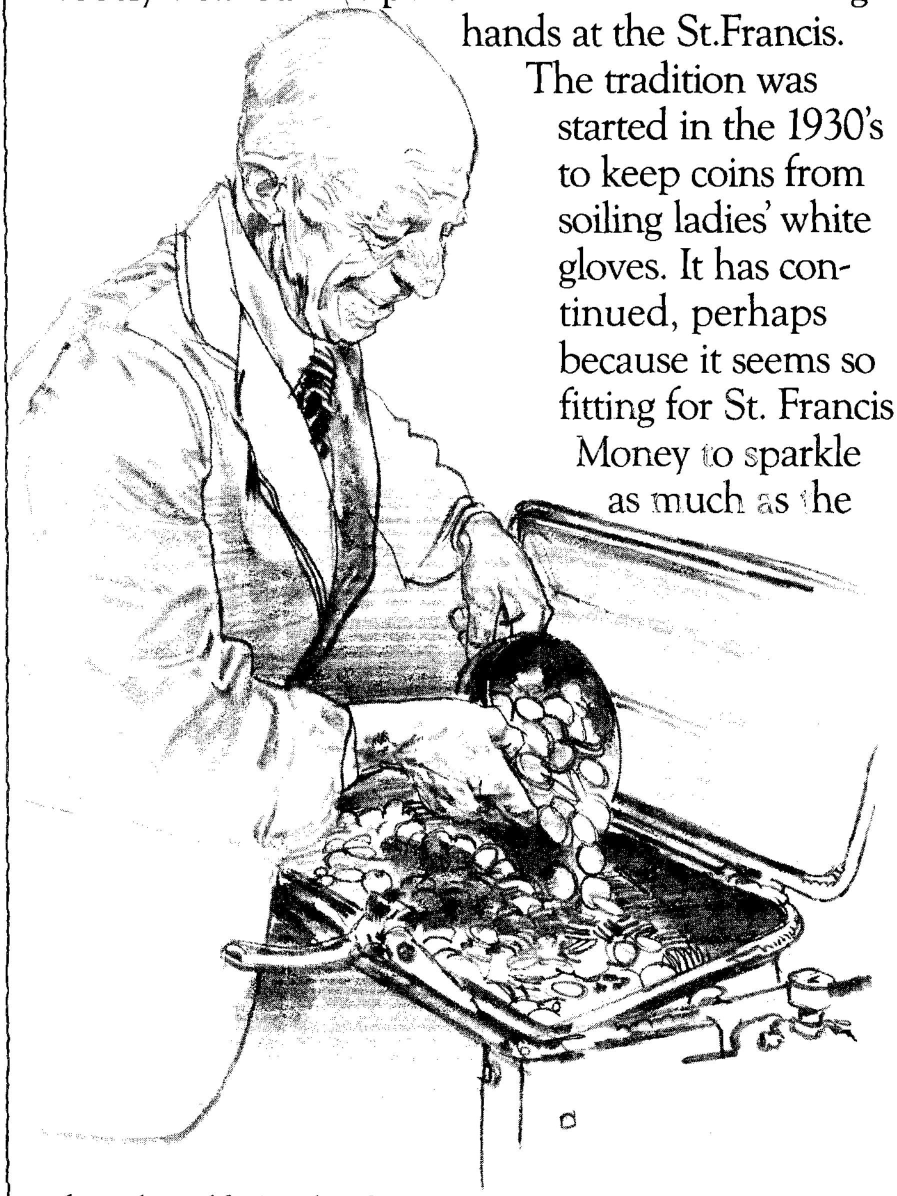

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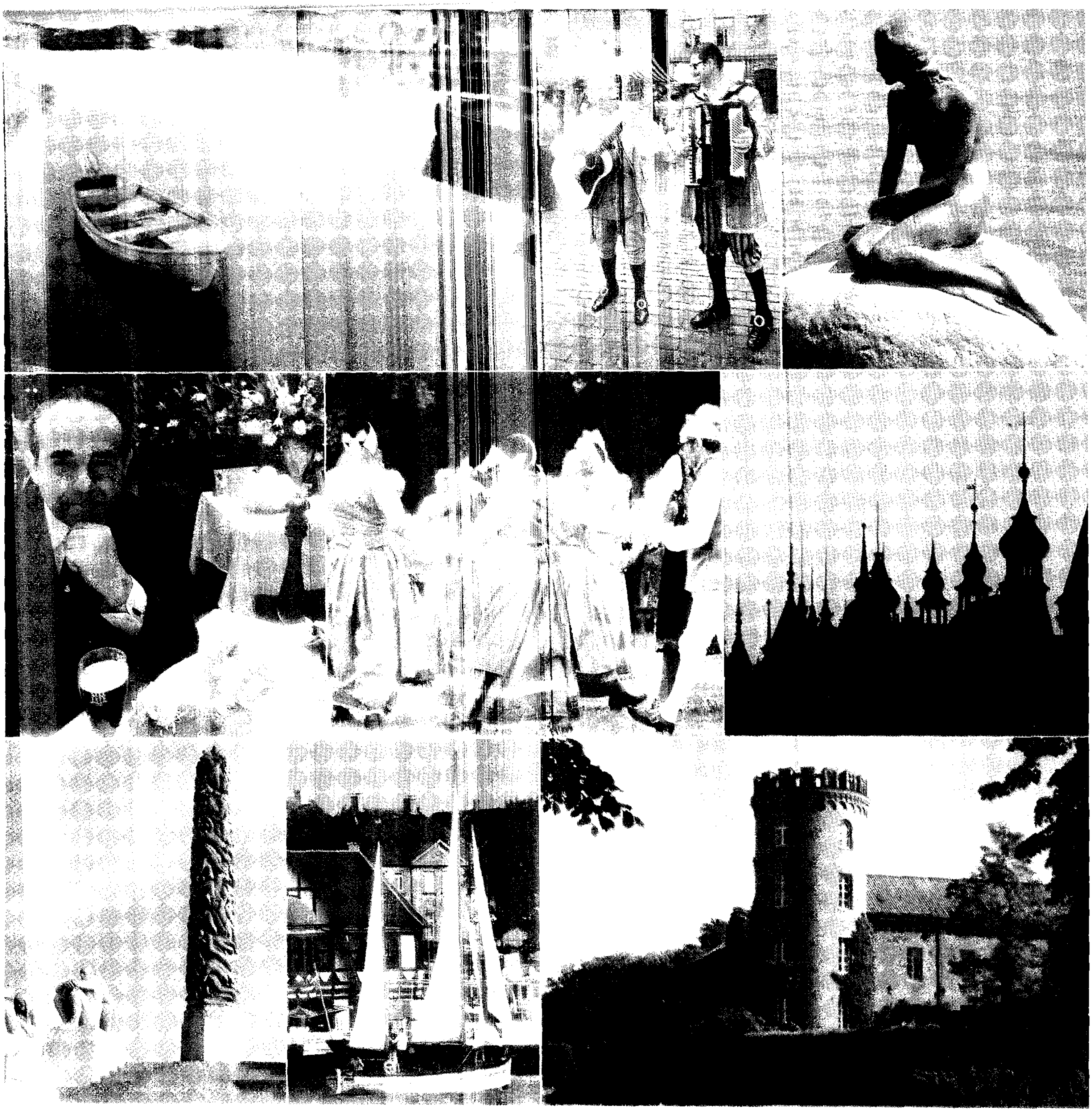
fortable white college women, plus several adults, at a college nearby, and had their total attention and, in the end, enthusiasm. Jackson does make a strong moral case, and he puts on a great show. Now seven hundred-odd high-school students who have come from around the Northeast for this mock convention are excitedly awaiting Jackson's arrival. He is chronically late for his appearances. The hall is decorated in red-white-and-blue bunting, and the "convention" attendants are arranged by state, as if it were a National Convention. As Jackson arrives onstage, he is greeted with cries of enthusiasm and tremendous applause; he holds up his hands in V signs, pleased with his effect. Jackson is dressed in a smart brown suit and vest. He is a largish, handsome man, and there is something physical in his effect on audiences. He begins his talk quietly, saying, "This is perhaps the most politically sensitive generation in the history of our nation." He tells these students, as he has told other audiences, "Our nation is great not because it is always right but because we have the right to protest for the right," and he says, "Democracy is the greatest political system the world has ever known." He starts out positive, a unifier, uncontroversial. "Every generation has the challenge to speak to its day," he says. "All of us cannot be famous, because all of us cannot be well known. All of us can be great, because all of us can serve." Jackson speaks in measured, clear sentences, and as he goes on his voice grows stronger and he falls into the cadences of a preacher. But what Jackson does is beyond preaching. A man I know who has observed Jackson for many years says that he is the shrewdest reader of audiences he has ever seen. Jackson sweeps the audience into what he is saying. He pauses for effect at just the right moments. His eyes flick over the audience, taking it all in. Now he talks about having grown up black. Jackson had a hard childhood—he was an illegitimate child in a small South Carolina town—and one senses in him a great desire to get even with the world, and no small amount of anger. (At his appearance prior to this one, Jackson said, "One thing I learned about being poor as a child was that you could believe in everything, and wish for it, too, but if you don't have the power to fight you can't get it.") He talks now about Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s struggle (in which he played an important part): "A non-violent movement moved this nation to a higher level of consciousness." Now, becoming still more the preacher, he says, "Every generation must dream. You must reserve the right to dream; the genius of dreaming is that you can stand an abysmal and ugly reality and dream beyond your situation of what ought to be." He says, "This generation must speak to its present day." The audience is dead silent, listening to him with total attention. He spells out some of the issues of the day: the limits on women's rights, the limits on the rights of blacks and Hispanics, and peace. One of Jackson's talents is to make an argument in an original, interesting way. He says, "We could have war based upon a margin of human error, computer malfunction," and adds, "We cannot just relate to the Soviet Union on the basis of a nuclear standoff—where we will not sell them first-rate computers—and political gimmicks." He asks, "Why allow them to have first-class weapons and third-class computers when a computer error could wipe us out and wipe them out?"

On occasion, Jackson is a bit loose with the facts. For example, in arguing, in his earlier appearance today, that the United States should not be so concerned about revolutionary regimes he seemed to imply that America had been ruled for some time by a military dictatorship. He said, "America was formed, you know, on the Revolution, headed by General George Washington, who later became President George Washington. And then a century later a civil war—and so our own democracy did not take place overnight." Then he goes through a litany of things that he says are "morally wrong," repeating the phrase several times, with emphasis: "When our nation uses resources to overthrow the government of Nicaragua, it's *morally wrong;* when we would question educational aid in our nation and increase military aid to El Salvador, we are *morally wrong.*" He points out that "America is about six per cent of the world," that "most people in the world are black or brown or yellow or red, non-Christian, poor, don't speak English." Jackson says, "This generation must learn to live with the people of the world. We must make the adjustment, the post-World War II adjustment, of not living over the world but living with the world and sometimes depending upon the world." Jackson is the only candidate who deals to any real extent with the question of the Third World. One need not do this out of romanticism or good will. Somehow, the long-range strategic importance of dealing with the Third World doesn't come into our political dialogue—it's too remote, it seems, from our everyday concerns. Now, his voice rising to a shout, Jackson indicts the Reagan Administration's domestic policy: "There are five million more poor people since Mr. Reagan; three million more children poor since Mr. Reagan; mothers without prenatal care since Mr. Reagan." He criticizes cuts in education. Some of Jackson's talk here sounds like what he has told black students for years, as part of his PUSH-Excel program to improve inner-city schools. The program was funded by the Carter Administration, at the behest of Hubert Humphrey. (The use of the funds for the program is now being audited by the federal government.) He lectures the students here on the importance of showing up for class, and of not watching too much television. "People are good at what they work at," he says. "Those who practice basketball four or five hours a day without a radio or a television or a telephone or social visitation—you are good at what you work at. If you spent four or five hours a night reading, writing, counting, and thinking, you could slam-dunk a thought just like you slam-dunk a basketball." He gets laughter and applause for this. Jackson lectures and motivates—but he does it entertainingly.

Jackson says that this nation's character will be judged "by how we treat the least of these," and he goes on, "We shall measure character by how we treat children in the dawn of life—that's real leadership—how we treat poor folks in the pit of life, how we treat old folks in the sunset of life. It's the measurement of our character and our values." (In his earlier appearance, he told the young women, "I've travelled to too many hospitals around the nation and watched people downstairs too poor to go upstairs to get a bed and too sick to go back home. And there were rooms and beds upstairs empty, waiting for somebody to get sick who was rich.") Now he says, "If a President says, 'I want children protected, I want poor folks given a chance and trained to develop, our old folk to have a sense that our nation appreciates them,' then the technicians



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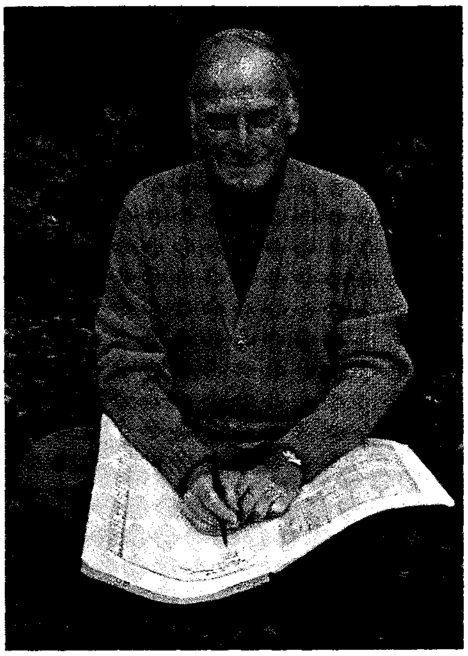

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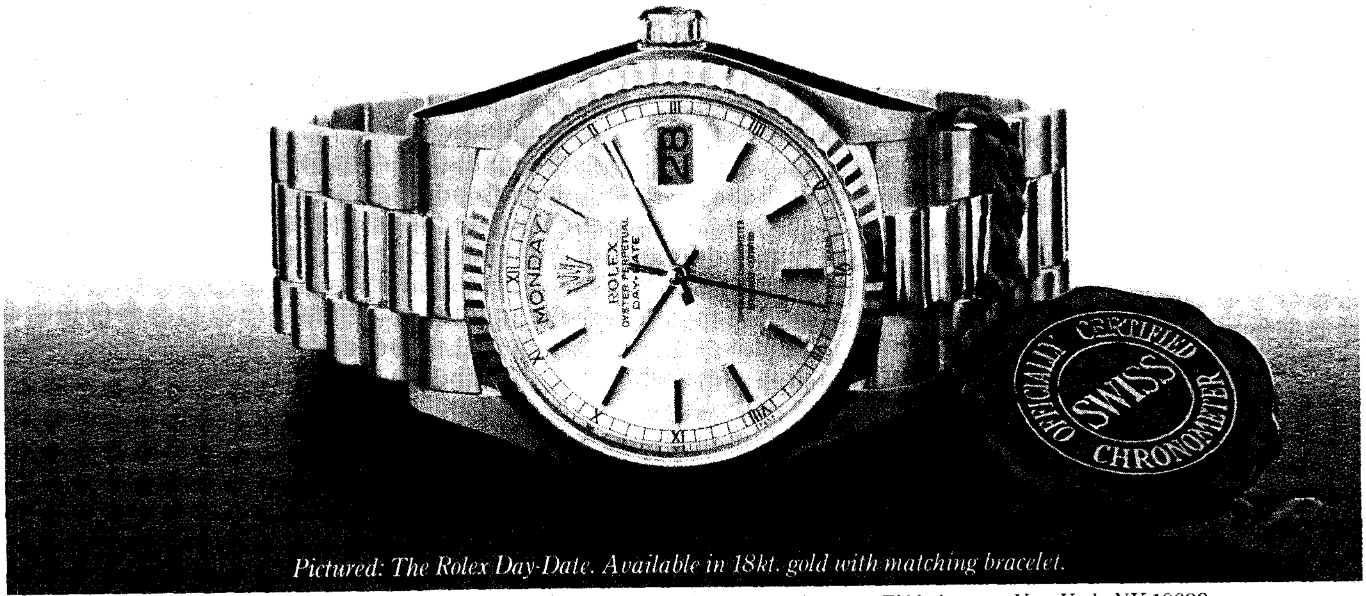

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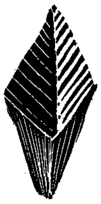
will devise budgets to meet the President's values." Jackson continues, "If a President says, 'I want a man on the moon to bring back *moon-dust rocks*' "—here he extends the words and says them sarcastically, and the audience laughs—"then seventy-five per cent of all of our scientists will figure out a way to get to the moon and bring back *moon-dust rocks*. Because our values cause our budget." His style here is the demagogic Southern political style, a style that uses humor and sarcasm and exaggeration; one thinks of the Longs, or of George Wallace. Then he goes into a lecture on the importance of voting, recalling for the audience that the elections of John Kennedy in 1960 and Richard Nixon in 1968 and Jimmy Carter in 1976 were very close. "Can a handicapped person be President?" he asks. And then he says that Franklin Roosevelt lifted the nation out of the Depression, adding, "It was Roosevelt, *in a wheelchair;* Presidents don't have to ride horses and eat peanuts and carry their own baggage." Then he says, as he said earlier today, "If poor folks can survive three years of Reagan, surely a woman can guide this nation." The sentence doesn't make much sense, but it gets laughter and applause. And he delivers, preacherlike, some thumping exhortations: "Choose the human race over the nuclear race—*stand together*, *pull together*." Taking a swipe at Mondale, he says, "I stand before you today prepared as a leader to face the head wind. I do not come before you to follow opinion polls, being driven by a tail wind." His solution to the budget deficit doesn't add up, but it doesn't seem to matter to this or any other audience. He uses vivid imagery, explaining that the "hot line" is not a telephone but "an old teletype system," and, to the amusement of the audience, he acts out the creaky mechanics involved and says, "And Reagan would read it when he wakes up." Jackson has a comedian's lines and sense of timing. He says, "We keep the process going of threats, as if the Russian people are not people," and he continues, "Can you trust the Russians? Well, you woke up this morning—that's one evidence you can trust them at that level. Can you trust Andropov? He's dead and didn't kill you and he could have. He could have decided in his waning hours, 'Well, I'm going and I need some company.' "

Jackson, as he finishes, gets a standing ovation. Then, as he frequently does in his appearances, he instructs the people in the audience to sit down and then asks all those to stand who are eighteen and over and are not registered to vote. As usual, it takes a while before a few people muster the courage to stand. Jackson is at once firm and gentle with them, asking the audience to applaud them for their courage. Then, bit by bit, he gets more people to stand. Then he instructs them, "Come on down," beckoning them to the front of the audience, where they are to be signed up to register to vote. "Come on down," he exhorts, again and again, smiling and cajoling. "We need you," he says. This has now turned into a religious meeting, and he has done it in an unthreatening way, and has people laughing with him.



February 16

MANCHESTER. The campaign of John Glenn has continued to slide in the polls and to be marked by a certain organizational and substantive confusion. The campaign organization was shaken up once again in late January, and it is now completely dominated by political professionals with no long-standing ties to Glenn. Still, Glenn is expected to do relatively well here as of now, because of the conservative nature of the state. One Glenn adviser said to me recently that the campaign's hope was that now the voters who had decided not to vote for Mondale would give Glenn another look. This man said, "If people don't like what they see, Hart is the most likely recipient of their support." Glenn's schedule has been the subject of confusion, too: at first, he was to spend the entire week in the South; then this was changed so that he would come into Manchester for a couple of days this week; then this was changed to have him attend some events in Nashua and Salem yesterday and today and ski in Waterville Valley, to the north, tomorrow. A number of experts on New Hampshire, as well as members of Glenn's own staff, thought the skiing trip a rather poor idea. (Among other things, it would take important time from campaigning, and have him skiing where well-to-do out-of-staters tend to go.) Then, yesterday, the visits to New Hampshire were cancelled, because, Glenn's staff said, he has the flu. Still, Glenn held a press conference in Washington today, in which he made yet another attack on Mondale.

Late last month, Glenn did eventually give a speech at Faneuil Hall, in Boston—which had been scheduled for a couple of weeks earlier but had been cancelled because of bad weather—in which he laid out his political philosophy, saying that he would be a President of the "sensible center." The idea was to contrast him with the more liberal Mondale, and there were a number of other implicit criticisms of Mondale in the speech. Glenn said, "I think it's time we set a reasonable, middle course in this country, and I think it's time we elected a President who cares a little less about ideology—and a little more about results." But the Glenn campaign still isn't getting a clear message across, and his aides say that their polling shows that people still have questions about his qualifications for the Presidency. They have attempted to improve his campaign performance by scheduling fewer events and trying to have Glenn show more animation, and they are continuing their losing battle to have him give a crisper stump speech and sharpen his replies to questions. When I recently asked William Hamilton, Glenn's pollster, what he wanted to see Glenn do in the coming weeks, he replied, "Show energy and lay out in a focussed way what he sees leadership for the future to be." Robert Keefe, a Washington lobbyist and consultant, who is the Glenn campaign's senior political adviser, said to me not long ago, "There's always the constant effort to get the right words together for him."

The Glenn people feel that their attacks on Mondale are taking hold, and are the only way to catch up to him. David Sawyer, Glenn's media adviser, said to me today, "The focus is coming to where we have wanted it to be—on Mondale's character, on character of leadership." Also today, I asked Jerry Vento, who is now Glenn's campaign manager, why Glenn was attacking Mondale even more, and he replied, "It's worked, for one reason." Glenn is running a number of negative ads here. Vento said, "Our phone canvassing tells us that a number of people feel that Mondale has made too many promises, so the question is: Can we catch up in time?" (Glenn's staff, in a change of policy, and in contrast to the policy of other campaigns, will not release cassettes of the ads to the press. The reason appears to be that the ads are quite controversial. Even inquiries about when the ads might be seen on New Hampshire television are not replied to.)

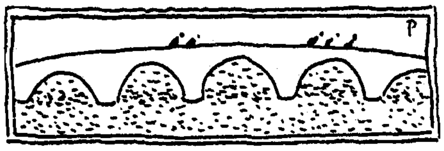
Glenn made a fairly unimpressive showing in the Iowa debate. (He skipped an earlier debate there, on farm policy.) He started off with a strong statement about Lebanon, but then sounded more than ever as if he were talking by rote, at times rushing his responses so that he sounded as if he were on fast-forward. Glenn's campaign is now in debt, and recently borrowed two and a half million dollars from Ohio banks. (Some questions have been raised about the collateral for these loans.) Still, Glenn's aides say that he will come in second in Iowa, and that he must do so, and that he will come in second in New Hampshire, and then will take on Mondale in the South, where, they say, he should be strong—especially in Alabama. (The Mondale people continue to dispute this.) But, as Keefe says, "at some point we have to start winning."

A nationwide Gallup poll released today gave Mondale forty-nine per cent, Jackson fourteen per cent, and Glenn thirteen per cent, with everyone else at three per cent or less.

February 17

On this Friday afternoon, Walter Mondale is standing in the equipment barn of the Manchester Highway Department, talking to a group of about a hundred and fifty city sanitation and street-maintenance workers—all members of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), which has endorsed him. Behind him are large orange sanding and salting trucks. Mondale, who is wearing a gray suit, cheerfully greets the workers individually, but he looks, and is, very tired. He has just flown in from Iowa, and has been following a grueling schedule for a long time now. In keeping with his running a national campaign, and trying to firm up his support in a large number of states early, he has, since earlier this year, been in—besides Iowa and New Hampshire—the South, Massachusetts, Indiana, Washington, California, Kentucky, Puerto Rico (which holds its primary on March 18th), Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Wisconsin. His fatigue was also quite apparent in the recent debate in Des Moines, but other factors were at work there, too. Mondale has survived the debates—even been deemed a winner, by appearing not to lose ground while other candidates were ganging up on him—but he has done few memorable things in them and, with a few exceptions, has been less effective than he is when he campaigns. Part of it seems to be Mondale's innate disinclination to be theatrical; part of it is his own lack of enthusiasm for these forums, which provide a cacophony of voices vying to be heard and little opportunity to develop a thought; and part of it is his own disinclination to get into more of a fight than necessary with his competitors, whose support he assumes he will be seeking down the road. But Mondale did very well in his debate against Robert Dole, in 1976, when the two men were running for Vice-President, and Mondale's aides insist that when the pressure is on him in the fall—assuming he gets the nomination—he will do fine. Moreover, the degree to which Mondale is holding up or moving ahead in the polls indicates to him and some of his advisers that he is doing well enough in these performances.

Despite his fatigue, Mondale is in good spirits: the latest telephone canvassing indicates that he will have a very big win in Iowa three days from now, and thus far his lead in New Hampshire is holding. The Mondale surveys also indicate that Glenn's support is continuing to drop in Iowa, and that there is now a real question about who will come in second. The cumulative negative advertising and campaigning by the other candidates appears to be taking something of a toll on Mondale here, however, and his campaign's own canvassing and polling indicates that the "promises" charge is beginning to stick. To deal with the "promises" question, Mondale, in late January, released his proposed budget, which he said would carry out his pledge to reduce the Reagan deficit by more than half in four years. He said he would increase revenues by at least sixty billion dollars (by putting a lid on the third year of the Reagan tax cut for those who have taxable incomes of sixty thousand dollars or more; deferring indexing of taxes to inflation, due to take effect in January, 1985, for those earning over twenty-five thousand dollars; putting a ten-per-cent surtax on incomes over a hundred thousand dollars; raising taxes on corporations; closing various loopholes; and expanding the enforcement of tax collection). Mondale also said that he would reduce spending by at least seventy billion dollars (through cuts in defense spending; reductions in the costs of medical-care and farm programs; and savings in interest on the debt as the deficit goes down). And he said that he would add new spending of about thirty billion dollars. Mondale's program is far more specific than any other candidate's at such an early point, but it still carries assumptions—about economic eventualities, about congressional cooperation—that may or may not pan out. Whether he or anyone can actually reduce the deficit significantly without cutting middle-class entitlement programs is questionable.



Johnson, with whom I spoke by phone yesterday, still maintains that the criticism is not hurting Mondale in any important way now, and that it will not hurt him in the fall. As for now, he points to the polls. As for the fall, he says, "The general election will be about who's the best man for the next four years; who stands up for the things people want stood up for; who's going to do the most for peace." He said, "Mondale is sufficiently well established and trusted that efforts to paint him as a tool of labor unions and others are simply not credible. Further, Ronald Reagan has no credibility in trying to cast Mondale as a special-interest candidate when the American people overwhelmingly believe that Ronald Reagan cares more about rich people than about other people. In my mind, there's no chance that Reagan could ever win an argument about special interests." He added, "I think the Republicans' case will change, as ours will, based on the realities of the post-Convention period."

On Tuesday, Mondale, who had been saying, "I'm not going to spend my time finding ways to offend people whose help I'm going to need to govern," switched tactics and, in an attempt to put the issue behind him, cited some differences he had with the A.F.L.-C.I.O.: on the B-1 bomber, on the Clinch River breeder reactor (which labor had supported, and which may now be dead), and on clean-air standards. On the same day, Mondale, dealing with the new political reality in the Administration's relationship with the Soviet Union—the death of Andropov and the talk coming out of the Administration of the possibility of a summit meeting this year—made some new proposals. Saying that the selection of Konstantin Chernenko as the new Soviet leader offered "a window in U.S.-Soviet relations," Mondale proposed that the United States declare a six-month suspension of underground testing of nuclear weapons and challenge the Soviets to respond in kind, adding that any sizable tests can be detected; and he called for a temporary moratorium on the testing of anti-satellite weapons, and for a challenge to the Soviets to follow suit—leading to a treaty to ban such weapons.

"February twenty-eighth is the day when the whole world will look at New Hampshire," Mondale now tells the Manchester city workers. He cites, as he has for some time in his campaign, Abraham Lincoln's saying that this should be a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and says that what we have now is a government "of the rich, and by the rich, and for the rich." And he points out that the wealthy benefitted most from the Reagan Administration's 1981 tax cut. Now, taking advantage of the opening the Reagan Administration has provided him by declining to say what it will do about the large budget deficit until after the election, Mondale says, "What are they planning for you next?" Referring to Reagan's State of the Union address, he says, "If you heard the President the other night, he said we're going to study more taxes and we're going to get a report right after the election on what to do. Now, why do you suppose that they want to tell you after the election, and not before the election, who is going to pay the higher taxes? Because you're going to pay those higher taxes." He says, "Across the board, this Administration is putting the cost on the average American. And look where they cut the budget. They cut the budget for your kids so they can't go on to college. They cut the budget on Social Security and Medicare." Then, striking a theme he has been using for some time, Mondale says, "I'm a people's Democrat." This is at the heart of Mondale's election strategy; he plans to run a populist campaign against Reagan, and feels that he will have a majority behind him. He also expects to have the support of various businessmen, who will say that the economy will be better off under Mondale than under Reagan; moreover, it is Mondale's belief that a large number of wealthy people accept his argument that there should be more

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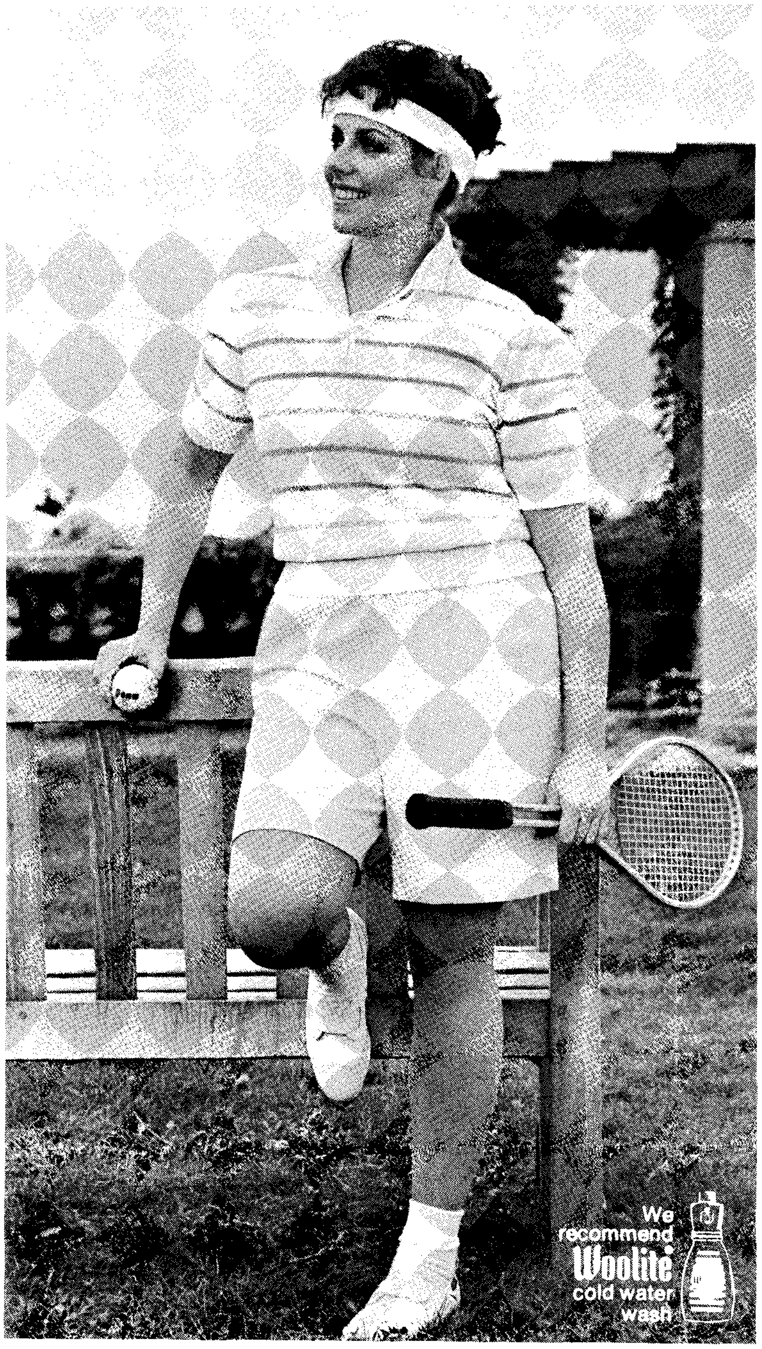

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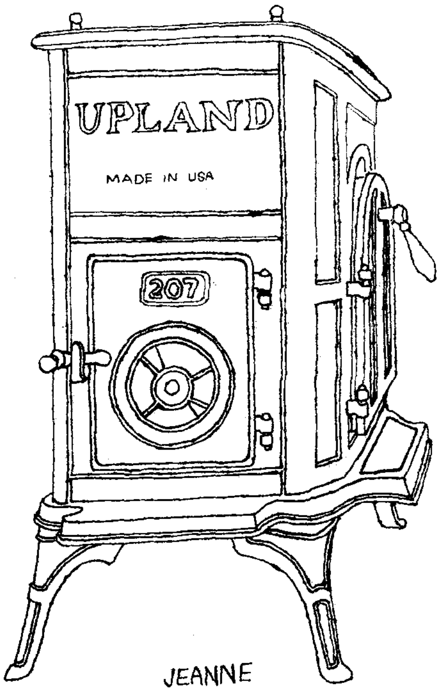
equity in the arrangement of government benefits and relief. Mondale talks in a low voice to the people in Manchester—perhaps because it is a small group, perhaps because he is tired. (After a while, it is not easy to arrange appearances in New Hampshire; places get used up. The Mondale people had tried to hold this afternoon's event in a certain plant in Manchester, but the manager had politely asked if they could please hold it somewhere else—he had a client coming in, and business to do. Some companies have taken to asking candidates if they could come during the lunch hour or a coffee break, so as to reduce the interruption to their business. The AFSCME workers provided Mondale with an audience this afternoon—just as unions have been doing throughout this campaign.) "You will go out and beat Mr. Reagan, and I'll be your friend," Mondale tells the workers. "I'm going to be the friend of working Americans, the way I've been all my life." This is his classic style. He adds, "I know how to run that office. I've been there. And I can be tough and I will be tough." Mondale has taken to saying this kind of thing lately. ("There is no problem with my backbone; I've got a good one.") He is said to be annoyed that this question has been raised about him.

At a news conference in the equipment barn after his appearance before the workers, Mondale reads a statement attacking the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), which has just announced that it will spend two million dollars "to expose the regular and completely liberal record" of Mondale. NCPAC, which, since it was founded, in 1975, has made a career of going after liberal senators with negative advertising, much of it quite distorted, spent 1.9 million dollars in "independent expenditures" for Reagan in 1980—and is actually a lovely target for Mondale. NCPAC is something that all Democrats can agree on, and it was much less effective in Senate races in 1982 than in 1980, as more candidates figured out how to combat it. Asked about the candidates' attacks on each other, and a letter to the candidates from Charles Manatt, the Party chairman, calling for a stop to this, Mondale, at whom the letter was not aimed, says, "I agree with that. We can't forget that what we're doing is fighting for the nomination in order to defeat Mr. Reagan." He cites his campaign themes—fairness, regaining America's competitive edge, and seeking a safer world—and says, "Let's keep within limits so that once this nomination is over the person who is nominated—and I hope and believe I will be that person—will be able to unite the Party and win the election." He adds, "Frankly, I think that's almost a certainty. This is trash time." He adds, "Once the nominating process is over we will be back together—a good and solid and unified Party."

Asked whether he believes people think that because he has been endorsed by labor he would be beholden to it, Mondale shows how he now deals with this question. "I don't believe that people believe that at all," he says. "I've got a record of public leadership which stands there for all to see, and it's been a record of public leadership demonstrating independence and a backbone. There are times when I've disagreed with the labor movement. I spelled out some of that. But I don't intend to spend my time trying to offend people who are trying to help me. What we need now is the support of everybody. And no one needs a President more than working men and women. The average family has been singled out by this Administration in every conceivable way: by high unemployment, by the highest real interest-rate charges in American history, by a grossly unfair tax program that puts the burden on that average family, by cuts in federal budgets that go directly to families of average income—whether it's student loans or Social Security or Medicare. The average American does not have a friend in the White House today. And the reason that they are so involved in this campaign to remove Mr. Reagan and the reason that many of them have come to my support is that they want a change, and my record over a lifetime of public service—I call myself a people's Democrat—is one that commends itself to working men and women, and I'm proud of that support."



Dartmouth College, Hanover. Mondale has arrived late for an appearance this evening before a group that includes students and also adults from the community. He had a brief rest this afternoon but still seems tired, and he speaks slowly and quietly. The audience is attentive but not particularly responsive. Mondale uses the occasion to give a little talk about foreign policy. The case he makes against Reagan goes beyond any particular event.

"This President and those around him do not understand that if you are to become involved in the affairs of another nation it's absolutely indispensable that you understand that nation—its history, its culture, its religion, its political compulsions," Mondale says. "It's only by understanding and respecting others when you seek to deal with another nation that your foreign policy can succeed, or have an authority, or be credible, or be sustainable, or be explainable." He is applauded. "This is the lesson of history," he says. "So many times, it's our tendency, and the tendency of other powerful Western societies, to believe that by the use of Western power, defined by us, we can somehow involve ourselves in another nation, regardless of their feelings and regardless of the situation and their history and all the rest. It's remarkable that that attitude still exists, because all history collides so powerfully and so tragically with that theory." He goes into brief histories of the war in Vietnam and the experience of the French in Algeria (he urges them to read a book, called "A Savage War of Peace," about this), and he says, "The Russians have made the same mistake in Afghanistan." He says, "The most powerful religion on earth, the religion that people will die for, is the compulsion for national independence and national dignity. And it's more powerful than any military force that's ever been applied." This, he says, is "the lesson in Nicaragua today." He says that the same lesson applies to El

Salvador, and he criticizes the Reagan Administration's policy there. He talks about America's backing of the "covert" war in Nicaragua—"to boot, we are participating with former Somoza supporters." This isn't a stump speech or a crowd-rouser; he's just talking about something that interests him. The Reagan Administration "announced that the fight in El Salvador was East against West, that we were going to beat the Russians in San Salvador, we're going to draw a line and we're going to use that old muscle and we're going to win," he says. "But what happened, of course, was just the reverse. The situation is deteriorating, we've become identified with right-wing extremists, we've looked the other way when these death squads have visited murder upon their own people, and we've been embarrassed, we've been undermined."

Then Mondale talks about Lebanon, and (though he didn't call for a troop withdrawal until the very end of last year) criticizes the Administration for failing to understand the factional nature of the struggle there. He goes into great detail. He criticizes the Administration for the manner in which it handled the withdrawal of the Marines: "They told us then that our troops couldn't leave, because to leave would be surrender. And then, three days later, they said we better leave as fast as we can. They said our troops are leaving, and then, two days later, they said, Slowly. They said the artillery would do it, and take their place. Now we know all that's left from that is holes and death, and now they say that the artillery won't do. A few days ago, the President said that America is back and standing tall. I'll tell you this: America should stand tall. But that's not what's happening. When you deal around this world without knowing what you do, when you think that ignorance is adequate in dealing with these tough problems, when you try to apply force without understanding the underlying circumstances in the society in which you are operating, you are heading for real trouble for our country, real devastation in that society, and humiliation for our nation." One of Mondale's themes is that we need "a President who knows what he's doing." He continues, "That is the kind of leadership that this country needs: with values, with understanding, with respect, and to use strength to keep the peace. Every time we do that, we will gain strength. Every time we remain true to our values, our moral authority grows. Every time we demonstrate that peace and arms control is something that we're proud of, and not an expression of weakness, we will grow stronger." He concludes with an attack on Reagan's record on arms control, and asks why Reagan didn't go to Andropov's funeral, and adds, "Why don't they have a summit? If Mr. Reagan isn't ready now, he never will be." He renews his own proposal for annual summits, and he says, "Stop this 'Star Wars' thing—leave the heavens alone." He is applauded.

In the course of an answer to a question about Hubert Humphrey, Mondale speaks, with feeling, about Humphrey's "compassion," as contrasted, he says, with that of the Administration: "The idea that Reagan's trying to sell us, to become some kind of social-Darwinist society, where it's just the survival of the fittest, or the richest, whatever that means; that if you're black or you're brown you're on your own, if you're hungry you're a hustler, if you're homeless you like it that way"—here he is referring to a comment made by Reagan in late January that some people sleeping on the streets were "homeless, you might say, by choice"—"if you have a kid that wants to go on to college and you can't get a loan that's too bad, if you're unemployed you go out and read the help-wanted ads, if you're old you should have thought about it first and not got into that predicament." He continues, "This kind of icy indifference that they're trying to teach the American people goes to the very basis of the American society. We are a generous people. We are not a selfish people. And justice and compassion, the sense of community and family, is indispensable to all of us. And I want to see that spirit restored in American life here." Mondale receives applause, but he hasn't roused this audience, as he has audiences elsewhere. Perhaps it is that these aren't his people; for whatever reason, this event is flat.

LEBANON, a working-class town not far from Hanover. The Mondale people consider it important to stop here whenever they stop in Hanover, to prevent any resentment. So now Mondale is sitting with a small group of people in a small room in the Grand Army of the Republic Building, a red brick building honoring New Hampshirites who died in the Civil War. This

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is not exactly a crowd-drawing event; in fact, there have been none thus far on this trip. The roughly sixty people here are all committed Mondale supporters, and had an organizational meeting prior to his arrival. Someone had the idea that Mondale should sit at a rectangular table with twenty-five people (three of them small children), while most of the people around the table, from various walks of life, make little speeches about why they are for him. Mondale manages to look interested as each person talks; sometimes he props his head in his hands to keep the fatigue from showing. Then, quietly but intently, he addresses the concerns they have raised—about hospital costs, Social Security, education, women's rights, and so on. "Reagan seems to be saying that education is for the purpose of making a buck," he says. "That's part of it, but what we need is a far broader concept than that." He refers again to the need to understand history in order to conduct foreign policy, and he says, "We have to see learning for the sake of not just foreign policy or national security or money but literature and poetry and art and enjoyment, and of the human spirit. That's what education is. This President will never, never understand that."

A man at the table with Mondale complains about the special-interest charge, and says that he is a workingman and "if a workingman is a special interest, so be it." This is what Mondale wants to hear. His theory is that what are being condemned as "special interests" are actually large aggregates of people who in combination will help him defeat Reagan.

Mondale replies, "Reagan wants to put us on a guilt trip because working men and women want change." He says, "He's on the side of the polluters; I'm on the side of the environment." Smiling, Mondale says, "We're going to have a lot of fun with that in this campaign." Then he says quietly, "I call myself a people's Democrat—nothing fancy. But when people are hurting, you want a President who can feel that, sense that. When people are out of work, I know what that means. I know it destroys families—it's so basic. I know what it's like to be a senior citizen and worry about that major illness destroying everything. I know what it's like to be a parent and not be able to send your youngsters on to college." Referring to the Reagan Administration, he says, "That's why they're scared. I'm onto them. And a lot of people in this country are onto them."

FEBRUARY 18

BERLIN. This morning, Saturday, Mondale and his entourage left the town of Lebanon in rainy, cloudy weather and flew in three small planes over the White Mountains to this small industrial town in the northern part of New Hampshire. Berlin (pronounced *Burr*-lin) is essentially a paper-mill town (the smell of the chemicals used in the mills permeates it), and produces three and a half per cent of the state's Democratic vote. Now, with the mayor of Berlin, Joseph Ottolini, at his side, Mondale is marching in a parade to celebrate Berlin's Winterfest Festival. A fairly large number of people line the streets, many of them holding balloons, and most of them, it seems, wearing Mondale stickers. Hollings is riding in a car a few blocks behind Mondale, who seems to have taken over this event. Mondale, apparently in very good humor, walks and waves and goes from one side of the street to the other shaking hands, chatting, and inspecting babies. Word reaches the press corps that tomorrow's Boston *Globe* will publish a poll of New Hampshire Democrats showing Mondale at thirty-nine per cent, Glenn at eighteen per cent, Jackson at eleven per cent, and Hart at ten per cent, with Hollings and McGovern each having five per cent, Cranston three per cent, and Askew two per cent. The Mondale entourage is already aware of these results, and is pleased.

BOSTON. Mondale has just held a press conference, at which he was endorsed by some leaders of the arms-control and nuclear-freeze movements. Another set of endorsements. Among the new initiatives that Mondale has pledged himself to—in addition to the ones he announced earlier this week—is a temporary moratorium on the testing and deployment of nuclear weapons under development, while freeze negotiations proceed; a moratorium on the deployment of sea-launched nuclear-armed cruise missiles; and moving battlefield nuclear weapons back from the front lines. In his comments, Mondale emphasized that these steps must be verifiable and, within a set period of time, mutual. (The verifiability of whether submarine-based missiles are nuclear is in dispute within the arms-control community.)

Mondale cites the example of John Kennedy's temporary ban, in June, 1963, on the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons, which led, in August, to a joint test-ban treaty. Mondale, trying to emphasize that he is being careful, says, "We cannot rely on trust and we cannot disarm unilaterally." Mondale is going on to Florida today, and then back to Iowa. Before he leaves Boston, I have an interview with him in a room at the airport.

I begin by asking Mondale how he plans to deal with what is bound to be a changing foreign-policy picture, with the Administration doing its best to dominate the agenda.

He replies, "You know, it's hard to know what the changes will be, but I think one of my strengths in this campaign is I've had enough experience that I think I can handle change. And so when something happens it's not new, in the sense that I know how to approach it." And he says he will stress his themes in any event: "Nuclear-arms control—that's the issue of our time. Two, knowing what you're doing, and reading and remembering history—Nicaragua, Central America, Lebanon are all classic examples of the fact that this Administration simply hasn't bothered to understand or respect the traditions of others. That's why last night I was talking about Algeria, Vietnam, and these others as examples of what happens when a country doesn't. The third is an emphasis on human rights—not in a preachy, pious way but because a foreign policy devoid of values is neither credible nor coherent nor sustainable. And, finally, seasoned, tough management of foreign policy, so that it's coherent again, unified, and has a strategy and a toughness to it that make it sustainable."

Then I ask him about his theory of bringing together a coalition that can win in November.

Mondale says, "And beyond. I see it as important to a strong Presidency. What I'm trying to do is to build a new, strong Democratic Party which runs across this country and reflects a strong majority—some of that coalition is traditional, some of it is new—and hold it together and reduce tensions that have caused a split Party in the past. And I think I'm doing that. And I believe this is what's scared the Republicans. Because, really, since '64 the Democratic Party has been a series of separate pieces floating in the ocean."

I ask Mondale what he means by a new Democratic Party.

He replies, "It's based on this coun-

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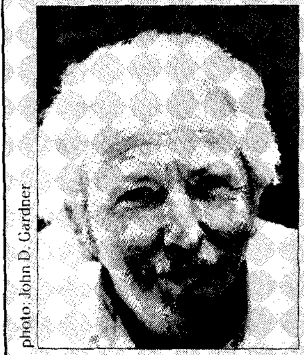

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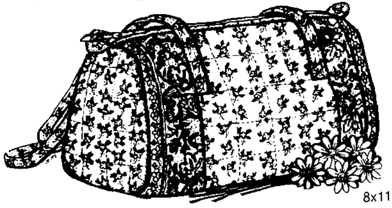

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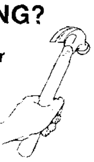

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try as we see it today—for example, the women's movement, the environmental movement, the arms-control and foreign-policy people around the country. It's also based on intensity; that's another part of it. A part of it is who is for you, and part of it, to a degree, is participation. I believe that the '84 campaign is going to involve more basics than any campaign we've seen since perhaps '28 or '32. And, because of that, if I handle it right I think we're going to have a very heavy turnout."

I bring up something that Mondale and I have talked about in each of our interviews during the campaign—his getting across his idea of leadership.

"I think it's coming," Mondale says. "You know, I don't have a four-word slogan, or whatever it is, a summary—'Let's get the country moving again'—but I do have the three central objectives: a fairer society, restoring America's competitive edge, and seeking a safer world. I've now been using this for some months, and it works. And it summarizes a whole complex of issues. And so we're getting closer. I also think the success I'm having tells people there's a leader. I think all these debates, which have been risky—I've managed it, and handled it, and that builds confidence that I can lead."

I ask Mondale what damage he thinks all the criticism from his competitors, repeatedly over a period of several months, is doing to him for the long run, if not for the nomination.

"I assume it's something," he replies. "But also my personal hunch is that it's minimal. I remember a year ago 'The Right Stuff' was going to do me in: I never thought it would make any bit of difference, and it didn't. I think this is the normal, expected patter at trash time. The fact that the polls show that I've gained with every attack shows that the public does not buy it and they do not want this kind of trashing going on, and I believe that their judgment is correct, and I don't see it as a big problem."

I ask Mondale if he thinks there is a problem in the "promises" issue.

He replies, "I *think* I'm moving rather successfully in meeting that. In other words, the fact that I came up with a very specific budget gives the answer. The attempt to give me programs that I haven't supported won't last long. If the issue with Reagan is who will get the deficit down, the longer that debate goes on the more I'm going to pick up support. If the issue is fairness, I've got all the votes."

But, I ask Mondale, wouldn't the Republicans try to portray him as a big spender?

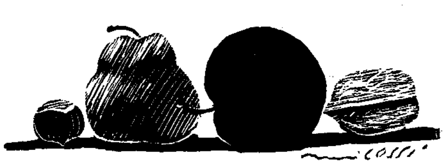
Mondale replies, "They'll try that, and I'll have to win that fight. And I believe I can. The campaign hasn't started. I think when it starts and—if I'm nominated—when I'm the only candidate, I would have a chance to make my case with the public listening. And I believe I can persuade the public that I am responsible, that I'm *not* overpromising, and that the attack on promises is code for trying to retain an unfair America. And that the promises I've made I'm proud of, and are essential to the three objectives."

I ask Mondale how, after all the years of effort, he feels now—since he faces what he knows will be a big victory in Iowa, and New Hampshire looks pretty good.

Mondale indicates that he is still uneasy about New Hampshire. "New Hampshire is a tough state," he says. "You never know what's going to happen there." But then he says, "I feel good. I'm content. I think we've done everything possible. And we're ahead of where I had any reason to believe we would be. These polls could mean anything—you know that. But there is just a general feeling that we're doing well, and I feel that we are. It could all be knocked into a cocked hat, of course, but all my political career I've said, 'Once you've done your best, that's it. Forget about it. Just get a good night's sleep.' And I've done my very best. And everybody around me has."

FEBRUARY 21

WASHINGTON. Last night, Mondale won the Iowa precinct caucuses overwhelmingly, with forty-nine per cent of the vote—a higher percentage than that of all his rivals combined. With seventy-five per cent of the vote now counted, Mondale has won nearly three times as many votes as the next in line, who was, as it turned out, Hart, with 16.4 per cent of the vote. Glenn, who his aides had said would, and had to, come in second, came in sixth, with 3.5 per cent of the vote—after Mondale, Hart, McGovern (10.3), Uncommitted (9.4), and Cranston (7.4). Askew got 2.5 per cent of the vote; Jackson, who barely campaigned in Iowa, got 1.5 per cent, and Hollings, who also bypassed the state, less than one per cent. (About eighty-five thousand people turned out—some fifteen thousand fewer than in 1980, which featured the tough Kennedy-Carter fight.) Mondale, looking understandably happy, said on television last night, "I am confident that when this race is over we're going to have a unified Party." Glenn appeared on the three networks trying to look cheerful and making a few points over and over again: "On to New Hampshire;" Iowa elects "only one and a half per cent of the delegates;" New Hampshire has a primary, which has "a secret ballot," instead of a caucus, and "I don't think the people of New Hampshire are going to be led around by the nose;" caucuses are subject to "outside influences." Glenn said, "I'm very up right now. . . . We're on to New Hampshire—let's go." Hart, whose second-place showing brought him much attention (even though he was more than thirty points behind Mondale), declared that now it is a two-man race. Hart said, "All I know is that I'll be the nominee of this Party."



FEBRUARY 29

GARY HART's decisive victory over Walter Mondale in New Hampshire last night has dramatically rearranged the race, and though people are still sorting out what happened—and will be doing so for some time—changed most of the calculations. The count, as of now, gives Hart forty-one per cent of the vote and Mondale twenty-nine per cent, with Glenn coming in third, at thirteen. Jackson received five per cent, McGovern five, Hollings four, Cranston two, and Askew one. Cranston dropped out of the race this morning, and Hollings and Askew are expected to do so soon. Hart's victory was the result—as is usually the case in politics—of a combination of his own accomplishments and of others' failures and of a mood that can suddenly come over the electorate. By the time of the primary, Hart had sharply honed his themes—that he was the candidate of the "new generation," with the "new ideas"—and he campaigned vigorously and well, with close-in personal campaigning, right up to the end, just as he had done in Iowa. Hart had a clear, sim-

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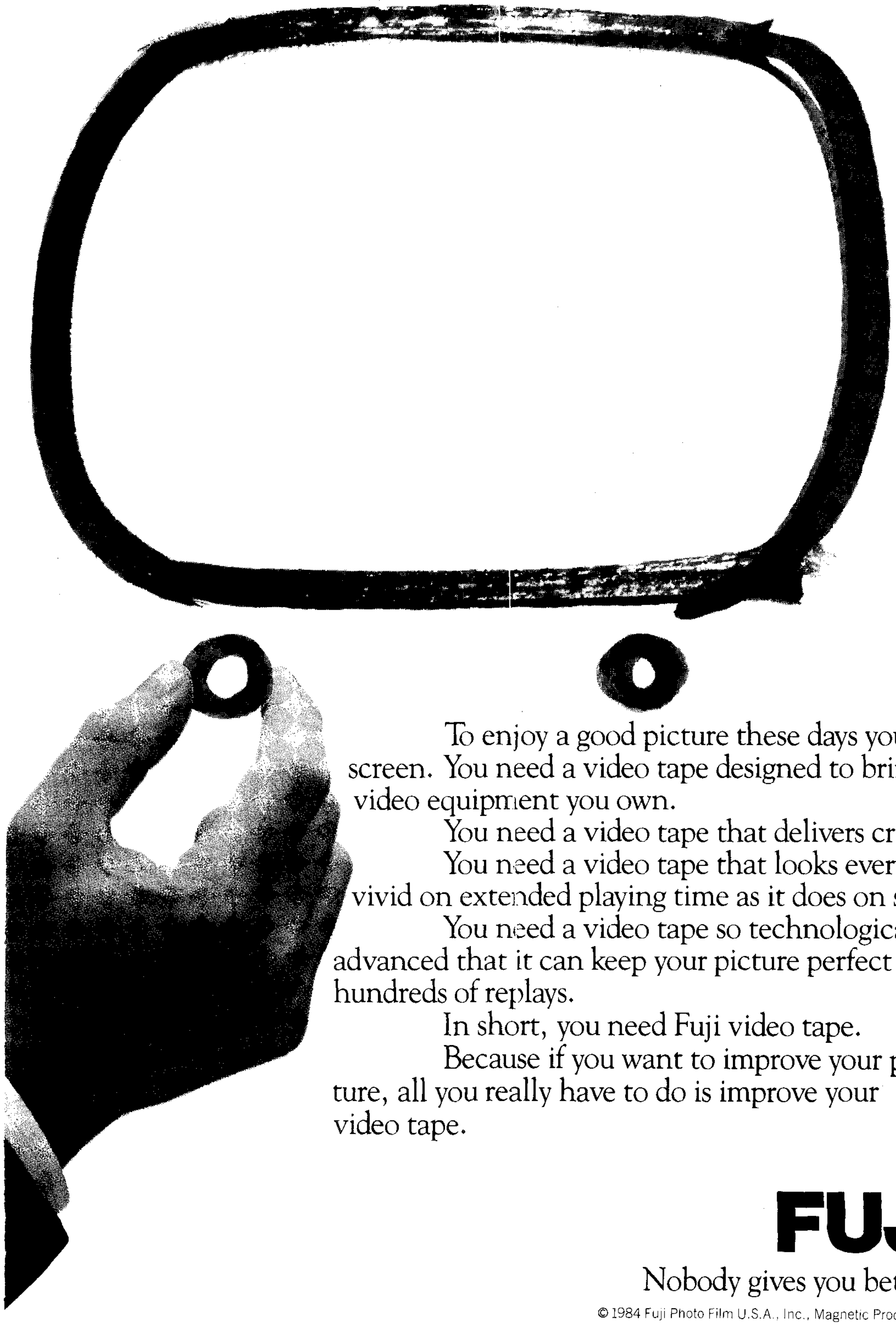

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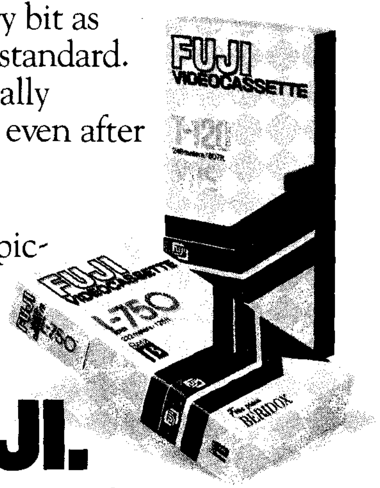

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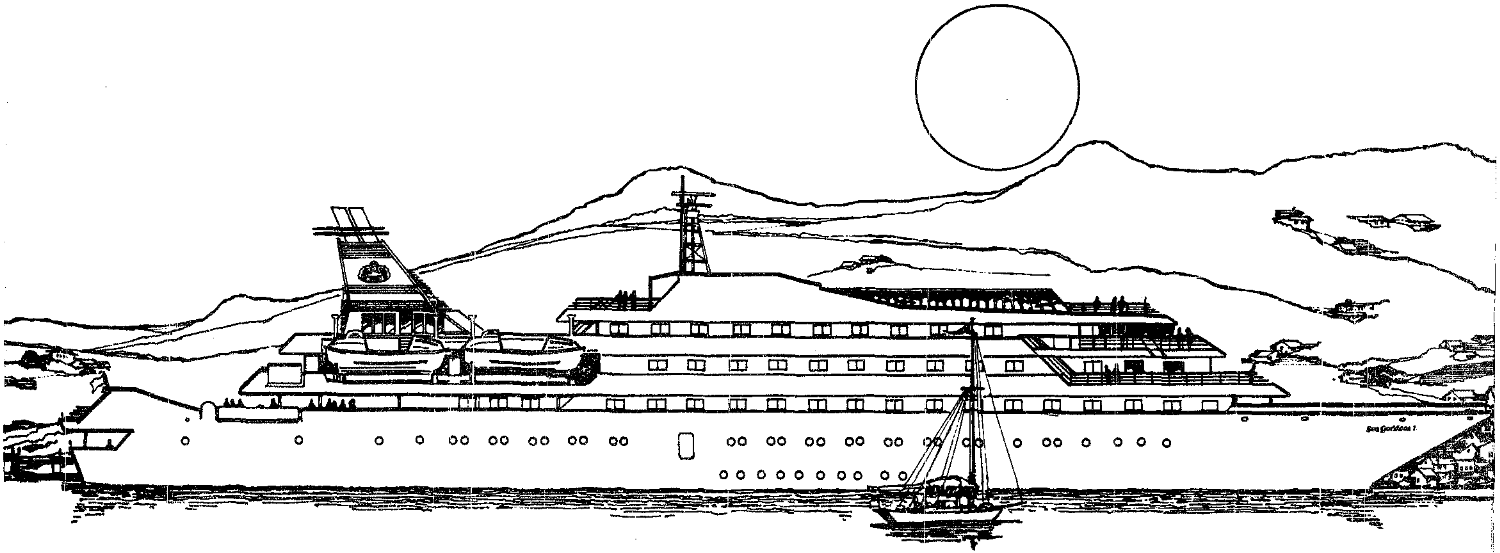

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ple, and unexceptionable theme—"the future"—while Mondale's was more complicated. Hart, who had in fact been diffident when he first began to campaign, had loosened up. His relative success in Iowa helped that process along. Hart managed to come out of Iowa as the fresh face. Here is where the Mondale people may have made a couple of miscalculations. In focussing so much on Glenn, they let Hart go relatively unexamined—even though one of their original strategies had been to expose all the candidates to scrutiny early, so that there would be no fresh face. When it appeared for so long that Hart wasn't getting anywhere, they let him out of their sights. The other miscalculation may have been the assumption that the bunching of the contests would work in Mondale's favor; the short time between the Iowa and New Hampshire contests turned out to work in Hart's favor. Hart skillfully parlayed his Iowa showing into a good week in New Hampshire; he was the beneficiary of a great deal of free media coverage, and exploited the opportunity well. On Sunday, we saw him on television participating in an axe-hurling contest, wearing a plaid shirt and red suspenders, chewing on something or other, and looking relaxed and terrific. (He even hurled the axe well—hitting his mark.) This picture was shown on television often. And Hart was the beneficiary of that unfortunate cliché of a political phenomenon—"momentum."

But his success was also brought about by other things. It now seems clear that Mondale did suffer both from the cumulative attacks on him by others and from the deficiencies of his own campaign. The attacks on him as an "overpromiser" and as being too close to labor did take their toll—this showed up in the exit polls conducted by the networks. Mondale never got across an answer to these charges, though he felt he had one, and he didn't manage to offset them. After Iowa, the Mondale people spread the word that the other candidates' attacks on him had backfired, but in fact they had no statistical evidence for this; they did know, however, that the attacks were hurting him in New Hampshire. The Glenn campaign, for one, accepted the diagnosis that the negative campaigning had hurt Glenn—and there is reason to think that this is true—and changed course in New Hampshire. Glenn's negative ads were taken off the air, and Glenn campaigned pleasantly and positively—but he still seemed to have little to say. The Hart campaign did not accept the diagnosis, and kept up the attack on Mondale as representing the old ways and being the prisoner of "the establishment." Hart (and Caddell) turned Mondale's experience and endorsements back on him. The diagnosis they were following was the one laid out in Caddell's paper last year. Hart identified himself with the group on one side of the "fault line": anti-Vietnam, anti-Party establishment, post-Great Society, young, affluent. He drew on Mondale's liabilities, and magnified them. In the February 23rd debate in New Hampshire, sponsored by the League of Women Voters, Hart, in his closing remarks, said, "If we want a representative of the Party and its past, we should nominate Vice-President Mondale. If we want new leadership and new ideas and new proposals, then I ask for the help of the people of New Hampshire." Hart also said, in a shrewd appeal to a New Hampshire tradition, "The issue in New Hampshire is whether the debate will end here or whether, as it has in the past, it will only begin." Mondale may have suffered from his own "front-runnerness"—in some respects his own doing, in others beyond his control. His campaign stressed the inevitability of his nomination. He played it safe to the end. His strategy in the League debate seemed to be the same as before: get by. The fact that Mondale can give a passionate speech, stir an audience, seems known only to those who have been in the audience. He still doesn't get himself across on television. In the final days, he deliberately gave the impression of having great confidence in the outcome (though by the weekend he knew there was some cause for alarm): acting as if it were over, he turned to attacking Reagan (whom he charged with "leadership by amnesia"). On the Sunday before the voting, after attending church in New Hampshire, he left the state to campaign in Maine and Vermont. He returned to New Hampshire that night, did an event there Monday morning, and then went to Boston and then to Washington. Mondale later said that leaving New Hampshire may have been a mistake—but it could not explain a loss of this size, as Mondale and his people knew. (Moreover, while in Boston, Mondale was endorsed by Mayor Raymond Flynn—this was deliberately timed for Boston television, and thus for New Hampshire, on Monday night.) Still, it's preferable to lay a loss to a tactical error than to the fact that the people may not have liked you enough.

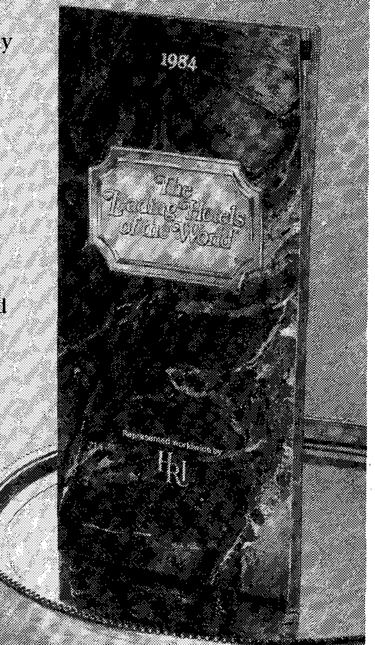
The Mondale people had known all along that they would face a "new ideas–old ideas" challenge, and were determined that there would be no "new-ideas gap," as Johnson once put it, but they didn't effectively counter it. This gets back to Mondale's caution and his political style: like anyone who has read the current literature and talked to the idea-brokers, he is familiar with the new ideas that are around, and subscribes to some of them, but he doesn't talk much about them. He also is seasoned enough to reject some as gimmicks. Others he has rejected as politically risky: he was doing well in the polls, so why take a chance? But Hart and Caddell had made the "new ideas" theme into a metaphor for something larger.

Hart may have benefitted not only from New Hampshirites' traditional desire to dust up a front-runner but also from, in this case, a resentment of the idea that the nomination contest was over. This may be the price that the Mondale people paid for their efforts to accelerate the race. It is quite possible that Mondale was the target of a protest vote of the sort that is often cast against front-runners but, under more conventional circumstances, later in the race.

Hart certainly did benefit, as both Caddell and the Glenn people had predicted, from the drop in the support for others. (According to a New York *Times*/CBS News exit poll, he also received more than forty per cent—by far the largest number—of the independent vote, which accounted for nearly forty per cent of the Democratic primary vote.) Not only was he running a good campaign but he was the candidate with a sufficiently broad appeal—identifiable as neither left nor right—to pick up the votes of those who did not want to vote for Mondale and to whom the other candidates seemed less attractive or viable. He drew votes from liberals, moderates, and conservatives, and, according to exit polls, was actually stronger among independents than among Democrats. Hart was very strong with the younger voters, while Mondale was stronger with the elderly, the poor, and the less educated. The "baby boom" vote did turn out in unprecedented numbers, and cast about forty per cent of the vote—overwhelmingly for Hart. Hart even split the labor vote with Mondale.

Jackson's drop in support may have been caused in part by a desire of some voters, in the end, as had been widely expected, to cast a "realistic" vote. And it was undoubtedly affected by the controversy that developed over his relationship with Jews. At the heart of the matter was a report in the Washington *Post* on February 13th that Jackson, in conversations with reporters, had referred to Jews as "Hymies" and to New York as "Hymietown." For days, Jackson did not flatly deny the allegation; he said that he had "no recollection" of making the remarks, and he refused to apologize. He also refused to make a distinction between one extremist group—something called Jews Against Jackson, an offshoot of the Jewish Defense League—which was harassing his campaign, and other Jewish groups, which had denounced its tactics. The matter was reaching an ugly pitch when, on the Sunday night before the primary, Jackson went to a Manchester synagogue, admitted making the remarks, and more or less apologized for them. But during this time it was clear from watching Jackson on television that the controversy was taking its toll on him: he looked subdued, as if something had gone out of him, and, according to his friends, he really felt that, as he was saying publicly, he was being "hounded" by Jews.

The Mondale people began to sense on the weekend before the primary that things might break badly for them—which at that point meant that Hart would come in second and within ten points of Mondale. (Just after Iowa, they moved seventy-five more campaign workers into New Hampshire.) Hart had said that after New Hampshire he expected to do well in the next three contests: Maine (the following Sunday, March 4th); Vermont (March 6th); and Wyoming (March 10th). So on Friday the Mondale people sent thirty-one people into Vermont (where in fact no delegates are at stake) and about fifteen people into Wyoming, which borders on Hart's home state of Colorado.



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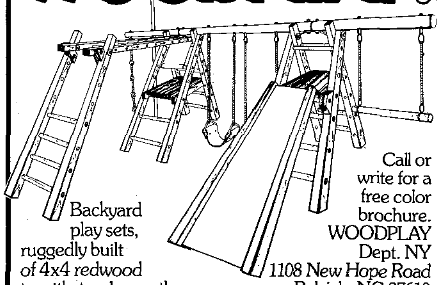

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The Mondale campaign already had an organization in place in Maine, and had decided that the better Hart did in New Hampshire the more it would emphasize the importance of Maine. In the March 13th contests, the Hart campaign is now stressing Massachusetts, which it thinks might be inhospitable to Mondale, and is considering how extensive an effort to make in the South, and where the effort will be focussed. Even before the Mondale people knew that they were going to lose in New Hampshire, they were determined to try to defeat Hart everywhere, soon. They continued to take comfort from the fact that he had little organization in the South.

By Monday, the Mondale people realized that they might be in even more serious trouble in New Hampshire. An ABC News/Washington *Post* poll published that day put Mondale at thirty-two per cent and Hart at twenty-five per cent. The most ominous thing was that Mondale's support was dropping and Hart's was rising—the sort of trend that is hard to turn around on the eve of an election. The Mondale people did take some consolation from a New York *Times*/CBS News poll to be published in the *Times* on Tuesday which said that among Democrats nationwide Mondale was supported by fifty-seven per cent, Jackson by eight per cent, and Hart and Glenn by seven per cent each. Actually, by Sunday night the ABC/*Post* sampling indicated that Hart had pulled ahead in New Hampshire, but this was thought to be an aberration, and was not made public. On Monday, the sampling continued to indicate a Hart victory, but this, too, was not made public, out of concern that it could be wrong. (On the previous Monday, the day of the Iowa caucuses, Mondale was far ahead of both Glenn and Hart—he had forty-two per cent to Glenn's twenty-six per cent and Hart's six per cent. By Wednesday, Hart had pulled ahead of Glenn, and Mondale was dropping.) To make matters worse for the Mondale people, a blizzard was forecast for New Hampshire on Tuesday; they weren't sure what this would do to their turnout, or even whether they could get back to New Hampshire for Election Night. (They did.) By Tuesday noon, as Mondale was leaving Washington for the Boston airport, the networks' exit polls, which were not yet publicly known, were beginning to indicate a Hart victory, and the Mondale people knew this—but

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generally exit polls aren't considered conclusive until about two-thirty in the afternoon. When Mondale's plane landed in Boston, at three-twenty-five, the network correspondents in the entourage phoned their offices, learned what the polls were saying, and relayed the news to the Mondale camp.

Last night, after the results of the New Hampshire primary were announced, Mondale, looking neither beaten nor falsely cheerful, said, steadily, "I have won one, I have lost one. This is two states. We've got twenty-five coming up in just three weeks and I'm going to be in all of them; we're going to win this campaign." He also gave what was at least a useful analysis, from his point of view, and perhaps even an at least partially valid one. He said, "I think what happened was that here in New Hampshire the voters decided they didn't want the debate to end." Glenn, who had come in third, looked jubilant, and said, "I'm one of the happiest people in New Hampshire tonight." The source of Glenn's joy was, as he put it, that the results had put an end to "this idea of the inevitability of the Mondale juggernaut." Glenn would head south, where he, Jackson, Mondale—and now Hart—would meet. Hart, looking very happy, said that he would compete with Mondale in the South as well as elsewhere. Mondale had committed himself to every contest; Hart could, for a while, pick his spots. The prospect now is for a bloody fight. Hart said, "This is a very decisive defeat, if I may say so, for Vice-President Mondale. What is different about my candidacy is that I don't just debate the issues of the past; what I try to do is lay out an agenda for the future, and if that confuses the Mondale campaign, that's their problem." He also said that some people who were characterizing his campaign incorrectly had not read his book, "A New Democracy," or his position papers, and said, "It's easy to characterize people if you're ill-informed or uninformed, and I think a lot of people are. What I've done is debate the issues of the future, not the past." Hart also said, "I'm not prepared—at this moment, at least—to claim the title front-runner. But I know one thing: tonight in New Hampshire we buried the label dark horse." —ELIZABETH DREW

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(7) COMEBACK: Airplane designer Igor Stravinsky —*TV listing in the Times.*

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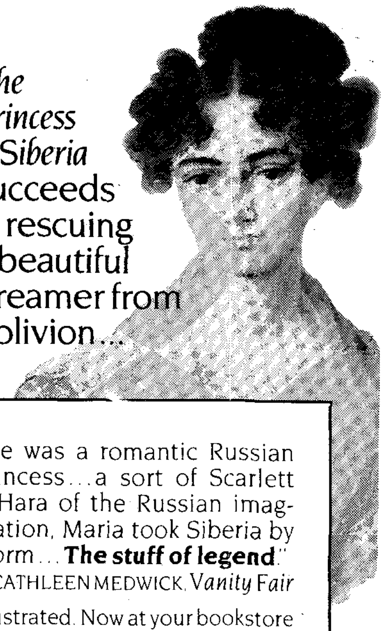

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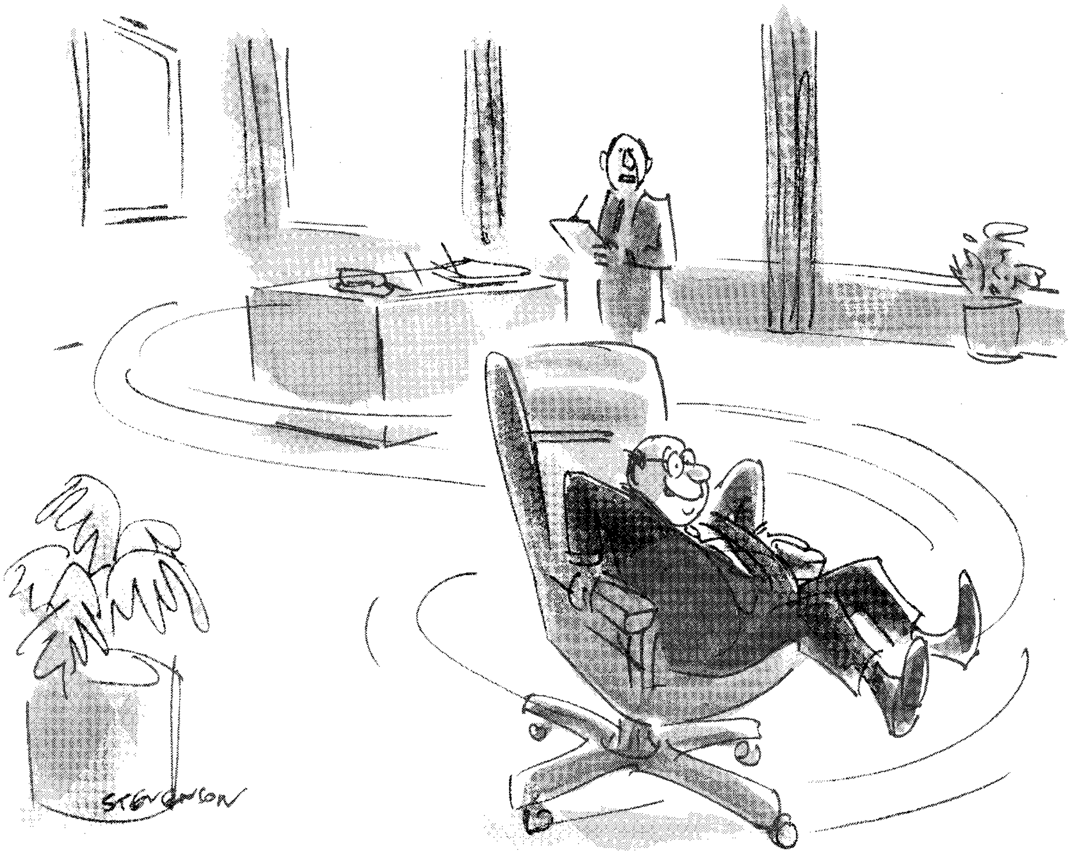
BOOKS

A Grand Tour

READING Daniel Boorstin's brilliant, sometimes frustrating seven-hundred-and-forty-five-page book "The Discoverers" (Random House; $25) is like taking a guided tour of a fascinating, difficult, remote place—Tibet, say. The great advantage of such an organized tour is that one gets to see places one would never have imagined seeing by oneself, and the disadvantage is that if one wants to stay longer or dig deeper there may well not be time. This book is full of things that one would not have thought of or learned about on one's own. Yet because of its immense sweep they go by as if they were seen from a speeding train, and in some places the view seems a little blurred.

In a "personal note to the reader" at the beginning of the book, Dr. Boorstin describes what he has set out to do. Basically, his concern is with "man the discoverer": with the different methods—science, exploration, history, anthropology—by which we have formed our view of the world. Where it is possible, Dr. Boorstin tries to associate a discovery—of the use of longitude and latitude as a way of orienting ourselves on the globe, say, or of the use of statistics to tell us who we are—with the people who made it. He offers wonderful—sometimes appalling and sometimes funny—revelations about the discoverers themselves. He also asks unfamiliar questions, such as "Why didn't the Chinese 'discover' Europe or America?" and "Why did it take so long for people to learn that the earth goes around the sun?" The book is not a general history. He writes, "I have not told the story of the shaping of governments, the waging of wars, the rise and fall of empires. I have not chronicled culture, the story of Man the Creator, of architecture, painting, sculpture, music [Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart are not mentioned], and literature [Shakespeare is], much as these have multiplied the delights of human experience. My focus remains on mankind's need to *know*—to know what is out there."

"The Discoverers" includes so much that, as I have said, some things go by in a flash. To take one example, Dr. Boorstin notes that after Copernican cosmology began to receive at least limited acceptance through the efforts of Galileo and Kepler, there developed a kind of "malaise," a fear of the new. This was expressed by John Donne in 1611 when, in the poem "An Anatomie of the World," he wrote, "And new Philosophy calls all in doubt." By "Philosophy," Donne meant science, and science for him meant the Copernican system. After citing the poem, Dr. Boorstin tells us, "In 1619, when Donne visited the Continent, he took the trouble to visit Kepler in the remote Austrian town of Linz." And that is the end of it. One longs to know what they talked about—even in what language. Kepler was always desperate to find converts to the Copernican system. What effect did this encounter have on the two men? Did it relieve the anxiety about the new cosmology which Donne suggests in the line " 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone"? The book has only general "reference notes," so one is at a loss to know Dr. Boorstin's specific sources and whether they could provide answers to these questions. Kepler was such a remarkable—even bizarre—human being that one sometimes forgets just how painstaking a scientist he was. Dr. Boorstin himself perhaps falls into this trap, in concentrating on the mystical aspect of Kepler's personality. An article by the Harvard astronomer and historian of science Owen Gingerich in the 1983 edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica's *Great Ideas Today* makes a point of just how much brute numerical work was involved in what both Copernicus and Kepler did. Kepler was trying to fit a curve to observations of planetary orbits which would be accurate to a few minutes of angle. He finally found a curve accurate to two minutes—one-thirtieth of a degree. In his "New Astronomy," he addresses the reader: "If you are wearied by this tedious pro-



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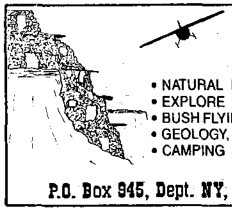

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cedure take pity on me who carried out at least seventy trials."

Dr. Boorstin's discussion of the history of the atomic theory is another instance in which the view seems somewhat blurred. He describes the work of the early-nineteenth-century British chemist John Dalton, to whom he appears to want to give credit for the notion of the indestructible atom. He contrasts this idea of the atom with that of the Newtonians and, apparently, with that of Newton himself: "Theologically orthodox Newtonians would not believe that God had necessarily made His invisible 'ultimate particles' invariable or indestructible. They shared Newton's suspicion that God had used His Power 'to vary the laws of Nature and make worlds of several sorts in several parts of the universe.'" Be that as it may, here is what Newton said about atoms in his book "Opticks":

> It seems probable to me, that God in the Beginning form'd Matter in solid, massy, hard impenetrable, moveable Particles of Such Sizes and Figures, and with such other Properties and in such Proportion to Space, as most conduced the End for which he form'd them; and that these Primitive Particles being Solids are incomparably harder than any porous Bodies compounded of them; even so very hard, as never to wear out or break in pieces; no ordinary Power being able to divide what God himself made one in the first Creation.

I would argue that there was a direct causal connection between Newton's conception of the indestructible atom and Dalton's later view. Indeed, I think the fact that nineteenth-century British physicists and chemists were staunch atomists—as opposed to many of their Continental counterparts—also derives from the Newtonian idea. There were people like Ernst Mach and Wilhelm Ostwold, on the Continent, who did not believe that atoms provided a useful model, but, as far as I can tell, the idea that the atom itself might be divisible did not arise until the discovery of radioactivity, at the end of the nineteenth century. In the course of radioactive disintegration, the supposedly indivisible atom is seen to break up spontaneously, in a manner of speaking, before one's eyes.

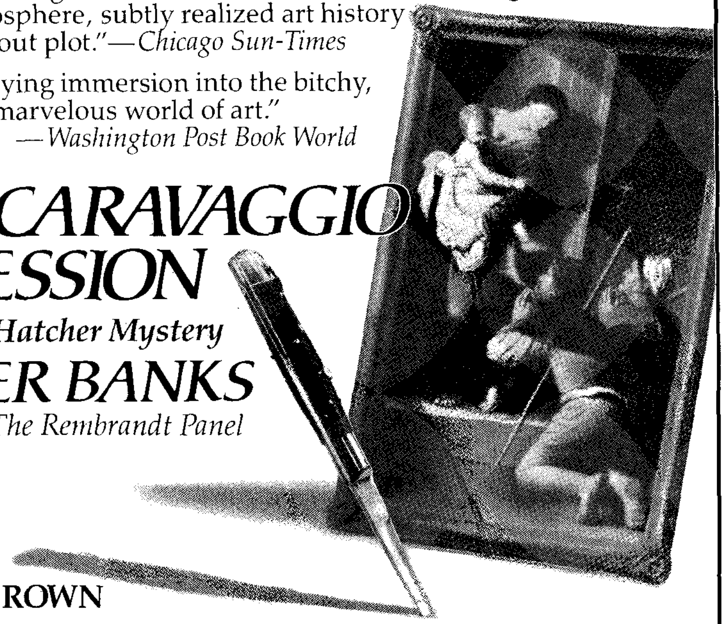
A final example of the book's compression of ideas can be taken from the history of biology. There is a standard version of how Darwin came to be aboard H.M.S. Beagle and what he was doing there. When Darwin was at Cambridge, in the late eighteen-twenties, he had been, at least in the beginning, a bit of a playboy. However, in mid-career he encountered John Stevens Henslow, a teacher of botany, who found in him a receptive and enthusiastic disciple. It is certainly true that by the time Darwin finished Cambridge he had become an accomplished naturalist, but the question is: Is that actually why he was aboard the Beagle? Dr. Boorstin writes, "In 1831, when the Admiralty asked Henslow to recommend a naturalist to serve on the *Beagle's* voyage to map the coasts of Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, Chile and Peru and to set up chronometric stations, he recommended his favorite pupil." This is the standard story, and Dr. Boorstin leaves it at that. But the full story is more interesting. Darwin was actually Henslow's *third* choice as a "companion" for Robert Fitzroy, the captain of the Beagle. Henslow himself was the first choice. He had been offered the job by Fitzroy and would have taken it except for his wife's unhappiness at the prospect of his being away for five years. He then recommended his brother-in-law, a clergyman named Leonard Jenyns. Jenyns had his bags packed but changed his mind. Only at that point did Henslow recommend Darwin. But for what? In recent years, historians of science—notably J. W. Gruber and H. L. Burstyn—have uncovered evidence that Darwin was not hired as the ship's naturalist. (Stephen Jay Gould discusses this in an essay in his book "Ever Since Darwin.") Gruber has found evidence that the ship's original naturalist was one Robert McKormick—a surgeon-naturalist who had been on several previous voyages in that capacity. Gruber cites a letter to McKormick from a Scottish naturalist advising him on how to collect and preserve specimens during this trip. At least in the beginning, Darwin was aboard as, essentially, a dinner companion for Fitzroy. Such were the naval mores of the day that Fitzroy would have dined only with someone of his social level. He was a British nobleman, and, while Darwin was not exactly a viscount, he was certainly a gentleman. That this was Darwin's original function is made clear in a letter to him from Henslow: "Captain F. wants a man (I understand) more as a companion than a mere collector." After some initial hesitation, Fitzroy decided that Darwin would do. McKormick left the ship in April, 1832, when it docked in Rio de Janeiro (he and Darwin did not get along very well), and it was then that Darwin became the ship's naturalist, with fateful consequences for the history of biology.

My copy of Dr. Boorstin's book is skewered with page markers indicating passages where I might have differed with him or where I might have expanded on what he has to say, but these examples will do. I am not entirely sure what conclusion to draw from them. It is very likely that Dr. Boorstin is as much aware of the nuances of the Darwin episode as I am. He has, he informs us, been writing this monumental book for fifteen years. If all the details—if everything he has read—had been included, he would have written an encyclopedia, not a book of seven hundred-odd pages. And then who would have, or could have, read it? There would have been footnotes on footnotes, piled one on top of another like the epicycles of the Ptolemaic cosmology. By pruning, by reducing to a line or so what could have taken pages, he has covered a vast territory. As it happens, the last figure he treats in detail is the physicist Michael Faraday (1791-1867). It is not clear to me why the book stops there. But I, for one, learned something—often many new things—on each page, and there is so much wit in the style that, difficult though it may be to believe of a book of this size, I was hoping it would be even longer.

Let me close with an example of a subject Dr. Boorstin treats which was to me entirely new and fascinating—the life and work of William Caxton. Caxton's dates are 1422 to 1491, and, as Dr. Boorstin tells us, he had as much to do with the standardization of the English language as anybody else before Shakespeare. Caxton illustrated the problems of the language in his day with a tale of some British merchants who sailed from London and put in at the Kentish coast. They wanted breakfast, and here is what, according to Caxton, took place:

> And one of theym named Sheffelde, a mercer, cam in-to an hows and axed for mete; and specyally he axed after eggys; and the good wyf answerde, that she coude speke no frenshe. And the merchaunt was angry, for he also coude speke no frenshe, but wolde haue hadde "egges" and she vnderstode hym not. And theene at laste another sayd that he wolde haue "eyren" then the good wyf sayd that she vnderstod hym wel. Loo, what sholde a man thyse dayes now wryte, "egges" or "eyren"?

Dr. Boorstin comments, "To the Kentish housewife in Caxton's day the English spoken by a London merchant sounded for all the world like



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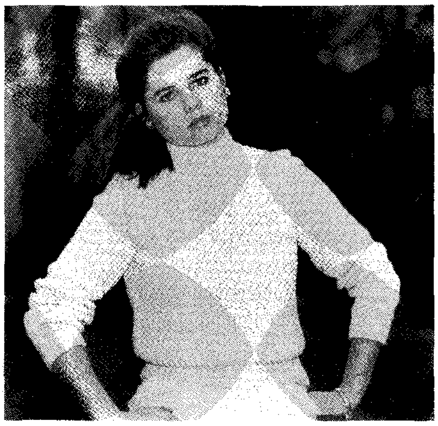

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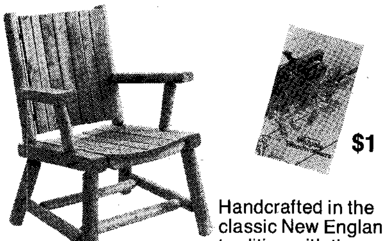
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French. A century later, in Shakespeare's day, that could not have happened. Caxton's work was largely responsible for the change." Caxton had become rich in the textile business, and in middle age he took to translating European works into English as a kind of avocation. Not being satisfied with the then common method of circulating such works by having scribes duplicate them, he went to Cologne to learn the use of a printing press. In 1475, he issued the first book printed in English—a romance, "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye." Dr. Boorstin points out that over a period of fifteen years Caxton published about a hundred books, many of them translations. In doing so, he had to decide what was meant by English. He chose the language of London and the court—the King's English. Because of the immense success of Caxton's books, that became the language of Shakespeare and the basis of modern English. This is one of the hundreds of things Dr. Boorstin has taught me. Though his book has drawbacks, I am grateful to him for putting things together in this way.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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Instead of stressing what the public school system has done wrong, a national report on education should have stressed what the system can do better, the Maine Teachers Association president said last night.

"Instead of talking about the 23 million Americans who can't read or write, why not talk about the 200 million who can?" asked Thomas Harvey in a speech at the Portland Club.

The National Commission on Excellence in Education in April cited a "rising tide of mediocrity" in the nation's schools, equating the situation to "educational disarmament."

"I really don't agree with the report, because as an educator I was always taught to accentuate the positive," Harvey said.

"I *think* we should say we are proud of the schools. Then we should say, as a coach says, 'We did good out there today, but we need to do even better,' " said Harvey, an eighth-grade teacher in Lewiston.—*Portland (Maine) Evening Express.*

Make that "real good," Harvey.

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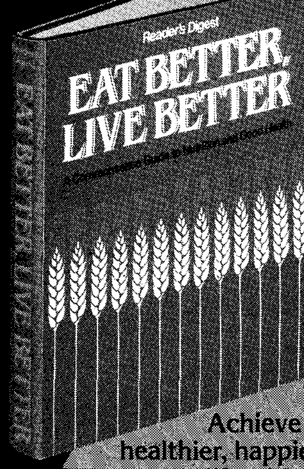
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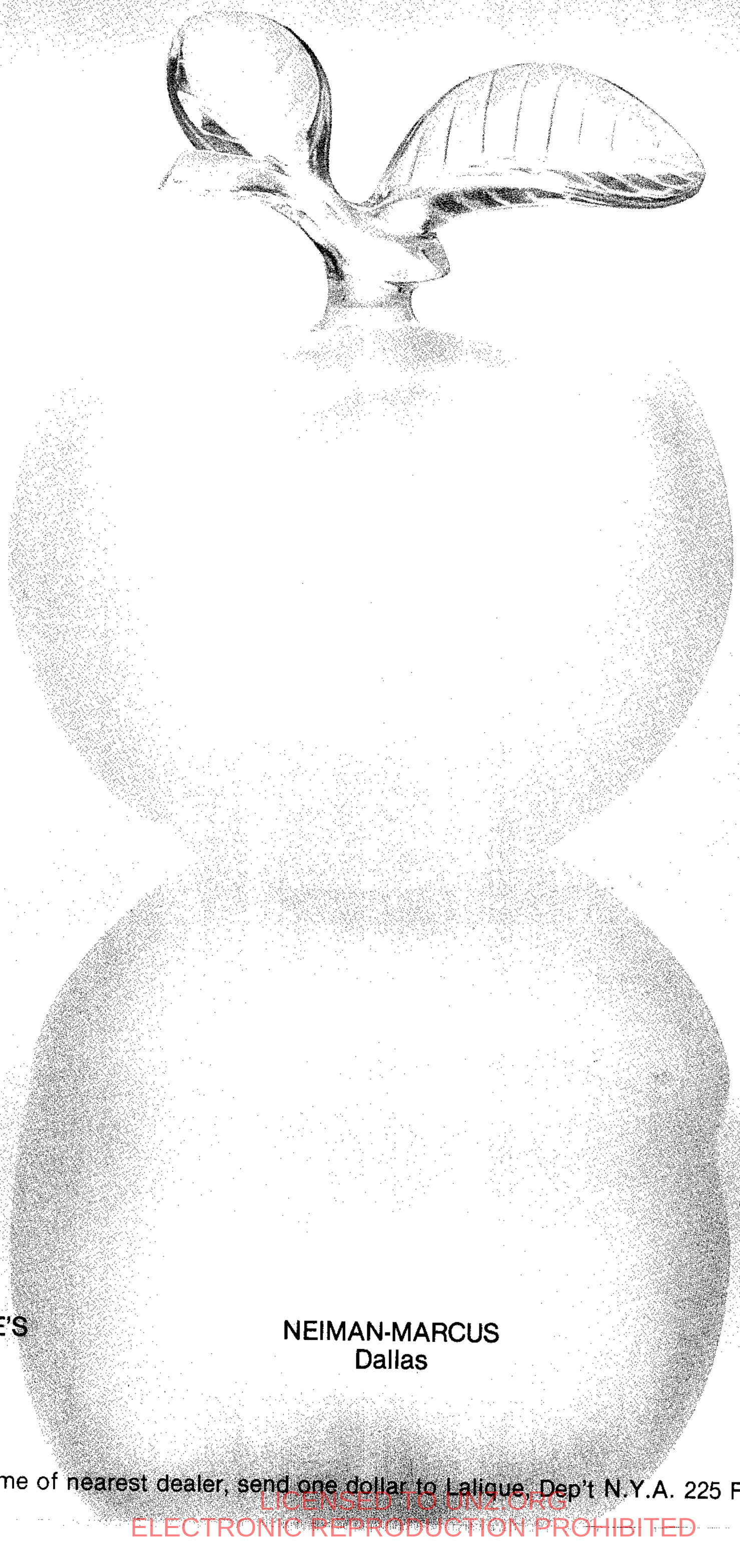

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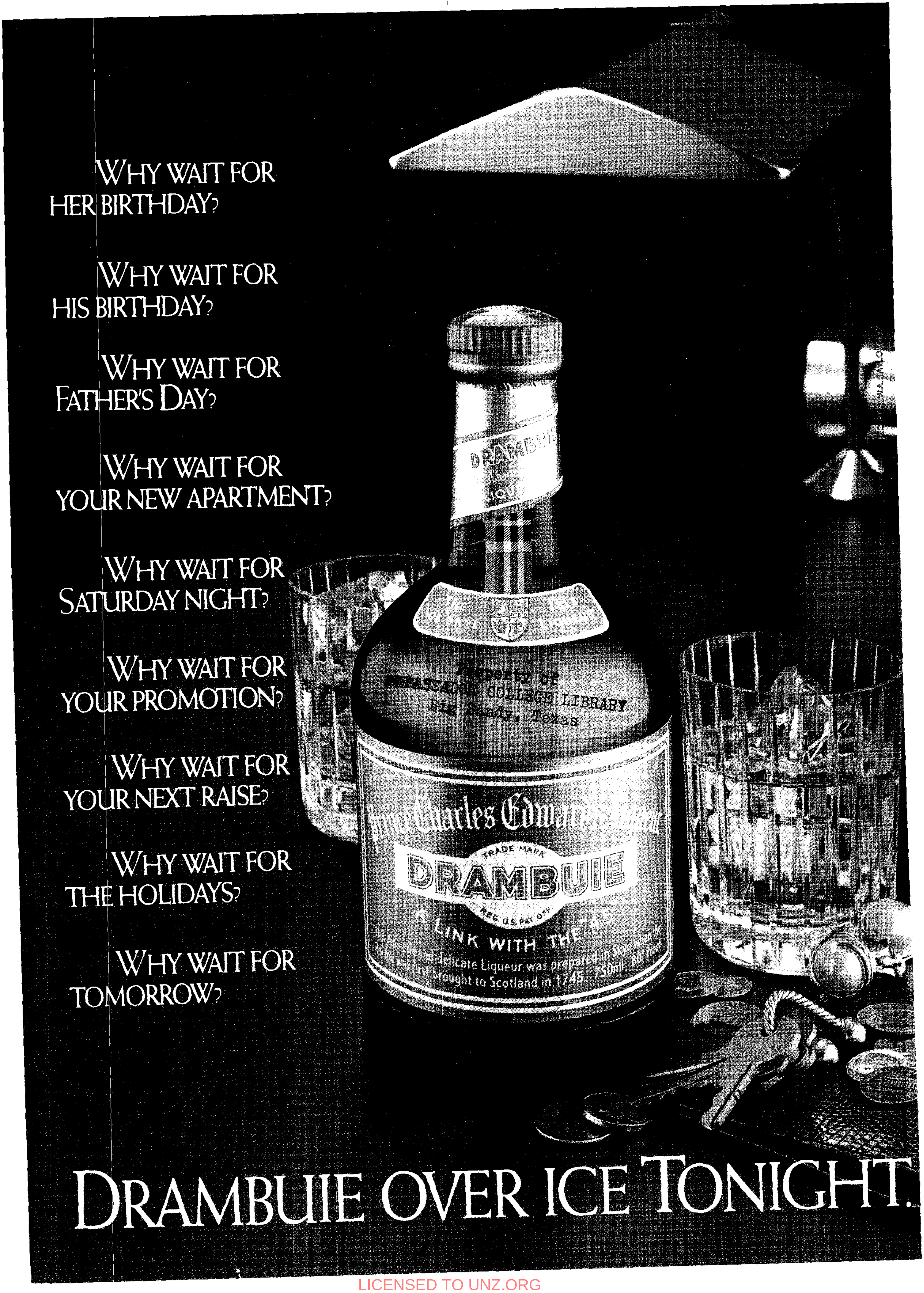
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